

EDITORIAL SHEET
Amusements.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1901.
AND INVESTMENTS.

IPS COMPANY

355 South Spring Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

BONDS

In amount of \$500,000

\$100,000

per class of first mortgage securities

are issued at 6 per cent. interest, net

and have personal and corporate

corporations as co-signers or correspondents.

BANKS.

Bank in Southern California.

MERCHANTS' BANK

OFFICERS—DIRECTORS:

W. H. Tamm, President; R. W. Hartman, Vice-President; H. C. Hellman, Assistant Cashier.

W. H. Tamm, C. E. Tamm, A. G. Van Noy, H. C. Hellman, T. W. Thompson, and Cashier Travers and Co.

Bank Department and Storage Vaults.

NATIONAL BANK

BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Profits.....

\$700,000

Day and night bills of exchange

Commercial paper accepted.

Deposits in all parts of the world.

Other preferred deposits receive

W. D. WOODWARD, General Manager.

W. W. COOK, Assistant Manager.

Levi H. Tamm, Cashier.

John H. Howell, C. A. Hartman, Assistant Cashier.

J. E. FINCHURST, Trustee.

Frank J. Hayes, Auditor.

W. E. J. Hayes, Auditor.

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SITUATION FOR THE

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.

HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.

MARION OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.

ALBERT McFARLAND.....Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, and Weekly Magazine.

EVERY MORNING IN NO. 118.

Founded Dec. 4, 1881.

Twentieth Year.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the news of Associated Press, covering the globe; from 18,500 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.

TERMS.—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; Sunday, \$1.50; Magazine, \$1.50; Weekly, \$1.50.

SWIM CIRCUIT AT 75¢.—Dinner tickets for 15¢; 15,000; for 1937, 15,500; for 1938, 16,500.

TELEPHONES.—Counting Room, Subscriptions Department, First floor, Press 1; City 6-2710.

AGENTS.—Entered Agent, William A. Lawrence, No. 812 Tribune Building, New York; 81 Washington street, Chicago; Washington Bureau, 46 Post Building.

Offices: Times Building, First and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

THE END IS NOT YET.

While it still may not do to assume that because Aguinaldo has been captured the end of the trouble in the Philippines has been reached, nevertheless, the capture of the head insurrectionist will undoubtedly have a great moral effect in ending the insurrection, especially if he should join with other Tagalog leaders in urging the United States to give Cuba its independence. The price of sugar has been reduced to the same as last week good. The price of strong, the average here, is 25¢ per pound, up 25 pounds higher and nearly 75 cents a large provision market upward trend of prices ports classes 11. 12 cents per pound since 27¢ cents per a week ago for the export clearance, although below normal, is still falling off in the resulting in higher price in stimulating exports. Prices are at the highest point of 12th sides only fract highest point.

DRIED FRUITS: Los Angeles Times is out "James Ross purchases Chinese oranges from a fruit 7¢ cents per pound some time ago. At 1 activity in the apple and orange market, where good figures were now disposed of their

GENERAL BUSI

WONT EMPLOY

Men in the

house in St. Louis, 1

or woman among th

on the sub

serve

young lady can

and asked for work,

a younger brother

to send the brot

and him enough

to support h

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I am not. I them.

I may be wr

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I have no critics

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and I am

The Neither ha

I have any

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that they can co

But, those who do w

people enjoy settin

Citrus-fruit t

Shipments of cl

Southern California car

carloads of oranges

Total for the se

200, to date, is 12,827

88 carloads were le

LOCAL PRODU

LOS ANGELES

Dairy products re

quotations current fe

for many m

Eggs are at

Monday. Receipts

demand good. The

for Easter Sunday

perhaps people in

holding back for the

Provisions are unc

Beans are slow, bu

Choice potatoes are weak.

Receipts of Peas, r

are free, of str

milk, 47¢ or \$1.00

job at high 52¢.

Live poultry still

Very little game co

Since the high wi

ve, 10¢ per lb.,

stock here on ice

cleaned up.

Butter, Eggs

Butter, Butter Bear

NDAY, MARCH 31, 1901.

FER TO BUILD NEW PLAYHOUSE.

We are satisfied with small profit. It brings us many sales.

\$25.00

Twenty-five dollars at this store will do just about what thirty-five dollars does at others. For verification of this, visit our Tailoring Department. Our Suits are worthy of your confidence because they are made well, inside and out. Let us make you a new suit.

F. B. SILVERWOOD.
221 SOUTH SPRING ST.

SEVENTIETH THOUSAND

"No story so pure, so charming, as appealing, is to be found in all literature."

The Cardinal's Snuff Box

PARKER'S
246 S. Broadway, Library.
Largest, most varied and most complete stock of books west of Chicago.



EYES ALIEN?

Achie or burn or smart? Nature says stop!

Won't cost a cent to know what's wrong: likely

the result of a simple test.

CRYSTAL LENSES, \$1.00 PAIR.

GOLD FILLED FRAMES, \$1.50.

And Ignorance is bliss.

SUN GLASSES, 25 CENTS.

J. P. DELANY, EXPERT OPTICIAN,

209 S. Spring.

EYES TESTED FREE

And tested properly. We have the most modern contrivances and the most experienced opticians. That's why we are the leading opticians of the city. We are known by our works.

Mrs. Helen Blakeslee

Another San Franciscan

is about to join the company in New York.

daughter of a well-known

man who is playing the chief

role in "Have and To Hold" in the

leave that company soon

to London.

Thomas P. Boyd, a Baptist

who is connecting a new

church in Paris, has been

with practicing hypnotism

in connection with his church work.

Mrs. Helen Blakeslee

has, however, been present

in the minds of God.

One of the most charming

of New York's theatrical

and work of an eighteen-year-old

Ben All Haggan, a millionaire

practically settled in accord

the prayer of the complaint.

Thomas A. Driscoll of Oak-

land was formerly a champion

of the Coast, but he has

not been able to hold

his own in the competition.

He has been described

as a young man's work, and

he has a bright future.

TO DEBATE PLATT AMENDMENT

PRINCETON, N. J.—Mark

the question to be held on

March 31, has been submitted

to the Intercollegiate Debating

Association.

"Resolved, that Congress

should not impose the terms

in the Platt Amendment to

the Cuban Bill as a condition

with regard to the peace

of the Islands being excep-

tional.

We Want You to

See the ...

PIANO

Hear it play and see

why it is to open

why a child can

be wonderful if it

does the most

music.

Every Ho...

What has a Piano and

Music of the best man-

ner? Starch a Piano to

the music of the best

music.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

55-55 WEST THIRD

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Accept No Substitutes.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. III.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

239 S. Broadway, opp. City Hall, Los Angeles.

The individuality, style, fit and general correctness of every garment in our suit department is carefully looked after.

stylish cloth suits

to which we here call attention are fair samples of the entire stock, combining thorough goodness and economical pricing.

we also carry an unusually complete line of imported costumes at \$75.00 to \$175.00 and invite your inspection. it's not every stock that shows such goods as these.

black cheviot suit, taffeta silk lined all through, trimmed with stitched satin double-breasted eton jacket.....	\$37.50
black serge cloth suit, taffeta silk lined, eton jacket trimmmed with white cloth, gold braid and taffetas silk.....	\$45.00
black broadcloth suit, taffeta silk lined, drop skirts, all trimmed with stitched bands of satin, eton jacket faced with stitched morie silk.....	\$50.00
black cheviot suit, taffeta silk lined all through, trimmed with stitched satin double-breasted eton jacket.....	\$30.00

Send all mail orders direct to the store. we employ no agents.

ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO.

Vegetables--Best grown

Seems as if everybody want the best vegetables—ought to, anyway. We always want the very best for our customers, so very badly that we send our money out around the country to get the finest they can. They go to the foothills where there is no sewer water used for irrigation and the vegetables are raised by Americans. These are the best for every housekeeper.

215-215 W. Second St. Tel. Main 298.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.

In design, in construction, in finish, in variety and in quality—for price it is safe to say there is not another table display within hundreds of miles that

\$4.50 will compare with ours. This really handsome parlor table with round top, fluted rim and leg, imitation inlaid decoration both on top and shelf beneath, top being 24 inches in diameter and solid mahogany, lower shelf and legs are mahogany birch only \$4.50. You'd hardly guess it to be less than \$8.00 or \$10.00.

It's only one of a hundred or so at equally reasonable prices.

225, 227, 229 South Broadway.
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

The Great Credit House.

Cash if You BRENT'S Credit if You Wish It.

330-32-34 South Spring Street.

One of the ancient philosophers said: There being two kinds of wealth—money and credit—the greater is credit.

Your Credit Is Good at Brent's.

Your house will soon be nicely furnished if you take advantage of our credit system.



Better Own Your Furniture.

There is so much pride and comfort and enjoyment in using furniture that is all your own.

You pay a small amount down—then a little every week or month.

...WE TRUST THE PEOPLE...

Dressy Suits to Order for \$20 and up.

Every new fabric is here in all the most fashionable colors and shades. You can find no better assortment and we guarantee to fit you to perfection. What better inducement could we offer you?

BRAUER & KROHN ...TAILORS...

128-130 South Spring • • • and 114½ South Main.

T IS NOT DUE TO ADVERTISING

Married that has brought us our very large practice, but is largely due to advertising. I have a room in a thirty year old house in the school of dentistry, and the results of the most pleasing results to show, as people are coming from all over the country to see what we have done for them.

I am a graduate of the dental school of the University of Southern California, and have been in practice for over twenty years.

My office is located in the heart of the business district, and is easily accessible to all.

I have had many patients from all over the country, and have had many successes.

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Los Angeles

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enriching the springs
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blends.

COMME

HOG STICKING.
Price Current says
decided shrinkage is
losses, the market
the past we
\$25.00, compared wi
exceeding week, 400,000
spending week a year
and a half since March
since March the a
has shown a redu
the hog market is
good. The price of
the hogs, the average
hogs at the close be
the highest price
and nearly 75 cents l
ago.

The provision man
most activity is
the greatest trend of
Meat pack closes 11
cents per 100 pounds
27½ cents per
it was as far as
The export clearance
although below
corresponding rates off in the re
sulting in higher pri
sueues in stimulat
product. Meat pack
the highest price of
rib sides only fract
highest point.

DRIED FRUITS I
Fruit Times is an
James Ross purchases
Chambers four tons of
grapes at \$1.50 per ton
some time ago. At
activity in the apple
of the growers who
the great stores w
now dispose of their

GENERAL BUSI
WONT EMPLOY
Bolton in the head
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or woman among th
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people enjoy getting

Citrus fruit.

Shipments of cit
Southern California
cartridges of oranges
The total for the se
1906, to date, is 12,007
22 carloads were k

LOCAL PRODUC

LOS ANGELES
Daily products in
quotations current fo
ter and for many m
Eggs are firm at
Monday. Receipts
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holding back for the
Provisions are unc
Beans are slow, bu
Choice potatoes are
weak.

Receipts of Peas, r
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cane, sugar, etc.

Oranges continue
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are available at \$1.20
and \$1.30 per dozen.

Live poultry still i
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Better, Eggs
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All ship
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MILITARY TOPICS.

Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and Navy Subjects.

BY A VETERAN OFFICER.

[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES]

FIRST KICKLESS GUN INVENTED.

THIS first "kickless" gun in the world has just been invented. Chess has always been regarded as a military game, but the most convincing illustration of this is the solving of the greatest gunner's problem of the age by a chess king—Franklin K. Young, the famous chess champion, author of several of the highest authoritative works on the game, and well known commentator on the Board war, has invented two rifles and a field piece which will revolutionize the equipment of the armies of the world.

The Japanese government, one of the most progressive and aggressive of the powers, has already purchased the right to the use of one of the patents, and will furnish its entire army with rifles of the new style. The inventions have passed the test of the British War Office, which have been recommended for adoption in the armies of King Edward VII. Officials of the United States are now investigating the patents, and representatives of the largest gun manufacturers of this country and Europe are making tests of weapons equipped with the new invention.

There is nothing visionary or simply theoretical in the invention of the chess-player. On the contrary, it is most strenuous practical work. It is a thorough mechanical fitness, and for years has been devoting many hours to the mechanical details of his gun.

Leaving technicalities, it can be said that the aim of the inventor has been to save the shoulder of the riflemen from the heavy kick of the powerful modern weapons which not only burn but destroy the accuracy of the aim. He has succeeded.

II APPLICABLE TO ALL FIRE-ARMS.

Mr. Young has been granted patents all over the world for a new breach mechanism which is applicable to all kinds of firearms, including the calibre 12 pound field gun, whereby no shock is felt on the shoulder of the user, and no backward movement results from the discharge of the gun. The invention is a process, and is independent of, and may be applied to, all existing firearms. From the financial standpoint, however, the obtaining of the invention of throwing aside weapons now in use and going to the enormous expense of producing arms with brand new rifling and artillery.

The invention consists primarily what the inventor terms a mechanical cartridge. This is nothing more or less than a shell proper, whereupon the combination of shell and cylinder presents to the eye only the conformation and appearance of an ordinary cartridge. This cartridge may be used in any desired form and in any weapon provided that in the latter case the breech mechanism is the same as the cartridge proper contains only the projectile.

In breeches containing the explosive and the piston is then inserted into the rear of a shell proper, whereupon the combination of shell and cylinder presents to the eye only the conformation and appearance of an ordinary cartridge. This cartridge may be used in any desired form and in any weapon provided that in the latter case the breech mechanism is the same as the cartridge proper contains only the projectile.

In a peculiar fact incident to this invention is that the breech mechanism which appertains to the mechanical cartridge just described has fewer parts and is more simple and strength is superior to the German and Mauser models, and of course necessitates a much simpler breech mechanism of any other military rifle. The essential element in this new breech mechanism is that the

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.



Photograph by a staff photographer.

Anxious as President Diaz, of Mexico, undoubtedly is to meet President McKinley when the latter passes through Texas on his way to the Pacific Coast, official dignity may prevent the two executives from foregatherings. President Diaz does not think that he and the president of the United States are to greet each other in the country, while President McKinley, of course, is equally desirous of preserving his own official dignity. Thus the meeting between the executives, which would be a notable event, may never take place.

Bolt is square instead of round, and that it is operated by means of a plunger contained in its interior, which performs the function of the ordinary firing pin.

The result of this combination of the two parts is that the mechanism produces as its result a gun from which the kick is eliminated, which has no movement backward, which is the chief cause of the kick, discharge, and which the operator, by simply holding the trigger pulled backward to the extreme point, can fire the whole gun without ever reaching the point of aim without making any movement whatever.

SIMILAR TO THE NEEDLE GUN OF PRUSSIA.

The superiority of the mechanical cartridge over the cartridge in present use consists in the fact that it is the perfect exemplification of the prin

On Tuesday evening, Admiral Dewey Gen. Joseph Glaser will act in the capacity on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening, Rear-Admiral A. E. Barker will be the reviewing officer. Lieut.-Colonels will be present and review the troops. Friday evening and on Saturday evening Gen. Michael S. Sheridan will be the reviewing officer.

OUR WARSHIPS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The Daily Malta Chronicle and Garrison Gazette, published on the Island of Malta, contained, on February 23, the following item:

"Many who cross the Mediterranean Harbor, or who have occasion to visit the port of Alexandria, will be surprised to learn that the British gunners have superseded by the Mannlicher.

It is reported that the British gunners have superseded by the Mannlicher.

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It

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1901

SUNDAY, MARCH 10
WHY THEY
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FINANCIAL AND
OFFICE OF
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LOCAL PRODU

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Butter, Eggs
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Edward VII—Roosevelt—Carnegie—Boni de Castellane—Also Myles O'Hara.

EDWARD'S AUTOCRACY.

COMMENT ON HIS REMARK, "THIS IS NOT A REPUBLIC."

BY JOHN H. ADAMS.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.]

WHEN King Edward, in discussing the other day the question of clothes at imperial functions, made the sneering remark, "This is no republic," there flashed out the old autocratic spirit of the Third George, whose unfortunate incapacity for government, despite his talents, is well suited in making more than half the nations of the world republican. If Edward's nephew, the very absurd Kaiser, had given expression to the sentiment, no one would have been surprised, for on almost every occasion that he has spoken since his accession to the throne of the great Britain, he has done so.

It must be said, in Justice to the ruler of Great Britain, that the king is a divine right of making himself grotesquely ridiculous. Coming from the mature and fast-aging imperial uncle, the idea jars. The world gave King Edward credit for the possession of very great tact, a certain saving common sense, and it has had a kind leaning towards him because it believed him to be a man of great intelligence. He was aware of his generation. Instead of that, he seems to be a century behind it.

"This is not a republic." Of course not. Nine-tenths of the people of England are sorrowfully aware of the fact. Therefore, it is they are ground down under the burden of the largest national debt, and the annual expenses of the monarchy are mounting into figures which excite grave alarm for the solvency of the nation.

All this manifest generosity is one result of the Republican system of government. Under monarchial government the aristocratic fortunes in commercial enterprises use it as a rule, for selfish purposes. By this method an aristocrat succeeds who is not strongly backed at the threshold of life. That is the weakness of the Secretary of State, and it is the reason why the aristocratic statesmen in the dominions and tenets of which the majority of them do not believe. Were they a republic it would be impossible to maintain such a position. To be a Senator to be Assistant Secretary of War. Root won, but his victory has left behind it wounds that will not heal for a long time. The royal authority was overthrown by the founders of the revolution. They were not to give up their forms this is impossible.

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ROYAL MOVING AND HOUSECLEANING.

King Edward VII is Turning Windsor Castle Inside Out, and Preparing to Leave Marlborough House.

BY CURTIS BROWN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, March 15.—King Edward VII probably has sat for his photograph oftener than any other man living, but he always has been shy about letting photographers into Marlborough House, the residence that saw most of the Prince of Wales, and that is now a more personal home for him than any of the places that he visited during his august mother's life.

QUEEN'S DOG CEMETERY.

Included in the five acres of ground around Marlborough House is a cemetery in which rest the bones of Joss, the Queen's pet Japanese dog, who entered into his rest more than thirty years ago, but whose memory is preserved by a tablet. Muff, his spaniel, also rests there. The Queen's collection of royal hunting grounds is Queen Alexandra's pet rabbit and, no doubt, some of the pets of the York children are buried there. For a long time behind the high brick wall that almost hides Marlborough House from view always have been their favorite playgrounds.

One room in Marlborough House has been kept locked for eleven years, except when the King and Queen make a private visit to it. It is the room that was occupied by the Duke of Clarence, their eldest son, when he was a boy, and it remains just as he left it.

On the outside of the room, one of the window panes of the mansion, the ill-fated Prince scrawled "Eddy," and underneath it his boy name, "Nicky."

A feature of Marlborough House, in which the present Duke of Cornwall and York, King Edward VII, resides, is an uncommonly good wine cellar. Of late years the present King has had to be rather careful of his health owing to gouty tendencies, but he has had little to drink except light German wines and a trifle of Scotch whisky, but he has a pretty taste in wines and may be said to be well supplied. They have put up an extra million at considerably less expense than would have been incurred if he had been a private citizen, for the royal family imports its wines duty free.

OVERHAULING WINDSOR CASTLE.

The late Queen Victoria clung more tenaciously than her son and heir to the old order of things, and so it was that Windsor Castle, which is soon to be the residence of the new King and Queen, was in the matter of many household conveniences less up-to-date than the average American home. But the change is all that fast as he can, and the house is being done under his personal supervision. Separate suites of rooms are being prepared for the Queen, the Queen, a splendid billiard room is being arranged for His Majesty's pet diversion, and the rooms occupied by the Queen and the Prince Consort are being changed, and the smoking rooms are to be some of the most luxurious of the palace apartments.

HOUSE-CLEANING AT PALACE.

Buckingham Palace, to which most of the royal household belongings were moved from Marlborough House, is likewise undergoing a royal house-cleaning, and it is as much under the sway of decorators and paper hangers as if it were a private residence.

For a new tenant, Queen Victoria frankly abhorred Buckingham Palace and stayed over as little as she possibly could. But the King and Queen have no such fondness for it either, but they are determined to make the best of it.

Like the Queen, however, the Prince Consort was a drowsy property before it became royal. It stands on the site of the famous old pleasure grounds of the Duke of York, and since its acquisition by the Queen it has been embellished and improved.

COMES OUT OF THE KING'S POCKET.

All the changes in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle have been paid for out of the King's own pocket, for while they belong to the government, the Queen is a private individual, and she has been restive enough to insist on bringing up the question of her royal father's influence over her royal father-and-mother, and that may partly account for the fact that she is about to become the Queen of England.

MARLBOROUGH HAD IT ONCE.

The Duchess of Marlborough wanted Marlborough House not only because of its royal prestige, its fashionable surroundings, and its internal splendors, but as the name implies, it was in the days of Queen Anne that it was built; nearly 200 years ago for the first Duke of Marlborough, the general of whose valor in the Spanish War made him the first Englishman of Belgium in 1702. Queen Anne, widow of William IV., lived there in widowhood, and then, when she died, in 1702, the house was altered to a royal residence for the Duke of Marlborough.

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KING'S PRIVATE "DEN."

In the last third of a century the King, who is now King Edward VII., was a bachelor, and his personal busts, which are one of the chief decorative features still remains, the series of mural paintings depicting the warrior victories at Blenheim and Marston Moor, and the like.

The royal moving fever has affected him, and the Prince became anxious to have his chair repaired, and he worked up his idea of speeches the notes supplied by his secretary, and dictated most of his heavy writing in his comfortable little study at Marlborough House, and used his mahogany desk and seated in his stiff-looking chair that was unmercifully on its four legs, and was supported by two swivels or tilting supports.

Since the Prince became King, the chair has been his action, and his favorite custom. His Majesty has had a large share of his official work at Marlborough House, and has spent an hour or two here every morning that he has been in London in dealing with his affairs.

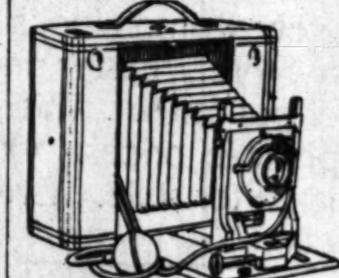
When the royal moving day comes

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

THE TIMES PRIZES GO TO THOSE WHO HAVE A WILL.

A Little Energy Well Applied for a Few Months Brings Great Results—Many People Go Further and Fare Worse.

Below we give you another list of those attractive prizes offered by The Times:



Taking Pictures

The most important prerequisite is the knowledge of the camera. The Kodak camera is known among amateur photographers as the handiest and most serviceable camera ever invented. Three of these Kodaks are offered as prizes by The Times. They come from the supply house of Dewey Bros., 226 South Spring street.



Never Mind.

If you wear out your winter suit while canvassing for The Times, you will appreciate all the more keenly that you have won a prize. The Hub Clothing Company, 226 South Spring street, will fit you out with as the winner of the clothing prize, one general class, may incidentally take two or three more prizes, and then you will be in clover.



It Has Been Said

That a woman dressed experiences a sense of satisfaction that even religion fails to give. The same is true of a woman who is well dressed. The Hub Clothing Company deals out a great deal of satisfaction, for it sends many well-dressed girls out into the world. The Hub is to furnish a \$2 outfit as a prize in our Class Three.



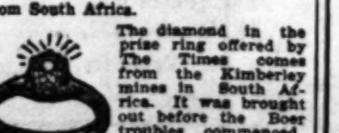
Silverwood Knows.

In anything appertaining to gentlemen's wear Silverwood, No. 22 South Spring street, is the authority. He knows how to dress a man up to grace the ranks of the "400," and he does it. Silverwood is to furnish that \$50 suit to be awarded as a prize in our Class One.



In the Back Yard.

Some people who want to provide a summer home for their children have caught onto the idea of pitching a tent in the back yard. It's a splendid idea. Children always appreciate outdoor life, and it is good for them to be out where they get the fresh air. The Times' prize tent is the one manufactured by J. H. Morris, 126 South Main street.



From South Africa.

The diamond in the

ring offered by

The Times comes

from the Kimberley

mines in South Africa.

It was brought

to the United States

by a man who

had been in the

country.

"I suppose," she responded pensively,

"that it must have been one of those

recent productions that the critics con-

demned for their horribleness."

When the royal moving day comes

The Leading Competitors and Their Standing March 29

Mrs. Della C. Crabil, Los Angeles	9996
Mrs. Mae H. Kepell, Los Angeles	7566
Marguerite Cardell, Los Angeles	4526
Mrs. J. W. Bridge, Los Angeles	4186
Lena Moss Terrell, Los Angeles	3530
Ella May Gird, Redlands	2865
C. W. Robinson, Los Angeles	2693
Miss Belle Morrison, Florence, Cal.	2112
Grace Schmidt, Los Angeles	2068
Miss E. Schley, Los Angeles	2009
Mrs. Helen J. Hough, Los Angeles	1853
Miss Edna Snow, Soldiers' Home	1464
Mrs. A. Senard, Los Angeles	1207
Mrs. W. A. Spence, Los Angeles	1137
Charles P. Mallory, Orange, Cal.	943
Miss A. R. San Bernardino	801
C. Le Roy Robbins, Los Angeles	772
Hazel Franklin, Los Angeles	751
Mrs. R. Collingwood, Pasadena	680
C. W. Robinson, Corona	287
Mrs. L. Northrup, Los Angeles	260
Mrs. N. S. Alling, Lamanda Park	230
Harold Williams, Pomona	228
Sherman Bainbridge, Los Angeles	188
Nellie Osborn, Los Angeles	180
Mrs. W. W. Crozier, Santa Ana	111
	106



Miss Irene Ackerman

THE well-known dramatic reader writes from her residence, 20 W. 15th Street, New York City. This talented and versatile lady has made an enviable name for herself on the stage by her excellent work in support of some of the leading stars, besides being noted in literary and art circles as an adept with the pen and pencil. She is justly proud of her magnificent head of hair, which is shown to advantage in the accompanying photograph. "Some time ago, when my hair was brushed, I noticed more and more the increase of hair left on the comb. My scalp became dry, and my hair grew thin so rapidly that I had to change the style of wearing it. I then tried various hair tonics, the effect of which was to make my scalp exceedingly tender, and the hair stiff and brittle when dry. I resolved to try CUTICURA. The comfort I experienced before I had given it a long trial was so great that I determined to continue it. Taking care to have the room warm, I would shampoo my head with a strong lather of CUTICURA SOAP, letting it remain for some time. I would then wash it off with warm water, and dry thoroughly. After a short time my hair ceased coming out, growing soft and silky to the touch."

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crabs, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore skin, for removing warts, corns, calluses, and bunions, for curing irritations and inflammations, or toxic or offensive perspiration, as in cases of washes for scrofulous weakness, and for many sanitary antiseptic purposes which suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, CUTICURA SOAP is the best soap for women. Women have once used these wonderful skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any other CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate cleansing properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the added properties of the best and most refreshing of flower essences. No other medicated soap overcomes so quickly the effects of preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other medicated or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Human Skin.

COMPLETE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMAN SKIN.

THE SET, \$1.25. A strong bar, costing \$1.25, is often sufficient to cure the most severe skin afflictions, such as acne, eczema, and the like.

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THE SET, \$1.25. A strong bar, costing \$1

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1901

BUSIN

FINANCIAL AND

OFFICE OF
Los Angeles

FINANCIAL

SPECULATIVE'S statement in the appears to be that investment securities pay, says A. A. Greene, and the market demand. Business-enriching the springs outlets do not open and close, but alteration of values, able demand for business anticipation probably abides.

COMMER

HOG STICKING. Price Current says decided shrinkage in hogs, the number during the past 20 days increased to 460,000 spending week, 400,000 a year ago. The total since the "hogs" ago—showing a red quality of the hogs the market last week. The price of strong, the average hogs at the close per 100 pounds, per 100 pounds, nearly 75 cents a

The provision market upward trend in price. Mess pork closes \$1.25 cents per 100 pounds sides \$1.75 cents per 100 pounds for the export clearance, although below corresponding week funds, the market settling in higher prices in stimulative product. Mess pork the highest point of \$1.25 cents fract

DRIED FRUITS I find there is not James Ross purchased Chinamen four tons fruit, being 1 cent a pound, more than twice time ago. At 1 activity in the apple of the growers who were good fruits now disposed of their

GENERAL BUSI WONT EMPLOY **Shelton** is the head in St. Louis, 1125 men, and no man or woman among them on the sub. stage.

A young lady can afford to work for a younger brother, he said, and I gave him enough to support him.

I do not want any the enemy of the work. I may be a little bit am right. There girls working in St. Louis and brothers there, and washing dishes wife the family incur

There should be no place for us.

The both should be married at home. Downtown every day values of a housekeepers downtown are not a source in houses income to them a member of the world without and its intense never intended for rough for the gentle

for I am not in it.

If every business nothing but men, an wages. St. Louis we get a woman, the young men would enough money to end the girls and take care. I could probably do something some of and putting women places. But I would be right to do it, a certain amount I pick that way. I paid enough to enable providers for people there. These things not controlled to wor

There is not an en who is paid less the start-a-career young

He is a writer newspaper is worse pay him \$75 or \$100 which. I could put in his pocket, but I would not do it. If I destroy his field of use him of his power to man cannot have a better career.

I have no critical business men who d and girls. That is important have any up houses which p less than they can co That, too, is their b ally, though. I do w people enjoy getting

Citrus-fruit shi Southern California carloads of oranges The total for the season, is 12,650 carloads were lo

LOCAL PRODUC

LOS ANGELES Dairy products re quotations current for ter and for many m

Eggs are firm at Monday. Receipts are good. The for Easter Sunday, perhaps people in holding back for the

Provisions are un Beans are slow, but Chico potatoes are weak.

Receipts of Peas, strams are free, strams rather expensive. Oranges continue in this territory in co are available at \$1.40 per bushel.

Live poultry still very little game co Since the high wi very little dab can be seen up.

Butter, Eggs, Butter, Eggs, Butter, Eggs,

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 31, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$3.00
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

WILL UNCLE SAM SUBMIT TO THIS? WE GUESS NIT!



(The Trusts, to Uncle Sam:) "You heedn't go ahead. We've decided that the canal shan't be built."

(Uncle Sam:) "Well now, son, you just hang around here for a little while and see me lift those things out of the way with this powder."

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

2

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE,
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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

SOME FEATURES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE great world is with us at this season, and hotels, big and little, are everywhere filled by the strangers within our gates. This is not only a portion of the vast and boundless West, but in one sense it is the East, since so large a share of the wealth, the culture and the restless activity and energy of that section is in our midst.

It is only within a few years that California has been fully discovered. For long, long years the world has known of its existence, but it is not so long since it began to intelligently appreciate the greatness of its possibilities and the grandeur of the plan upon which the State is built. The vastness of its extent appeals to the home-seeker hardly less than the charms of its climate—a climate which lets one alone from January to December. Residents here do not have to battle with the elements. Life is not a constant warfare with nature, for the extremes of heat and cold are not found here, but that happy medium between the two exists which conduces to perfect comfort.

But to the cultured and the person of refined sensibility, nowhere in the wide world does nature more eloquently appeal than in this great State. The majesty of mountains, the immeasurable vastness of plains, the wild grandeur of rock-walled canyons, the beauty of eternal vegetation and continuous growth, hold one like some new enchantment that is past all resistance. It is all unlike the familiar world on the Atlantic borders. Nowhere there do the mountains tower so high, or the valleys stretch out so far and wide. Nowhere on those borders can be found such a variety of fruits, such harvests of grain or such glory of blossoming as here. The palm and pine smile side by side in the sunshine. The apple, the orange and the fig drink in ripeness from the same golden sunbeams. The fruits of the tropics and those of the temperate zones lock each other in the face. The rioting vineyards grow purple in the light, the banana ripens in its beams, and in sheltered spots the pineapple comes to richest fruitage. In our high Sierras we hear the thunder of gigantic waterfalls, which leap from the rocky lips of the mountains hundreds of feet into the valleys below, girdled with rainbows and shod with white foam.

The big trees of California—those giants of the centuries—they, too, are among the marvels of this State. They have a history almost as old as the race, yet they are still green, and their massive trunks are strong as the unyielding rocks. Decay seems to have no power over them, and they are one of the enduring features of this great State. There is nothing else in the forest realm that so impresses the beholder, for they are voices of majesty and strength. Nature has done nothing by halves in this region. She has never slighted, and never made a mistake. She is always changing, yet ever the same. Royal in her wealth of beauty, grandeur and magnificence, she bears everywhere the impress of infinite skill, of infinite design. We do not find chance written anywhere upon her pages.

Volumes have been written in regard to the climate of California. Volumes more will yet be written, but they can take the reader scarcely beyond the alphabet of its many charms. Probably no country has more to offer to the home-seeker than this section of the Golden State, and thousands are coming here every year to find release from the extremes of the climate in the more eastern sections of the country, and as the attractions and possibilities of this vast commonwealth are more fully realized, the exodus from the East will rapidly increase. There can be no doubt but that in the not distant future California, which is on the broad commercial highway to the Orient, will, with all her wealth of resources, and her unrivaled climatic charms, become one of the richest and most populous States of this great Union.

LENT IN LOS ANGELES.

TOURISTS in this city who are accustomed to passing the Lenten season in colder latitudes, have reason to contrast the climate with less favored regions. The winter rains and abundant sunshine have filled the gardens with bloom. The native flora has adorned the roadsides with bright halos of color, the fields are green, the grass ripples in the breeze like the waves of the sea. The cattle stand knee-deep in the fields. The honey-seekers are abroad among the blossoming orchards. Clouds of roseate and white blooms are wind-chased and adrift on the greensward, and song fills the hedge-rows. Certainly, the walk to the church along the sunny avenues of this city could not be enumerated among the acts of self-denial. The person who is able to command such gracious influences on his days would be doing himself an injustice of overestimate if he considered his devotional exercise one which made him more an example of the virtues than many who are forced to grinding duties, and are striving to follow laws of kindness, humility, and truth without such aid as comes from devotional exercises in public places.

There are many reasons why the Lenten season has a special significance. The city at this season is peculiarly the home of strangers who have come for the benefit of climate or recuperation of spirit, and the doors of the churches are the reminders of the Father's house.

One has only to walk through Central Park to see illustrated the utilitarian and spiritual sentiment of a Lenten day in this city. Groups of various voices under the trees speak of commercial life, markets of iron and steel, prospects in oil, cotton and wool, exports of fruit, wheat and corn, transportation competition, railroad earnings, financial gains and bank clearings.

Among the number sitting in the sun are pale-faced tourists with eyes turned to the mountains. The snows of winter still linger around their northern homes, while here the sun shines with a blaze of splendor, and the mountain summits of the morning stand in a glory of radiant flame. Far above, the clouds have those wonderful tints which have been the dream of poet and painter.

Like an echo from the eternal music sounds from the choral of the church: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength," or "Out of the deep have I called to thee!" The music of the De Profundis speaks of accountability to God, a thought which Webster said he considered the greatest one given to the human mind. There follows the sense of obligation and the listener thinks over new problems of the moral nature and the mystery of free personality which is inherent in the religious life.

The conversation around him reminds anew that while "the still small voice" leads some hearts to faith in things unseen, the spirit of the age has illustrated the growth of faith after a profound study of philosophy. The ideas of Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Kant, Fichte and Hegel have in themselves been arguments for the superiority of the mind and the natural desire of the soul to find out God. They stand like half-way houses in the long distances the world must travel for the full measure of its spiritual inheritance.

The speech of men of science is burdened with the thought that much of the phenomena of matter is expressed in the terms of the spirit. While they are striving to make new formulae they have been like the workers of Al Mamoun, who determined to know the mystery of the pyramid. After long excavation through the rock and in despair at the unavailing labor they would have turned away, but far within they heard the sound of a falling stone. This incited them to dig on until they reached the great chamber. The research of the scientist has the discouragement of the stone wall, but he hears beyond the colossal barrier the sound that beckons him, and his research may be as devout a form of worship as that of song or incense. One has only to read pages of Hugh Miller to find the inspiration of such rare souls, who, whether studying the ephemeral life of the amber records of the Tertiary Age, or reading the fossil story on the stone pages of classic history, teach the adoring faith, Domini est terra. The pages of Winchell, Guyot, Humboldt, Leconte and many others are forms of aspiration to Him of whom Lacordaire said after all these centuries "his grave is not merely glorious, but beloved."

The sojourner in this city should be often reminded of the interest which attaches to the flowers and trees that were associated with the life and passion of our Lord, from the green slopes of Nazareth to sad Gethsemane.

The palms, the olives, the cedars, the pomegranates, the figs, the acacias, the lilies, anemones, and roses are counterparts of those that were friends of the Man of Sorrows. The olives cast their shadows around Him in the garden of Gethsemane, where, although people were near him, he knew the loneliness of a stranger far from home. "When they had sung a hymn, they went to the Mount of Olives and to a place called Gethsemane." The remembrance of that hymn which Jesus sang, although His soul was "exceedingly sorrowful," should forever consecrate music to beautiful ideals.

Around those scenes have clustered the hopes and expectations of the Christian world for many centuries. The events that inspired them are of such transcendent magnitude that all others are comparatively unimportant.

L. F. H.

[Chicago Post:] Two Colorado physicians quarreled over a point in medical ethics and one slew the other. One yelled "quack" and the other failed to duck in time.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

FIRST PRINCIPLES AS TAUGHT BY A FOREIGNER.

By a Special Contribution.

"Let me tell you the secret of youth," said the German dermatologist. "Keep your complexion the grain fine and the color high, and wrinkles come, and your hair turns white, figure loses all symmetry and slenderness, pass among your friends and before your wonderfully enviable, youthful-looking woman what I keep telling my patrons," smiled the person, whose own cheeks were as delicate and true in color as the petals of a wild rose. "They always give me ten years less than I am in the old church in Germany, and that due to my complexion."

"How do I manage to keep it? Well, I have the best care of it since I was a bit of a girl. I am a sort of a complexion specialist in my own right, and am trying to educate the American ladies in modern scientific discoveries I have been taught, but the principle on which she works is the same, and all I preach and teach is cleanliness and protection from overexposure."

"Yes, indeed, my dear, cleanliness is the important step in the preservation of a complexion most often neglected. I will shock you when I say that only one woman has a clean face. That is the truth, however, for a magnifying glass does not lie and many a pretty countenance out of which, in a single wash, have washed as much as a half a thimbleful of injurious, irritating, sticky dirt."

"Of course those patients have always faces, as often at least as twice a day. Please wash and a clean cloth they use, they tell me, more, they always assure me that in their youth they had pretty, fine skins, with a sweet color. When they tell me that I beg to have a look at the arms and shoulders. If my patient shows a surface soft and close-pored and then that the patient has simply been to a face and I put a stop at once to the morning facial bath. My cure course is simple: affliction one lies back in a chair under a lamp and I go over the cheeks and chin and neck and head with the finest, softest, whitest sponge I can buy, and delicately apply a milk-warm lotion. I let it stay for a while, and then, with a feel as light as a powder puff, I wash the face over and over, and over the whole surface, with luke-warm water that grows gradually in temperature of 104, and then with an emulsion lowering of temperature down to 58 deg."

When this hydraulic process is complete, I lay old, soft, and very pure linen and towels over the face, let the linen absorb the surface. Finally, when the face is dry, I make the patient recline, her eyes are the very muscle of her countenance relaxed for fifteen minutes, or until the natural sweat further dried the skin. Finally I go over it with those nice soft little rubber facial brushes being ever so delicately. This I do to bring circulation, but never do I handle the skin with a familiar touch, for the face is harmed not by other friction than a slow and very gentle with the soft palm of my hand. If I find it shows the whole system to be lacking in current, I apply the current, not directly to the face, but the conductor in my left hand while gently smoothing the forehead, cheeks and chin with my right hand."

"When the face bath and the light massage is concluded, I make the patient slip over into the open air. This is the dotted tissue she wears ordinarily, protecting the skin from the flying dust, and dust I insist upon her avoiding until I have all the dirt from the cuticle, brought the skin to a normal movement in the cheeks and foretended pores to close and form a smooth surface that will not accept the flying particles."

"Give me any woman whose health is in diet is reasonable and, who will come to me for a week for treatment, and who will daily wear as I direct, and I'll almost guarantee to restore and color of her complexion. It will equal that she had before carelessness and made it grow so tough and weather-beaten as stretched the pores and spread a sort of unhealthy flesh beneath."

"Sometimes, when I get a very bad case, when a skin shows like old leather through a use a preparation of lime juice to take off stains; and some faces I have put in soak, saturated with warm water, in which a certain sea salt has been dissolved. But I never treatments, I don't stretch, pull, overheat the skin, and I don't pretend to help any woman with her wrinkles. They are like an increasing number of birthdays. There is no real eradication beside any woman should be content to her and never be afraid to submit her complexion to the broad light of day, for then she keeps the life alive in her face, her eyes remain bright, her skin seems only coquettish and the pink in her face will, like the rose a-bloom in January, only and always of springtime and youth."

FANNY

ELYSIAN PARK.

Fair lies thy lovely face beneath the sun,
Kissed by the golden sunbeams and the breeze,
And by the breezes as they wander by,
Light-footed all thy winding pathways.

Thy hills rise upward, emerald-clad and green,
Green forests drop cool shadows on the sun,
Bright blossoms toss their fragrance on the air,
And rippling bird song on each reply.

The gracious Day looks smiling from the sun,
Noon decks herself with brightness of the sun,
And Eve comes softly with the starry sun,
As in thy tree-girt chambers to find me.

ELYSIAN



Egypt and the Egyptians. By R. J. Burdette.



The Pilot.

If you mention his name in the loneliest camp—
(Montana—Nevada—or Idaho)—
A light on the miner's face will beam
More bright than the rays of the pine-knots' gleam.
And his lips will open—"I used to know"—
And he tells a tale of a "prospect" tramp.

Speak it where 'Frisco sits and looks

Out through the beautiful Golden Gate,
And a ripple of memories breaks in glee,
Like the silvery waves of a moonlit sea;
And some one says, "It was somewhere late
In the 'fifties"—but that's all in the books.

Say it where shines with its tropical ray

The star on the flag we have made our own—
And the island glows with a radiant smile—
"He was one of us for a happy while,
And the winds in our treetops still intone
The laughter he left when he went away."

Whisper it low in the African land,

Its white breast torn by the fangs of war—
A laugh will divide a moan and a wail,
As the pale lips say, "I was here in jail
When he made that speech—I can tell no more—

It hurts me to laugh—but you understand."

North—west—south—yonder—east—and there—

His name is a thought that wreathes a smile;
Big trees—the pyramids; Tahoe—Galilee;
Mount Blanc and Shasta; Salt Lake—Dead Sea—
His own Mississippi and Pharaoh's Nile—
Everyone knows him everywhere.

He has girdled the world with a balm for pain,

Twined the equator with garlands of mirth.
While the pilot steadies the swinging keel,
His eye on the star, his hand on the wheel,
His thought on the fog-encircled earth—
Clear comes the leadsmen's cry—"MARK TWAIN."

Everybody's "Mark."

I believe—and I can prove it—that Samuel L. Clemens is the best-known man on earth. Of course a great many people have heard, in a way, of George Washington and Christopher Columbus; a few people are beginning to learn who is the King of England; Napoleon Bonaparte is well known in places; the Czar of Russia is an impersonality; a few travelers are vaguely known in the countries through which they have journeyed and about which they have written. But Mark Twain is known, intimately and affectionately, in every land that he ever visited. Known and adored. You meet his friends everywhere. Guides, dragomen, interpreters, officials, in Germany, Italy, Egypt, Palestine—everywhere—are proud to stand for certain definite shams whom Mr. Clemens mercilessly ridiculed for their shallow pretensions and hopeless ignorance. A guide will straighten himself up three inches as he puts himself on the breast and proudly assures you "Me Ferguson!" And when you tell him that you had the genuine old original Ferguson yesterday, the new candidate scuriously denounces him as a fraud and a pretender. There isn't an Arab between Cairo and Assouan who does not remember him, and only one or two who did not personally serve him. The body servants of George Washington bring down a verbal history of the United States from colonial times to the present day. The guides of Mark Twain will continue that history throughout all generations, so that whatever may happen to printed documents and corner-stones, so long as the human race has the power of speech our history is secure. We occasionally try Bayard Taylor, Amelia Edwards, Wilkinson, and even Mariette Bey on the Arabs. But they are cloudily dubious concerning these people, and are openly suspicious that we are chaffing them. But when we try them on "Mark Twain" the horizon broadens, the skies are clear, and they are ready with floods of personal reminiscences. "Blessings on that frosty pow!" He has made the equator a streak of sunshine, and the atlas of the world is "Mark Twain's Scrap Book."

Spoiling the Egyptians.

Our first week in Cairo was one of climatic surprises. I always thought this was a winter resort. So it is. So is the North Pole—for white bears and unrescued arctic-circle excursionists. I never wore so many clothes at one time in Minnesota as I wore in Cairo for a few shivering days. The only warm place I found was a tomb. And it was hot—hot as a silver mine. They told me that the tomb had not been occupied for over three hundred years, the tenant having been "lifted" by a scientific grave robber. Fair Science has not only legalised body-snatching, but has even made it the sacred duty of the scholar. It has not yet been able to give Jootin in China the same beautiful sanctity of scientific investigation, but we must not demand too much this early in the century. It has 100 years in which to elevate ordinary burglary to the dignity of corpse stealing. Besides, a profound Egyptologist explained to me, these mummies are very old. That makes a difference. I suppose it is wrong—at least, it is in very bad taste, which is much worse—to dynamite a new tomb of glittering white marble. But an old granite sarcophagus, dating from before the flood, is fair prey for the scientific spoiler. And how often is Fair Science bitterly disappointed, when it dynamites the front end of a sarcophagus

and hauls out the corpse by the ears, to discover that 2490 years ago the Romans had caved in the rear end with sledges and battering rams and gathered to themselves all the massive chains of gold, the priceless gems that glittered like stars of fire in the darkness of the grave, the pearls and the jeweled ornaments. Those old pagans were utter barbarians. They had no respect for the grave, no reverence for death, no regard for the interests of science of the twentieth century. Some of them, indeed, were little better than mug-wumps. They smashed and burned and stole things as remorseless as though they were Christian nations avenging the murder of their missionaries. The cheek of the beggars, when they were not Christians at all, and had no right whatever to claim the privileges of enlightened nations! It's so hard to teach a heathen a just and righteous respect, not to say reverence, for the rights and exclusive privilege of the favored nations, and just about the time you get him taught, the wound is likely to gangrene and kill him. That's really the great objection to dum-dum bullets.

The Egyptians Spoiling Us.

But I was speaking about the superior comfort of an Egyptian tomb to a Cairo hotel as a winter residence. It is really so much warmer. And so much quieter. There are just about as many people asking you for backshish—every tomb is sculptured and painted on every inch of the walls and ceilings with figures of ancient Egyptians, slaves, citizens—which was the same thing—kings, queens, gods and goddesses, every last beggar of them hold out both hands for backshish. But they can't speak, and you don't have to give it. All the same it becomes unspeakably irritating to see them standing there asking for it. The Egyptians are the patientest beggars on this dependent old earth. Some of these sculptured figures have been standing in that beseeching, expectant attitude for nearly four thousand, or 400,000—the Egyptologists vary about that much on all their figures—years, without getting a solitary plaster. Are they discouraged? On your dear life, they are not. They will maintain that position so long as the granite endures. And the Egyptian of today, if he should live that long, would do precisely the same thing. Every time we go out for a drive about the city or a stroll through the bazaars, at the close of the expedition, a man not of the retinue holds out his hand and demands—they never "ask"—his backshish. "For what?" And he explains that he has followed you around ever since you left your hotel. Of course, you don't give him a cent—unless you are softer than mush, in which case you have no earthly right to travel in the East—and he pours out a ripple of Arab curses on your stingy head, which as you don't understand a word of them, do you no harm. It is a land of beggars. If a man works for the government and carries dirt and stones all day long—ten hours—in a basket, on some temple excavation, he is paid about a plaster a day. But if he follows you around the block to see you mount a donkey or get into a carriage he wants from three to five, and feels hurt if he doesn't get it. If in some moment of foolish weakness—we all have these times of breaking down—you give some pitiful and eloquent beggar a coin, he slips it into his mouth, and, with a pathetic wail, squats down and begins to grope for the hidden money in the dust, pretending that he dropped it, and as it cannot be found he hopes that you will be soft hearted and headed enough to give him another. If you give the donkey boy at Assouan a shilling (5 plaster pieces)—he hides it before your eyes, produces a plaster with the deftness of a magician, and wants to know if that is all you are going to give him. All the donkey boys at Assouan are liars and most of them thieves. The rest of the fraternity as you go down the river are like unto them.

Gratitude in an Egyptian beggar is an unknown feeling. In a month's experience with them I have never heard "thank you" from the lips of any man lower in degree than a dragoman. That is an English phrase they do not trouble themselves to learn. And as for the amount of backshish that a man claims in addition to his regular pay, it can only be measured by a straight line forever extended indefinitely through infinite space. If you give him a plaster, he yells for more. If you make it a shilling, he calls on the prophet to witness that he is a ruined and defrauded man. If you make it a pound, he howls for pity on a starving man. And not until you show him your lank and emptied pocketbook is he satisfied—no, he is never satisfied—but not until then does he cease his howling to laugh over the way he has "done you," to despise you for an infidel dog and rejoice that you are doomed to roast in hell fire while he sings in paradise. And if he sings there as he does here, you may even rejoice if things are as he thinks they will be. I do not like the Egyptian in his present, unregenerate state. The hand of England, strong and wise, is upon this country and is going to stay upon it, and mold it into better shape, and eventually make a nation of it. Though, of course, one need never hope that the "tipping" evil will ever be reformed under English rule. It is a part of the British constitution, of which you may have heard.

A Bas the Tip.

And the evil is growing worse in the United States. And it's all wrong as wrong can be. It so shamefully belittles a man; it makes a beggar of an honest man. I wish the trades unions would fight it. I'd join the strikers and the boycotters every time. It is utterly un-American. Every man who eats his bread in the sweat of his face should have honest, living wages, and the scorn of all men every time he held out his working-hand in a beggar's plea. I never give alms to a sleeping-car porter without feeling my very soul burn with con-

tempt for the corporation, rich, greedy and selfish, that taught and forced that man to beg for his living. It could have done him no greater wrong if it had established a Fagin school for him and taught him to steal. It debased his manhood, lowered his self-respect, set him outside the pale of honorable "workingmen," and what greater wrong could it do to a man than that? I don't believe a man ever has a pleasanter glow all through his life—heart, hand and brain—than when he pays a workman his wage. But if there is anything I hate worse than a beggar, it's the system that makes men beggars. Let's organize an anti-tipping society before the next Presidential election. Let us be able to say to the world, "Here is the one country on earth where you don't have to 'guess' at a beggar's extortion; a land where every man knows what his service is worth as well as the government knows the value of the gold dollar; where he wants that, every penny of it, as his own, and where he will refuse to accept a beggar's dole for honest work." But I don't believe you'll do it.

Josh Billings' Spelling.

One touch of freedom there is in Egypt that I think can be found nowhere outside this dark continent. That is the next thing to our own much-vaunted American liberty of speech—which privilege of citizenship I have duly, and, I trust, modestly and with reverent limitation used in this epistle. It is freedom of spelling. Now in some countries the traveler is occasionally at a loss when he would spell the name of city or river. Not so in free Egypt. There is no standard for spelling Egyptian names, unless it be the hieroglyphic spelling on the tombs and temples. So when you write a name you write it as it sounds to you, and that will be correct. Indeed, some man who took it down, letter by letter, from the lips of the interpreter, glancing over his shoulder, will see that you have spelled it with eleven letters, in three words and two capitals, whereas he used seventeen letters, four words and three capitals. But he will erase his own dictated spelling and substitute yours. Thereby you begin to be an authority. The trouble is that if you catch a glimpse of his way you will try to substitute it for your own. You will both make mistakes, as the substitution in each case will be done hastily and rather stealthily. Then afterward you will come together and compare your still different versions, and you will try to remember each his own original way, and will finally compromise on a "blend" that by its very monstrous and unpronounceable composition will force itself upon the delighted attention of the Egyptologists and glue itself to the pages of the new geographical pronouncing lexicon. This land should be the paradise of typewriters and dialect novelists; any old spelling goes.

By the way, I had a scheme with a man named Reed of Philadelphia for heating the hotels of Cairo in the winter by running a pipe line from the tombs, which are warm as "love in August," all the year round. But it raised a great protest among the natives. They said it would not heat the hotels, which is true—but it would effectually cool off the tombs to the shivering point of the hotels. Which is also true. So it was abandoned.

Timely Reading.

One other experience of "exceptional weather" we have enjoyed in Egypt. When Charles Dudley Warner was up at Luxor, twenty-five years ago, he thought it rained—"I could not swear," he writes, "that a drop or two did not fall into the river. And yet it could not be, for it had not rained there in 4000 years." Well, it rained at Luxor for us on the 25th of January and the day following—thirty-six hours of hard, driving, deluging, steady downpour that kept us shut up on the boat. Nobody wanted the rain; nobody needed it, especially the railway embankments, which it washed into the Nile; nobody in Egypt is ever prepared for rain; it caused a great deal of suffering among the people, whose mud huts were pulped by the deluge. But it rained just the same. And while it dashed against the cabin windows and drummed and rattled on the steamboat roof I read over and over with ever-increasing delight as the storm became more tempestuous the following paragraph from a guide book:

"Above all, the uniform temperature of this part of Egypt and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere calls with the voice of hope to the weary health seeker. Rain is unknown."

You can get a hundredfold more enjoyment out of a book than ever the author put into it by reading it at the right time.

Cairo, Egypt, February, 1901.

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DAN BEARD'S BRIDAL COACH.

[New York Evening Sun:] Dan Beard, the artist, was married a short time ago. Among those invited to the wedding were Charles Dana Gibson and a number of other artists. While the wedding ceremony was going on, these fellow-craftsmen went out and decorated the bridal coach with pictures of lovesick swains and chubby cupids.

When the newly-wedded pair entered the coach they did not notice its decorations. Beard, however, wondered at the size of the crowd and the heartiness with which it greeted them. As they drove up the avenue he noticed how the people stopped and stared after them, and when the finally drew up before the Holland House he was amazed to see what appeared to be the entire staff rush out to receive them.

Then a great light dawned upon him.

"My dear," he said, as he assisted his wife to alight, "we may as well walk around the carriage. It would be a shame not to look at it after our friends have taken so much trouble in our behalf."

And with his wife on his arm and the hotel attendants at his heels, Beard walked around the carriage, and then solemnly led the little procession up the steps and into the hotel.

The Mutton Metropolis. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE FACTORIES OF NEW ZEALAND.

HOW SHEEP ARE FROZEN BY THE MILLION BELOW THE EQUATOR FOR MARKETS OF LONDON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW ZEALAND is the chief meat-freezing country of the world, and Christchurch is its mutton metropolis. It is a city of more than 50,000 people, situated near the sea on the Canterbury Plains, where they raise more sheep to the acre than anywhere else. This country leads all others in its product of mutton. Millions of sheep are frozen here every year for the tables of England, and a great fleet of steamers is always moving back and forth across the equator over the oceans, carrying this product to London. The distance via the Strait of Magellan is more than twelve thousand miles. It is even farther by the Cape of Good Hope or the Isthmus of Suez, but nevertheless the freights are such that the mutton can be sold at a lower price than that raised in England itself.

What do you think it costs to raise sheep away down here below the equator and deliver them to the English butchers, so that all parties can make a fair profit? Just 7 cents a pound! The New Zealand farmer makes money by selling his sheep at the factory at 4 cents a pound, and the extra 3 cents suffices to pay for the killing, the dressing and freezing, and all the freight charges and handling between here and London. I doubt whether mutton can be produced at this cost in either the United States or Great Britain.

The Sheep Farms of New Zealand.

But first let me give you some idea of New Zealand's sheep industry. It is the one out of which the country makes the most money. New Zealand now has about 20,000,000 sheep, or enough to give every man, woman and child a flock of twenty-five and have thousands to spare. It has almost half as many as we have in the United States, and its product of wool is proportionately much greater than ours. It gets an annual income of \$23,000,000 out of its exports of wool, and in addition receives more than \$8,000,000 for frozen mutton, \$1,500,000 for its tallow, and more than that amount for sheep skins and rabbit skins.

There are sheep farms to be seen everywhere. I have visited many of them during my tour through the islands. They are much better kept than similar properties in the United States, being divided up into large fields fenced with wire and often carefully cultivated.

Many of the holdings are large. The average flock at present contains about 1000 sheep. There are 2700 men who have each between 500 and 1000, and there are 2000 farmers who each own from 1000 to 5000 sheep. There are more than 200 who have from 5000 to 10,000, and 140 who each own flocks of 20,000 or upward. The tendency just now is toward small flocks. The farmers have found it pays to raise sheep for mutton, and the day will soon come when every farmer will have his own flock of sheep.

Mutton vs. Wool.

In Australia the sheep are reared chiefly for their wool. Here they are reared both for wool and mutton. The weather is such that they can feed out of doors all the year round, thus saving the expense of barns or stables. On the larger estates the total expenses are not more than \$1 per sheep, and the annual increase of the flock is from 80 to 100 per cent. of the number of ewes.

Sheep farming in New Zealand is managed upon scientific principles. The people have studied the breeds and have selected those which will produce the most wool and the best mutton. The chief breeds are the Lincolns, the Merinos, the Leicesters, the Shropshires, the Southdowns and the Romney Marsh. Each of these breeds has special localities. The Merinos thrive best on the wild lands and hills, the Lincolns and Romney Marsh on the moist soil, and the Leicesters on the dry plains. The best mutton sheep are cross breeds; they are known as freezers.

How to Get Blood Out of a Turnip.

It is an old expression that it is hard to get blood out of a turnip. The New Zealanders have discovered how to do it. They use their sheep to grind up turnips, and the result is the blood which makes meat which sells for millions of dollars. In fact, every good chop you eat here is half turnips. The people tell me that turnip-fed sheep produce the best mutton. In buying a sheep farm the first question asked is whether the land will raise turnips, and if so the price is much higher than otherwise. New Zealand has more than 400,000 acres of turnips. Turnip fields are to be seen on every landscape, and they often form a striking feature. The crop grows luxuriantly, and before the sheep are let in it forms a bed of bright green. Later on, when the sheep have had their first chance at it, the green has all disappeared, and in its place there is an expanse of black soil covered with white balls set out in rows. The field looks as though it had been plowed and sown with billiard balls.

You see the sheep biting the balls. They eat them out of the ground, digging away until every root has disappeared. In some cases the turnips are dug up by the farmer and fed in the pasture to the sheep.

The Question of Wages.

Labor is high in New Zealand, and everything is done to cut down expenses. On the large estates the sheep are kept in enormous fields, so that a few hands suffice to care for a large flock. The shepherds put in about ten hours, except at harvest time, when they work from daylight to dark. Their wages are higher than those

of the United States. In the busiest parts of the year they receive from 18 to 25 cents an hour, and in many cases their employers add to this a present at the close of the season. I met one man who told me he gave each of his hands \$50 when the hardest of the work was done.

The shearing usually begins in September and lasts until January. It is done by the piece, being performed by professional shearers, who get from 4 to 4½ cents a sheep. There are men who can shear more than a hundred sheep in a day, and not a few make their \$5 per diem. The wool clips vary greatly, according to the breeds. The Merinos range all the way from four to seven pounds each, while the Leicesters will average ten pounds and the Lincolns about eleven pounds. There are sheep which each produce from twenty to thirty pounds of wool at a clip, but these are exceptions.

A Warning to Belgian-hare Raisers.

The craze which is running over the United States as to Belgian hares should be stopped, for they may become as great a pest as the rabbits are here. Rabbits were introduced into New Zealand as pets and with the idea that they might furnish meat. They increased so rapidly that they soon overran the whole country. They ate up the pastures, and millions of dollars have since been spent in killing them or in fencing them out of the sheep lands. Of late a large industry has grown up in trapping them for their skins and in freezing the carcasses for shipment to London. There are men here who make a business of rabbit trapping and rabbit buying. I see crates of rabbits at almost every railroad station, and I am told that about 11,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits are annually shipped from New Zealand to London. In one year 17,000,000 rabbit skins were exported and such exports now bring in several hundred thousand dollars annually. Frozen rabbits are shipped with the fur on, and they are, I doubt not, often sold as fresh from the warrens of the English nobility.

In a Big Freezing Factory.

But let us go to one of the factories and see just how they prepare this New Zealand mutton for the tables of London. New Zealand has twenty-one meat-freezing establishments, and the largest and oldest of all is here at Christchurch. It is known as the Belfast freezing works, having a capital of \$500,000, upon which it pays dividends of 8 per cent. It is a co-operative institution, the sheep owners being the principal stockholders. It gives them a market for their sheep, working entirely on commission. The sheep are driven or shipped to the factory. They are there killed, frozen, put upon ships, and delivered to the butchers of London at a fixed charge of a penny a pound, and all profits above this go back to the farmers. The factory kills about 5000 sheep every day, shipping on the average more than 500,000 carcasses a year.

We take a carriage and ride out to the works. They are within a few miles of Christchurch. The buildings consist of great sheds, surrounded by paddocks filled with sheep ready for killing, and the drying yards, which at first sight seem covered with snow, but which as we get closer we see are spotted with great piles of newly-washed wool. We are first taken to the sheep yards, and watch the men drive the animals up a passageway to the killing department on the second floor. This driving is done by means of decoys. There are several old sheep which are used day after day and year after year as the advance guard to lead their brothers to slaughter. They start the procession, and the thousands behind, sheep-like, follow them. Often 10,000 sheep pass up that roadway in one day.

In the Killing-room.

We follow the sheep into the building. The killing-room is several hundred feet long. It is a great hall walled with pens, each holding twenty sheep. The pens face a central aisle, in which stand the butchers. The sheep are killed at the rate of ten every minute. The butchers are very expert. They drag out the animals, and with their knives kill them so quickly that they do not even kick. One man has been known to kill 230 sheep in a day, but the usual average per hour is nine sheep for each man.

After killing a sheep the butcher hangs it up on a hook behind him, strips off the skin, cuts off the head, dresses it, and washes it down with hot water. This is done so quickly that it takes only seven minutes from the time the live sheep is picked up until it is ready for freezing.

When a sheep is finished the butcher gives it a shave, and the pulley to which it is hooked, running by gravity on a little steel track, carries it off to the cooling-room. From now on it is not handled until it is ready for shipment. The work is done so rapidly that there is a long stream of carcasses steadily flowing out of the butcher shop into the cooling-room and later on from there down to the freezing chambers.

In the Freezing Chambers.

After having been cooled forty-eight hours, that the animal heat may go out of them, the carcasses, being weighed as they go, take another trip on their pulleys into the freezing chambers. There are a dozen of these, each having a storage capacity of about 100,000 sheep. Each chamber covers one-fifth of an acre, and if you will imagine a good-sized city lot inclosed in walls of frozen brine, coated with snow and filled with carcasses of mutton hanging down from the ceiling so near one another that they almost touch, you may have some idea of a freezing chamber.

Suppose we enter. How cold it is! The temperature is 8 deg. above zero. The sheep put in three days ago are already as hard as stone. Tap one of the carcasses,

The sound is like a tap on a drum head. Take one and rest it on the floor, it is so stiff that it shatters. It feels like ice. My fingers freeze as I take them. We are glad to get out.

The By-Products.

After a look at the freezing machinery, our manager tells us it is American, we go on to the branches of the establishment to see the work. In one place they are canning sheep tongues, shipped all over the world. The output is 20,000 tongues a day, and the tongues sell for 20 cents in one-pound cans. The cooking is done in great kettles, in which the water is kept hot by steam pipes. The tongues bob up and down in the boiling water, bare-armed men take them out from time to time with pitchforks and put others in their places.

In another room we see them rendering fat. Other they are taking care of the sheepskins; others they are pulling wool from the skins and washing it out to dry. A curious department is that the blood and bones are turned into fertilizer. The blood is roasted in a great cylinder several hours long. On the floor of the factory is a pile of manure as big as a small haystack. It smells like manure to our eyes water as we look.

This blood is very valuable for manure. For a time it went to waste in most of the factories in New Zealand, when a couple of Americans came in and made a contract for the product. The New Zealanders soon saw that they were getting rich out of the blood, and they concluded to have the product themselves, so when the time came for the renewal of the contract they refused, and now this and the other products of the factory pay, I am told, about 10% of the expenses of its operation and management.

Among the Factory Hands.

As we walk through the works I ask the manager to give me some idea of wages. He replies that they range from \$1.50 a day upward, and that for a day shift leave at 5 p.m., taking an hour off for dinner, have in addition to this what are called smokes, or recesses of ten minutes twice a day for a meal. The foreman fixes the time, which is usually 8 a.m. in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. These recesses are common in all New Zealand factories.

As far as I can see the men seem content with their jobs. Many of them own little cottages and works, the average workingman's house being about \$250. The manager tells us that if a man is industrially economical he can pay for his house in two years, and that most of the men accumulate money. He tells us that the factory insures the lives of employees upon such terms that if they are killed in duty their heirs will receive from \$1500 to \$2000 according to the amount of their policies.

The Biggest Woolen Mill Below the Equator.

You people of the United States look upon New Zealand as a half-savage country. You think it never has any good farms and sheep raising. Venture you have never considered it a land of factories. These people have woolen mills which are considered large in New England. They make fine cloths as the best mills of Great Britain, and their mills have to be protected by the tariff to live. At Kaiapoi, near Christchurch, there is a factory employing 600 hands. It is the largest mill below the equator, and it makes every kind of goods, from knit underclothing to the finest dress goods. The mill takes the wool in bales of 200 pounds each, just as it comes from the back of the sheep. It is sorted according to fineness, for the sheep varies as much as that on man, some hair fine as the hair of a baby, and some hair as coarse as that of a negro.

Next it is washed and scoured by machine, dried, and then dyed. It is next treated to a bath in olive oil to soften the fiber, and then carded and twisted into ropes and retwisted by the jenny until each rope becomes a thread so small it will go through the eye of a needle. It is now wound on bobbins and then woven into cloth, just as in the best woolen mills all the world over. The latest and the product of the first quality.

This mill employs many girls. They are healthy, checked, and well dressed; they are well bred, and educated. Hundreds of them ride to and from work upon bicycles. They work eight hours a day, wages being about \$7.50 a week, more or less.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Christchurch, New Zealand.

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THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

'Give me a flower,
Oh, my Golden West.'

The Sun said: 'Give me one
That none may dare to fondle but the
Thy lover. Moon nor star
Must fling it chilly kisses afar.'

Laughing at that bold speech, she fashioned
A lilting blossom—flame from heart to rim—
A bloom that moon and star forever miss—
That opens only to her lover's kiss.

ANNA.

[Chicago Tribune:] Mr. Wu says he has a year-old son who may some day be a reporter. As many questions as the old man, he will digest the material for a newspaper story.

OUR NEW STAR.
INTERESTING THEORY REGARDING IT
BY A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 25.—That the new star, Nova Persei, is a once dark sun suddenly inflamed by a violent collision in space, and that its light waves had been shooting through ether a century before reaching our eyes is the opinion expressed yesterday by Prof. T. J. J. See, Uncle Sam's noted astronomer, in the course of a most entertaining interview. Prof. See has been diligently studying this new star since it was first seen here. He has nightly fixed the powerful lenses of the Naval Observatory's 26-inch telescope upon it. When I visited the observatory and Superintendent Davis to direct me to someone who could reveal to me the secrets being learned from Nova Persei, he sent for Prof. See.

Friends you already know that Nova—for such is the new star dubbed, for short—was first discovered by Prof. Anderson of the University of Edinburgh, on February 12. Since then it has had the entire astronomical world by the ears—or, rather, by the eyes. If tonight is clear you can see it in the constellation of Perseus, now set against the northwest heavens. Prof. See told me that two nights before Nova's discovery a photograph of its region was made. This shows that within its immediate neighborhood there were then shining no stars brighter than the tenth magnitude. On the night of its discovery Nova shone as a star of two and seven-tenths magnitude. (Perhaps I should explain right here that the lower the magnitude of a star, the brighter it is.) Nova's brightness had therefore increased within two nights more than five hundredfold. Within two nights after it was discovered its brightness had increased until it was a star greater than the first magnitude by three-tenths. Since then its brightness has been steadily on the decline.

No Violent Collision.

The amazing rapidity with which the new star blazed forth strongly indicates to Prof. See that its pyrotechnics were due to some violent collision taking place in its region of the heavens. It is his theory that Nova had been what may be termed a dark sun, and that it plunged head foremost into a dark cloud-like or atmosphere-like mass floating in heavenly space. The friction of this nebulous mass against the hitherto darkened sun hurrying through it would probably have the same effect as the friction of our earth's atmosphere against a penetrating meteor. The result of such a collision between Nova and the cloud-like oasis in the vast desert of space would be Prof. See's opinion, produce a vast amount of light and some heat. As the cloud-like mass might be of wide extent, the giant star-meteor, as he called it, would, as a result, become enormously brilliant. As all of the stars in the sky have considerable motion, this colliding star might pass through the cloud-like envelope in a few weeks. Departing from it it might gradually cool down, because only the outside layers had become heated by the pelting of the cloud-like envelope upon its surface. Prof. See has discovered nothing else in this region of the sky to indicate how so brilliant a body as Nova could have come forth out of a background of sky strown with stars all faint and no greater than the fourteenth magnitude.

I asked the astronomer if there are hiding about in the heavens other dead suns or stars, darkened as was Nova before it collided with this cloud-like mass and made such a splutter of fire in the black space above us. He said that the average mind conceives of the heavens as filled with brilliant bodies, but recent investigations by astronomers indicate that they abound with dark stars, invisible globes, often as large as and larger than our suns. Their existence has been determined by their pull upon the bright stars, causing the latter, when smaller, to deviate from their paths. He added that in 1840 the astronomer Bessel, taking this into consideration, predicted that the dog star Sirius, twice as great as our sun, would some day be found to have a dark companion star, wholly invisible. This companion star was discovered through the telescope by the astronomer Alvan Clark, in 1862, and it has since been thoroughly investigated by other astronomers. It is equal to our sun in size, and moves about on its orbit once in fifty years. Bessel had also predicted that the smaller dog star Procyon had an invisible companion star, and it was discovered by Prof. Schaeberle at the Lick Observatory in 1886. It revolves about Procyon in a period of forty years, and is just about equal to our sun in mass. Prof. See himself discovered, five years ago that the star known as "Seventy Ophiuchi" had not only one, but two, of these companions. He also suspected that the star Zeta Hercules was triple, and the English astronomer, Lewis of Greenwich, discovered the third companion, a dark star. The star XI Ursae Majoris was similarly suspected, and afterward proven to be triple, with two dark companions.

More Dark Than Luminous Stars.

"It appears from these investigations that the heavens are literally filled with these dark bodies," said Prof. See, "and that there may be, and probably are, more dark than luminous ones. Kepler used to say that there are as many comets in the heavens as there are fish in the sea. You may say that there are probably more stars, luminous and non-luminous, than there are grains of sand on the sea shore. This new star is only one of those grains of sand in the immensity of the universe. Yet on account of the collision which it has suffered it has attracted, and will continue to attract, attention for time to come."

I ask the professor if, in his opinion, there are

also wandering about in the heavens many of these great, dark, cloud-like masses, such as Nova has collided with. He replied that in all probability the heavens are literally filled with them. They are usually invisible, but occasionally shine by a faint light. They appear in irregular forms; in wisps, streams, comet-like shapes and forms, with branching wings. Others are more regular in shape, and appear as spheres, ellipsoids and rings. Some repulsive force, like electricity, may perhaps control their shapes. They are rarer than our air, are generally gaseous, but may also contain some solid matter. They are very cold, and cover almost the whole background of the sky, in an irregular, patchy manner, sometimes illuminated, sometimes unilluminated. In many regions whole constellations are covered by this hazy guaze. Sometimes it can be seen in large telescopes; sometimes upon lithographic plates. The background of the sky, therefore, appears to the trained eye of the astronomer as brownish and hazy, rather than perfectly black, as would be the case if heavenly space were perfectly empty. Even along the milky way is this thin fog to be seen.

According to Prof. See there is an interesting theory among some astronomers that this cloud-like matter, such as Nova has penetrated, forms the stars when condensed by the action of gravity. Others suppose that it is driven from the stars by electric forces, such as repel the tails of comets from the sun and produce the forms of corona about the sun during eclipses. Many of these nebulous masses are thousands of times larger than the whole solar system, yet sufficiently thin for the light of faint stars to penetrate them.

As Large as Our Sun.

Prof. See told me that Nova is probably as large and is perhaps larger than our sun. It is immensely larger than our earth, in any case. Although he called it one of the fixed stars, he explained that it is so very far away that its lack of motion is only apparent. It is really moving at a rapid speed. Its place in the sky has been accurately determined, and inasmuch as its motion will not be perceptible, astronomers will know where to look for it for years to come. Prof. See said that although it may in a few years return to its old stage of obscurity, it will probably go down to a faint magnitude and remain faint. "But," he added, "on account of what we have just discovered to have befallen it, it has become distinguished above all of the so-called small stars of the heavens, and will never be lost sight of by astronomers."

When Prof. See first viewed Nova it was white and a trifle bluish; then it turned yellow, then orange, afterward reddish. Finally it appeared as a yellow central star, surrounded by a red ring. This means that what astronomers term its spectrum—you have seen the sun's spectrum cast in seven colors by a prism—is composed of very heavy lines or bands of yellow and red, with the remainder of the colors missing. This the professor regards as very remarkable, but somewhat similar to phenomena of new stars appearing in former times. Asked what these colors indicated with respect to the material composing Nova he said that there were afame in it elements somewhat like hydrogen and sodium, but that it seemed to lack all the other elements present in usual types of stars.

Collision Occurred a Century Ago.

Nova is probably trillions of miles from the earth. The professor would not estimate its distance any more definitely than this. The fact that it appears perfectly fixed in the heavens indicates, he said, that its distance is incredible. It probably takes a century, or perhaps more, for its light to travel through space before reaching our sphere.

Therefore the sudden illumination of Nova, which we earthly mortals began to see February 21, in all likelihood occurred when our forefathers were wearing queues and small clothes. Peering at Nova tonight, we are in reality looking backward upon an event of the days of our great-great-great grandfathers. Were we possessed of a telescope of sufficient power to bring the new star within very close range of vision, we would perhaps witness in detail occurrences of the time of our Revolutionary War. Vice versa, if Nova is inhabited, and if its people are so adept in optics as to construct an instrument strong enough to observe our persons and environment, they doubtless see us lighting our fires with flint and steel; traveling long distances in cumbersome stage-coaches. Our cities do not glow with electric lamps, not even with gaslights. Our land is bare of railroads; our sea of steamboats. A century ago the conflagration which Nova experienced as a result of her collision probably died away, leaving her again a dark sun. Yet we see her tonight as a shining star.

To the best of man's knowledge and belief, no such phenomenon as this has ever occurred within our solar system, save perhaps our little meteoric showers. But when we compare the largest meteorite which we can carry about the earth with this star-meteor Nova, as great as our sun—which has 100% times the earth's diameter—the contrast makes us dizzy.

Within the entire history of astronomy there have previously appeared only eleven of these temporary stars. Only two have attained the magnitude of Nova—one in 1572, the other in 1604. The first temporary star on record was seen 134 years before Christ, by the ancient astronomer Hipparchus. The second appeared 239 years after Christ. The third was the brightest. It was discovered by Tycho in November, 1572. It became as bright as Venus herself, and was even visible by daylight. It reached first magnitude, but in a week or two began to fade. It continued visible to the naked eye for fully sixteen months. There was a notion at the time that this star was identical with the Star of Bethlehem. The theory was that the latter would return every 314 years. It was, therefore, expected by the superstitions to return in 1886, but did not. The temporary star of 1604, though not so bright as that of 1572, lasted for two years. In the seventeenth century there were three such phenomena. There were none in

the eighteenth, but five in the nineteenth—in 1848, '60, '66, '76 and '85. That of '66 blazed out between the 10th and 12th of May as a star of the second magnitude, remained thus for three or four days, and in five or six weeks faded away to its original faintness. It is now, as it had been before, a 9½-magnitude star, with nothing noticeable to distinguish it from its neighbors. That of '76 rose to second magnitude in four hours, remained thus a day or two, and became invisible within a month. But it still exists as a very small star of the fifteenth magnitude, visible only through the telescope. That of '85 reached only 6½ magnitude, but excited wonder at the time because it appeared in the midst of one of the nebulous or cloud-like masses which Prof. See described to me.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

EASTER GAYETIES.

A BUTTERFLY PARTY ONE OF THE PRETTY NOVELTIES—CHILDREN'S PARTY.

By a Special Contributor.

To lovers of fancy-dress parties the Easter season offers especial opportunities, as it is an opportune time for a butterfly dance, a form of entertainment affording the best facilities for pleasing and artistic effects.

The costumes for a butterfly dance are inexpensive and easily made; for the girls' crisp muslins, either colored or white, with tissue-paper wings to match, and a black-velvet cap, above which wave long, graceful antennae, made of narrow, black velvet, or, better yet, black-silk chenille, wired to make them stand upright.

Slim youths, in black doublet and hose, with gauzy, brilliant-colored wings, represent dragon flies; while yellow and black doublet, black wings and hose, transform their stouter comrades into wasps and bumble bees. Caps, similar to those worn by the girls, complete these costumes.

In preparing for a butterfly dance the house is decorated profusely with flowers, trailing vines and potted plants, arranged to form secluded nooks and shaded cozy corners, giving a woodsy effect, a subdued light everywhere except in the ballroom, where all is glare and glitter, imitative of the sunlight in which butterflies delight to dance.

As the guests arrive, each receives a small branch bearing an imitation cocoon made of cotton, and when all have assembled the cocoons are opened. In each is found a souvenir in the form of a butterfly. The pairing of the butterflies follows, those having mates becoming partners for the cotillion.

These butterflies may be simply bright pieces of paper cut in the proper shape, a mourning pin doing duty for a body, and also serving to fasten the souvenir in place; or maybe tiny silver, gold or jeweled pins, according to the taste of the hostess.

All the favors used at the cotillion should in some way be suggestive of Easter—Cascarones, flowers, bells, candy eggs and egg-shaped sachet bags of colored silks are some of the most popular designs.

When the dance is not to be a cotillion and the butterflies found in the cocoons are of a durable nature, a great deal of amusement may be derived by making it obligatory for partners to exchange souvenirs after each dance throughout the evening, thus introducing a new consideration into the giving and accepting of invitations to dance.

For young people who do not care for dancing, an Easter tree is a very enjoyable entertainment for the Easter holidays.

The ideal tree for this purpose is a fruit tree in full bloom, but, when this is not obtainable, any small tree without leaves makes a good substitute when decorated with peach, almond or apple blossoms made of tissue paper.

On the branches of the tree are hung frail cascarones, egg-shaped bags of candy and egg-shaped boxes, each of which contains some appropriate gift.

The gift boxes are hung in the most inaccessible places, but in such a manner that once reached they can be hooked off without difficulty; the candy bags decorate the lower branches, and are also hung with the idea of being removed; but the cascarones are fastened securely and arranged to form a bodyguard around both gifts and candy. A long pole with a hook at the end is provided, and each guest in turn tries to secure a gift and bag of candy from the tree. The trials are limited to five minutes each, and whenever a cascarone is broken a forfeit is exacted, to be redeemed later in the evening. The contest continues until every guest has succeeded in capturing a prize, then the boxes are opened. Besides the gift, each box contains a slip of paper, on which is written an appropriate quotation, and each guest in turn reads his quotation and tells where it is found. Those who are unable to tell the author pay a forfeit.

When all the quotations have been read a judge is chosen, and the forfeits are redeemed.

For very little children a candy frolic has great possibilities in the way of an Easter entertainment.

The little ones, safely buttoned into long-sleeved aprons, gather around the dining-room table, over which a piece of enamel cloth has been spread, and each is given a portion of molasses candy, cooled to just the right temperature for little fingers to pull. While they pull and twist and braid and shape, each, a beautiful bird's nest of their own designing, the hostess prepares the fondant or cream candy, coloring it yellow, green, pink and blue, and out of th's little ones fashion the eggs to fill their nests. Last of all comes the mother bird, made of the cream and dipped into melted chocolate by the hostess, who sticks half an English walnut meat on each side to represent the outspread wings.

What is left of the colored cream is formed by the little ones into fruit and flowers, and, if desired, a prize is given for the prettiest design.

GEORGINE T. BATES.

LIGHT ON OLD EGYPT. DISCOVERIES IN THE TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF ABYDOS.

By a Special Contributor.

IF ANCIENT monarchs made history, modern explorers are creating it anew by their discoveries; and the most notable triumph in this direction is one just achieved by Prof. W. M. Flinders-Petrie, the explorer of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Abydos, in Egypt, famous in the inscriptions as one of the most ancient settlements in that land of remote centuries. Abydos has been visited before, and so late as 1895, by M. E. Amelineau, a French explorer, who claimed to have swept the ground clean and found whatever was worth finding. Mr. Petrie was struck by the importance of the Frenchman's discoveries, but did not believe that the ground had been exhausted, and his work on the same site has established the value of this preconception. Amelineau did find the tombs, but he worked in so unscientific a way, that, although he astonished the learned world, he did not add as much positive knowledge regarding the ancient kings, whose tombs were

few and varied. Between 10,000 and 20,000 pieces of vases were found, ranging in date from the earliest to the latest times. Some two hundred of these vases have been restored. Many of the vases and crystal cups bore inscriptions which made it possible to trace them to some of the royal owners. Ivory was found in considerable quantity, either in tablets or in small pieces used for inlaying, showing that this delicate art was practiced then. The ivory carvings of boats and the legs of animals are remarkable for their realism and faithfulness to nature. It was the custom to deposit jars containing food and drink in the tombs, and each jar was sealed with a clay stopper bearing the stamp of the king for whose tomb the jar was intended. An examination of these clay stoppers has helped greatly in the reading of the names of the monarchs. On the base of a dish of brown pottery is a fragment of accounts, the oldest known. It is evidently a scribe's tally of some sort of article. The number 20 occurs often, and 100 and 200 are several times repeated. On another series of scales, measures for water or wine and for corn or other dry produce are found, showing that so early a distinction was made between measures for liquids and dry measure. The remarkable ivory carvings of heads from an inlaid cabinet date from the earliest period, and are unique instances of the advance of art in that time. The ivory tablets are easy to account for, being made of tusks easily secured in Egypt or from surrounding countries, but the large amount of ebony used

the vessel with the hand, up to those first art of the potter's wheel, the earliest known by man. The art of the potter made rapid progress, succeeded by that of the sculptor who turned vases and hard marble into artistic shapes. bowls and jars of almost classic shape, from very early period, were found. One of the interesting facts in connection with the inscriptions at Abydos, dating from the first dynasty, is that as they do from the later script, the meaning of many of the characters seem to be already established. This is additional proof that civilization even of the remote first dynasty, may have reached the dawn of civilization, although we come nearer to it by a few thousand years.

That Mr. Petrie could come after the excavator and find so much of value, reading inscriptions which baffled the earlier investigator, finding places for all the kings in lists which were known but never corroborated is a great achievement of English scholarship. Instead of a number of unknown persons, we have now a new chapter of history extracted from the sands of ancient Egypt.

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THE DINGO.

NEW KIND OF DOG, DERIVED FROM THE BEGINS TO INTEREST DOG FANCY

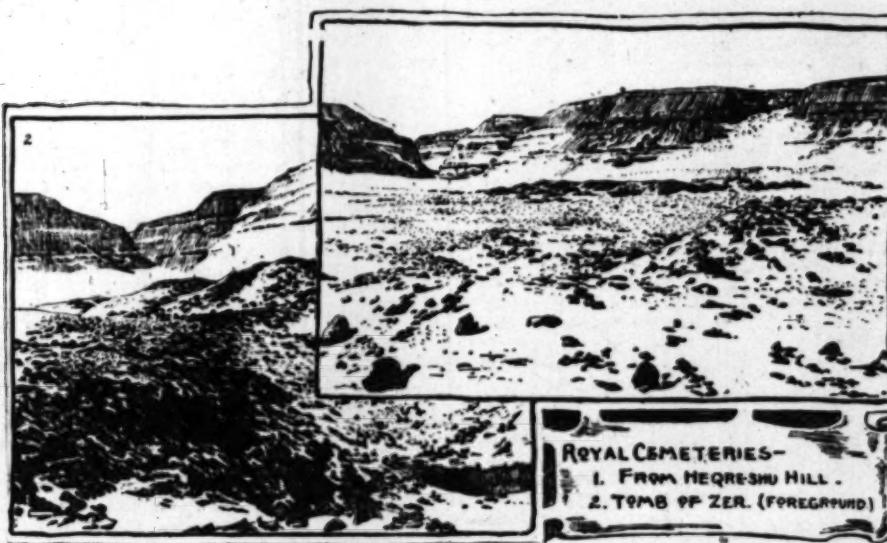
[Boston Globe:] Will the dingo dog become extinct? This is the question a number of dog fanciers are asking. The dingo dog in its makeup is surely all scientists it is claimed that the dingo came from the wolf. The "new dog" came originally from Australia, and it is claimed that the species became extinct.

The dingo dog rivals the cunning of a fox in reddish brown color, devoid of a pugnacious nature. It is easy to teach when shown kindness. Years ago there was a dingo dog on exhibition, or what was believed to be one, at the zoological gardens in London, which attracted the attention of all lovers of canines. It was much talked about. At night it howled, barking, making a noise similar to that of the wolf.

J. T. Benson, well known in Boston for his love for animals, has several dingo puppies. He has at last discovered the dingo dog said to be dead to the world so many years. The peculiar characteristics of the dingo dog, among them distinct barks, one resembling the noise of a wolf.

The "new dog" has interested the fanciers of all cities, who have recently heard of them, and many of them have come to this city and visited Mr. Benson's kennel. The ears of the puppies droop, but Mr. Benson says he can get them to stand up straight. He has mated a dingo dog by crossing the puppies back to a wolf.

The mother of the puppies has all the original dingo and the wolf. She has long hair on her back, with buff-colored legs. She is safe to be at large and bites and snaps at everything that comes into sight. These dingo puppies are like the original dingo dog, but Mr. Benson says he can get this by crossing the pups back to the wolf. The mother is half collie and half timber wolf. Her father is a German boarhound. When full grown the puppies will be two-thirds the size of the grown-up dingo.



found, as has since been brought to light by the careful work of the greatest archaeologist now living.

The work which Mr. Petrie did at Abydos has been hinted at in the public organs from time to time since its announcement, but the first authoritative account of this work from him is just appearing in England. Not only does it fill in the spaces in the history of Egypt with names of authentic kings, but it tells the twentieth century how mankind lived one hundred centuries ago. Fortunately it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to reproduce the life of the people in their tombs, burying with their kings many of the jewels and utensils by which they were surrounded in life. One of the most interesting and important of the tombs identified by Mr. Petrie is the tomb of Menes, the first king of united Egypt, who is now by this discovery reclaimed from the limbo of myth to which modern historians had consigned him. The date of his reign is not determinable, for Egyptologists differ widely in the chronology of the kings, but it is certain that he lived not later than 5000 B.C., and perhaps as early as 6000 B.C. At this remote period one might suppose that civilization was in its infancy, but the finds in this and other tombs give evidences of an art that must have taken many centuries for its development up to that point. Menes' tomb and those of his successors, constituting the eight kings of the first dynasty and two of the second, let in a flood of light upon the life of that very ancient day. Of course, the hieroglyphics of that period are very primitive, and may be read variously, but it will be generally taken for granted that Mr. Petrie is right in identifying Menes, Athothis, Kenkenes, Uenefas, Usafais, Miebis, Semenpases and Bieneches of the list given by Manetho, the ancient Egyptian historian, with the persons buried at Abydos, the great royal cemetery. Manetho says of the place that the site selected for the royal tombs was on a low spur from the hills, slightly raised above the plain, with a deep ravine on the west of it, so that it could never be flooded. This accounts for the perfect preservation of the tombs with their priceless contents.

Each royal tomb is a large square pit, lined with brickwork. Close around it, on its own level or higher, are small chambers in rows, in which were buried the domestics of the kings. The tombs as they were left by the kings seem to have been slightly heaped up. The roofs of the great tombs were discovered about six or eight feet below the surface. The massive beams easily supported the weight of the drifted sand. On the flat or almost flat ground of the cemetery the graves were marked by stone steles set upright in the open air. Each royal grave seems to have had two great steles. Two of Merneptah were found by Petrie. Amelineau found one stele in the tomb of Qa and Petrie found a second. The royal cemetery seems to have gradually fallen into decay; the steles were blown over, and the whole site was neglected in the later ages. It was not until the glories of the eighteenth dynasty (about 1400 B.C.) that interest was revived in this cemetery connected by tradition with the early kings. Offerings of pottery were made at the tombs until now the place is piled high with thousands of fragments, and is saluted by the natives, Om el Ghoub, Mother of Pots.

The articles found by Mr. Petrie are infinite in num-

ber and variety. Between 10,000 and 20,000 pieces of vases were found, ranging in date from the earliest to the latest times. Some two hundred of these vases have been restored. Many of the vases and crystal cups bore inscriptions which made it possible to trace them to some of the royal owners. Ivory was found in considerable quantity, either in tablets or in small pieces used for inlaying, showing that this delicate art was practiced then. The ivory carvings of boats and the legs of animals are remarkable for their realism and faithfulness to nature.

It was the custom to deposit jars containing food and drink in the tombs, and each jar was sealed with a clay stopper bearing the stamp of the king for whose tomb the jar was intended. An examination of these clay stoppers has helped greatly in the reading of the names of the monarchs. On the base of a dish of brown pottery is a fragment of accounts, the oldest known. It is evidently a scribe's tally of some sort of article. The number 20 occurs often, and 100 and 200 are several times repeated. On another series of scales, measures for water or wine and for corn or other dry produce are found, showing that so early a distinction was made between measures for liquids and dry measure. The remarkable ivory carvings of heads from an inlaid cabinet date from the earliest period, and are unique instances of the advance of art in that time. The ivory tablets are easy to account for, being made of tusks easily secured in Egypt or from surrounding countries, but the large amount of ebony used



mids were built, proving the existence of a thorough political organization even in these early days.

Games were played by the royal hands, and probably by the people, for a reed used in a game of chance has been found in the tomb of Qa. Small objects in gold, bronze, copper, ivory and stone were found in great number. An ivory toilet dish, carved in two halves out of a single block of ivory, each in the form of a half a duck, must have stood upon the toilet table of the consort of one of these early monarchs, while her maidens decorated her face with the colors beditting her rank. This was found in one of the earliest tombs with pottery of the most primitive form. Another toilet institution which receives the stamp of ancient lineage from these discoveries, is the hair pin. One of these utensils of beautifully-carved ivory was found in the same tomb. A pair of copper pinchers is a remarkable tool for so early a time. The pottery ranges all the way from the coarse, ill-formed bowls and jugs, made simply by putting a lump of mud into a hole scooped out on the ground and trimming and wiping

[New York Journal:] It will cost you but a minute to entertain Jean de Reszke, and yet to social distinction and your list of guests meet his approval.

Society is discussing the topic with much interest. de Reszke did not sing at the Gould dinner Tuesday night, although he had been announced as a society wonder if it was because Mr. Gould paid the price.

It is said, and asked what it would cost, the

When Mr. Gould approached the distinguished singer.

"Oh, \$10,000 will be sufficient."

"Of course, you have arranged it with Mr. marked de Reszke. I am under contract with him, but I cannot sing for anyone without his permission."

Mr. Gould had not thought of that, so he has to see the impresario. Mr. Grau was willing to star should entertain Mr. Gould's friends for a sum, but what would the concession be?"

Grau?

"Oh, \$5000 will cover it," the producer of

said to have declared. Mr. Gould, it is said, helped to his carriage.

He

DRAWING-ROOM SPIES. FOREIGN DIPLOMATS IN DISGUISE AT EVERY NATIONAL CAPITAL.

By a Special Contributor.

MOVING in the most brilliant and the most intellectual circles of society in every great capital of the world—in Washington as in St. Petersburg, Paris or Vienna—there are a certain number of men and women, foreigners of distinction, plying a strange, unremunerated, but very profitable trade. They are the secret, paid agents of their respective governments. Officially, they are not recognized as diplomats by the country they serve; much less by the country in which they live. Yet they are doing diplomats' work—often for more than diplomats' wages. They would indignantly repudiate the name "spy." Yet in return for their handsome salaries they keep their home government minutely posted on all the undercurrents of political movements concerning it in the capitals in which they are established. They represent, in fact, each to his own fatherland, an unofficial highly remunerated diplomatic service, plus an elaborate agency of what might be called high-class espionage. They are backstairs ambassadors and drawing-room spies.

To make clear the nature of this peculiar profession, take the case of the original secret-service agent. For many years after the Crimean war, Nihilist refugees were received with open arms in London drawing-rooms: English poets, like Swinburne, who was then a passionate republican celebrated Nihilist "heroism" in ringing verse. This disposition raged all over England did not by any means suit the book of the Petersburg Cabinet. Heads were laid together in the Winter Palace to consider the situation, the old Czar himself taking part in the deliberations of the Council of the States. Soon after there arrived in London a Russian lady of great intellectual power and social charm, who brought letters from Grand Dukes and statesmen of Russia, opening to her the most exclusive doors in England. This was the now-famous Mme. Novikoff. She was charged with the task of revolutionizing English opinion toward Russia—and she did it. It is said that Mme. Novikoff has never received a cent for her political work. That may be so. But she it was that created the profession of unofficial espionage out of which hundreds of her successors have made fortunes.

Social Credentials.

The system devised by the brilliant Russian rests upon three central facts, the persuasive power of the salon, the immense publicity and influence of the press, and the leverage which has the lecture platform as its fulcrum. The persons charged with secret service, such as Mme. Novikoff is still performing, all proceed by the same means. Their government procures them letters which insure their immediate acceptance by the very best circles of the capital in which they are to work. The letters of presentation, of course, make no mention of any political object in the newcomer's residence in the capital. They are simply ordinary social credentials.

Armed with these documents, our unofficial diplomat lays siege to society. Well-dressed, witty, if a man distinguished-looking, if a woman beautiful; giving handsome entertainments, figuring at every society function, and paying up like a little man when there is a question of some public subscription, our friend gradually gains a sure footing in the social life of the capital. Presently our unofficial ambassador has come to be recognized as an authority upon the affairs of his country. People appeal to him for interesting new facts, for explanations of events taking place there, for personal impressions of public men, statesmen, or of the monarch of his country, whose acts are being perhaps unfavorably commented upon.

Let us suppose that our friend is charged with the social secret-service work of Austria. There is, perhaps, a story going the rounds which represents the old Emperor's personal character in an unpleasant light. Or, perhaps, the journals are blazoning "scare-heads" about the iniquitous treatment of Polish villages by the Central Austrian administration. The Austrian Ambassador can do little or nothing in such matters; people in society cannot with propriety even mention them in his presence. If he should say anything indirectly to defend his sovereign or his government, it is necessarily taken as a prejudiced statement. But our unofficial diplomat, at the head of his ultra-chic dinner table, in the salon after dinner and wherever he goes, unobtrusively takes or makes opportunity to explain matters, the subject being one on which naturally he is especially well informed. He will begin by telling amusing stories about the court balls at Vienna, then pour out gallons of lively gossip about the ways of the Emperor, showing, as if incidentally, the bluff old autocrat's fine nature, his good heart, his popularity with the people. Or, if some one has asked about the treatment of the Poles, he will perhaps deplore certain injustices that have been committed, but will go on to argue with ingenuous appearance of candor and sympathy that the Poles are, after all, a menace to the unity and prosperity of the dual empire, that they are commercially rascals, and utterly undeserving of respect. All this talk, brightened with picturesque anecdote and made effective by a winning manner, will set up a current of sympathy for the Emperor, or for the imperial administration, among all who hear it. These will include members of the Cabinet, Senators, Congressmen, judges, political thinkers, writers of books and journalists. The leaven, cleverly introduced, works powerfully, particularly through the press.

Influence the Newspapers.

Mme. Novikoff is one of the most skillful of manipulators of newspaper opinion. Journalists, of the serious order, the men who write the important political edi-

torials and pontificate in the monthly reviews, are unfailing at her receptions. They call to get from her what is called in Fleet street the "picturesque strokes" for their articles. And she supplies them so skillfully that often a violent anti-Russian comes away half convinced that the Czar is a democrat, that Siberia is a paradise and that the process of being "knotted" is little less uncomfortable than that of taking a Turkish bath. Besides influencing journalists, Mme. Novikoff writes herself. Nearly all the papers in England and not a few in America have had her signed articles whenever Russia has been on the tap's. "Impossible to refuse such lively, well-informed, novel matter," mutter the editors at their desks. And so they run it into their journals or magazines, labeling it, perhaps, "a point of view." But the "point of view" is taken as the whole truth by hundreds of readers; public opinion, again, is molded, as clay in the hands of the potter.

Then there is the lecture platform, a potent pulpit. China is getting some lecture work done in the United States just at this moment, when she badly needs it. Dr. Wu Ting Fang is not trotting about from Washington to New York and Chicago and everywhere else that an audience can be found without a strong dash of Celestial guile. Perhaps if Dr. Wu had been multiplied all over Europe with his eloquent defense of Confucianism and of China's claim to respect, the United States would not have proved almost the only friend his country has had in this momentous epoch of her history. It is true that the Chinese spellbinder is the official diplomat of the Flowery Land, but if China is spared to go ahead in peace once more and to digest slowly a few European notions, no doubt the Dr. Wu of a future day will remain in peaceful dignity at Washington while an unrecognized subordinate does the lightning lecture tour business.

The Wily Sultan of Turkey.

Turkey, the China of the near-East, has already got to that stage. Her official envoys to Europe and America remain sublimely unconscious when the streets of Constantinople or of Erzeroum are puddled with Armenian blood. But the Yildiz Kiosk has good Christians in its service who do all the explaining and palliation that is needed. The English, who, with the Germans, have been the only friends the Red Sultan has in Europe, are kept constantly up to the mark by Sir Ashmead Bartlett. His books, his lectures, his numerous articles in magazines and newspapers, his speeches in the English House of Commons are a mine of Philo-Turkism. The United States, by the way, swarms with Turkish secret-service agents of all social degrees. So many unfortunate subjects of the "Shadow of God" fly over the ocean to get, often by fraud, papers of American citizenship with which to return and live unmolested at home that the government of Turkey maintains in our big cities more spies and other agents than anywhere else on the globe. These dignitaries, often English-speaking Christians, receive handsome sums for denouncing all Armenian, Greek, Arab, Syrian and Persian subjects of Turkey who belong to revolutionary societies in the United States, or who are even readers of the little plain-spoken Syrian sheet published in the downtown oriental quarters of New York. Once denounced, these people may be fifty times subjects of the United States; they need never hope to live tranquilly in the East. After a week in Turkey they are thrown into prison in some trumped-up charge, and they never breathe the free air again.

These denunciators are at the lowest rung of the ladder. But there are others doing similar work in a much higher grade. It is their business to influence public opinion among both Turkish subjects and pure-blooded Americans in favor of the Sublime Porte. A body of them runs a pro-Turkish journal, circulating among the orientals; others, established in business or enjoying an apparent leisure, are secretly working in social and political circles to the same end. Chicago still remembers the scandal that led to broken glass in a café in Dearborn street some few years ago, when a rich Syrian merchant was with difficulty prevented from sticking a knife into a compatriot whom, as he loudly proclaimed, he could prove to be receiving \$10,000 a year for superintending "the Sultan's dirty work for the Western States."

The fact is that, with a few exceptions in the very highest ranks of the "profession," the secret-service agents of every country on the European side of the Atlantic make spying an essential part of the day's work. People who were in Paris when the Dreyfus case was thickening say that, as complication followed on complication, and one country after another began to be drawn into the affair—Germany, Italy, Russia, England—there was scarcely a distinguished foreigner in the city who felt at ease. Every one was afraid that he would be denounced as having been in touch with the alleged traitor, so firm was the conviction of the wide scope of the international secret-service system.

To take a more recent example; as the Boers have

had Dr. Leyda to represent them officially for years in Europe, so since the war broke out the English have had their unofficial agents striving to undermine the doctor's work. In Paris there is a well-known society woman who has long been discovered to be acting, and for money, as an English agent in the dissemination of the English view of the matter. And at the Exposition Pacée Conference every speaker took it for granted that Yves Guyot, the editor of the Paris Siècle, was acting definitely under the instructions of Downing street in his articles and public speeches. His is absolutely the only definitely pro-English paper in Paris at this moment, and he the only public man that defends the English action. It would be interesting to know how many English half pence he receives in return for the numerous French kicks that are lavished on him.

Are Well Paid.

Most of these unofficial diplomats are exceedingly well paid. They have to be people of very marked ability, and they must maintain a considerable state, or their work would fail pitifully. Some five or six years ago a German Baroness died suddenly in Paris.

When her papers were ransacked by the Commissioner of Police it was discovered that she had been a secret-service agent for her country. From her diary and account books it appeared that she had received from her government \$600 a month, the rent of a superb apartment on the Avenue Friedland by the Arc de Triomphe, and the keep of her two-horse brougham with cocher and valet de pied, besides generous traveling expenses whenever she was requested to visit Berlin. In addition to this very sufficient wage there was noted also the receipt of sums varying from \$500 to \$800, entered as "special recompense"—presumably for some exceptionally-brilliant stroke of diplomacy or some more than usually valuable item of information. The disclosures attracted a great deal of attention at the time, and practically forced out of Paris society one of the old lady's nephews, who had married the daughter of an illustrious ducal house.

Thus the business has its drawbacks. It is one of the pleasantest of trades as long as things go well, but woe be to the unfortunate agent who gets found out. That means ruin and shame.

STEPHEN AUSTIN.

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THE CARE OF WATCHES.

FACTS ABOUT THE DELICATE TIMEPIECES THAT MAY SAVE A VISIT TO THE WATCH DOCTOR.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Watches," said the jeweler, as he screwed a little glass into one eye and squinted into a case of wheels, "are like human beings, in many ways. They are delicate; they run well only when in perfect order, and they require attention once in so often, whether they stop or not. They become sick, in a way, as we do, and they get off their balance. But unlike us, when their mainspring breaks, they are not necessarily done for, unless in another world. They can have new mainsprings. We can't."

"Watches, all joking aside, are really almost human sometimes. They take cold readily. Never lay a watch on a cold marble table or near an open window, all night, after you have worn it next to your warm body all day; it will contract a sort of pneumonia, and ten to one it will stop before long if the practice be continued. The cold contracts the metal pivots, which, small as they are, must not be smaller, and they shrink. Thus the wheels cannot move."

"Watches are magnetized, too, by the persons who wear them. I have seen the statement that watches vary in timekeeping with the health of the wearer, and that if changed from one person to another they will also show slight variations. All of that is true. The static electricity of a person may affect a watch. All of us throw this off; some more than others. Dark persons give off more than light ones do, and a dark woman, more than anyone else. Dark women should have rubber cases for their watches if they wish to have them keep perfect time."

"Never lay a watch flat, at night, after it has been worn in a vertical position all day. It throws it off its base, so to speak. If the pivots be worn, the wheels will not run level."

"A sudden jar will often stop a watch, which runs regularly at that; such a jar as getting on or off a car suddenly. The hairspring's catching does this. The jolt comes at the exact fraction of a second when the spring is in a position to catch. This occurs at infrequent intervals, as may be readily imagined. A watch should never be fed or oiled every eighteen months, even if running in the best of time. The oil dries in that time, and the wheels are likely to wear one another."

"All jewelers examine watches in the same way; it seems to be a tradition of the craft. First, a man will look at the hands, as I have been doing. If they are not caught, they will take out the balance wheel, and examine the pin and the pivots, which you see here. Sometimes I do not find the trouble for days. The hardest thing to detect is a slight 'burr' on one of the wheels; this may throw the entire watch out of gear."

"Now, I will wind this watch of yours, and show you that all the trouble with it is that it is run down. Unusual? Oh, no; that frequently happens. Someone is in here every day with an unwound watch, thinking that it is out of kilter because it will not run. They forgot to wind it, and are afraid to do it over again. Women are our best customers in that line. Of course, I could get \$1 for this, but the talk will answer."

"Now, when you go home, wind your watch in the morning. No, not at bedtime, but when you get up. That gives it the full spring to work on during the day, when the jars and jolts are more numerous. And hold your watch still when you wind it, and wind the key. That's all, try that."

And the jeweler handed back the watch, running beautifully.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

(California Poppy.)

O flower of the Summer-Sun-land!
Thy dress of golden gorgeousness
Defies the skill of brush or pen in
Artist's hand,

To fashion or express

The silver sheen upon thy petals.

In unfolding

Does but cool the color richness of

Thy heart

To our beholding.

Only to thy god, the sun, dost thou unfold

The rich color of thy heart,

The silver sheen of thine outer garb,

In the early morn and twilight hours,

Dost not impart

To curious seeker.

For naught can change thy true

Devotion to thy god;

Thou givest without measure thy

Full bloom to him alone;

But he, at hour of setting behind the mountain tops,

To man reveals it.

LYDIA GARDNER WORTH.

STORY OF THE BROOK.

HOW IT HAS MADE DESERT PLACES
BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.

By a Special Contributor.

SOME aeons ago a little brook was born, away up among the snows of the high Sierras. It leaped gayly over the stones in its path, tumbled, a cascade of foam, rainbow spanned, down a sheer precipice, lingered for a space in a shallow, rock basin, rimmed round by ferns and water grasses, and then hurried on to the summer vale below, where, swallowed up by the thirsty sands, it was seen no more.

Presently to this vale of summer came a pioneer band, men who bore the cross and banner of Christianity. For the cause of Christianity they had braved the vicissitudes of life in a strange country, among alien people; but not for the soul's good alone did they labor. The bodily welfare of those whom they led out of spiritual darkness was their first care. With this in view, they taught the art of husbandry, and many other arts of which the primitive folk who peopled California one hundred years ago were ignorant.

Knowing that water makes even the desert places to bloom as the rose, the wise padres caused reservoirs to be constructed. In these the waters of the mountain brooks, brought thither by means of the zanja, or cemented trench, were stored against time of need. When

the mesas lay brown and bare through all the rainless summer, when the springs in the valley dried up, and even the palms dropped forlornly, the orchards and vineyards that the padres planted and tended with such care still flourished space. The art of irrigation as practiced by the padres has been improved upon, and today the husbandman easily regulates the growing periods of the farm products, whereas, if he had been dependent upon the season's irregular or inadequate rainfall, the crop would have failed altogether.

The tourist who is "doing" California for the first time will find much to interest him, should he elect to spend a day in the country with the ranchers. They have little ways of their own, have these California farmers, when it comes to the raising of corpulent cabbages and prize pumpkins, and the tourist himself may wish to try his hand at ranching some day. Here is an orange orchard—long aisles of trees, with green, glossy leaves, powdered over with tiny white flowers and hung with golden globes of sweetness. The pickets are at work, and the fruit is being carted to a long, shed-like building that does duty as a packing-house. Within the shed men, women and children are sorting and packing oranges with the celerity of long practice. At a bench on trestles, flanked by a tramway, stand the sorters, a box placed before each worker to receive the perfect fruit, while one beneath is reserved for the "culls." At the top of the tramway is a great hopper, into which the oranges are poured. The revolutions of a cylinder accelerate their downward pace, and an ever-widening slit in the incline disposes of the oranges in the most systematic manner, the small oranges falling through at one point, the big oranges at another. Carefully

wrapped in squares of tissue paper and placed in metrical rows in neat pine boxes, the fruit is sent to the shed for the shipping-house.

"Orange farming is easy," decides the farmer, "just plant the trees and then sit down and let them account grow." But the bank account is not assured. A frost, a windstorm, or an invasion of any or all of these things may happen to the grower's groves, as well as to the orchards of growers who live on the wrong side of the mountains. Some years ago it was thought that the cushion scale, would eventually kill the beauty of Southern California; but a remedy was found in the Australian ladybug, a voracious insect that feeds on white scale. The other insect pests have successfully fought with washes, fumigation, etc.

Whatever his woes, the California fruit grower is a "water right" is certainly independent of Jesus. The eastern orchardist anxiously watches weather signs, day after day, week after week, when the rain comes not he puts a mortgage on his farm, and heartily wishes himself in the Klondike with the owner of California acres; he grows out the plug, and that same little mountain "does the rest."

And now we shall see how the brook, after it has traversed—or, to put it less poetically, dammed—its course to the thirsty lands below. A volume of water is brought under control in an open ditch, or in conduits, such as large pipes of iron or wood, to branch ditches, which in turn supply the ditches of individuals. Zanjeros are always in evidence, and by an ingenious system of gates they regulate the flow of water as desired.

We will say that a vineyard is bordered by

"The Orange."



View From Redland



Mill At Capistrano.



The Vine

TOOK

[Cir Legis Hospital out the a peasant man's the in his al this tender

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gaping ditch a few inches in depth. The water, released from the reservoir, has risen high enough in the main canal or ditch to flow through gates in the sides of the ditch. A stream trickles out of the main ditch, at this point, and into the shallow irrigating ditch; and the water is then turned into furrows that have been plowed between the rows of vines.

Come back in vintage time and you will see what magic has been wrought in the stumpy, leafless vines, that looked for all the world as if they grew with their roots up, as you remarked when you visited the vineyard in March. The grounds are swarming with vines now, many of them Chinamen whose broad, basket-shaped hats, dotting the vine-covered slopes, are not unlike an array of toad-stools. As fast as the luscious bunches are severed from the stems, they are tossed into baskets borne upon sturdy backs, and then carried to the roadway to be dumped upon the ever-increasing heaps that await the carrier's cart. Following the cart as it makes the rounds, we finally bring up at the crushing-room, where wine-making is going on in its first stages. The press, which is operated by steam, removes the fruit as it is thrown from the cart down a chutes, and it is crushed upon a serrated cylinder; the juice, freed from stems and skins by a wire-screen, is then passed through a pipe to the fermenting vats below. The vineyard, too, depends largely upon irrigation, and this is resorted to more frequently when the soil is light and sandy than when it is of "dobe," which holds water a long time.

Rain-making is a simple process. When the grapes are perfectly ripe, they are picked and laid in shallow, wooden trays between the rows of vines. Here they remain from two to three weeks, being turned occasionally so that the sun may dry every drop of moisture. They are then gathered up in sweat boxes, taken to the packing-house, sorted and dried.

All the planting done by the mission fathers, no tree of orchard or vineyard remains, save here and there a grove of gnarled old olive trees that no manner of neglect seems to destroy.

In some of the missions may be seen the olive mills as used at that time. In extracting the oil, the fruit was placed in sacks of Indian manufacture, woven in coarse meshes, and bruised until the pulp was seemingly dry and worthless. The drippings thus obtained were first in quality, and from the refuse, which was then boiled, an inferior grade of oil was obtained. Nothing went to waste, not even the scraps from the boiling, which were used for firing.

I have said that the sole remaining evidence of the padres' labors in the fields was the olive groves. There is a grapevine, a very wonderful grapevine, near Santa Barbara, said to have been planted by the founders of the monastery there. "La Vina Grande" grew and spread until it was a good-sized vineyard of itself. Just before it died, which event happened recently, it achieved the proud distinction of being the largest grapevine in the world. Its twisted trunk extended upward for a distance of eight feet, and its branches, supported upon a stout trellis, extended over an acre or more of ground. Its yearly yield of fruit was five tons.

To go back to our text, it is to the little brook that we are indebted for our beautiful groves, gardens and vineyards, the little brook, born among the snows of the high Sierras.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

AN INSANE MAN'S PATIENCE.

TOOK HIM THREE YEARS TO MAKE A PASS KEY, BUT IT WORKED.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] During the recent visit of the Legislative Inquiry Committee to the Eastern Indiana Hospital for the Insane, Superintendent Smith pointed out the only patient in the institution who is wearing a pair of leather gloves chained to a belt. Such is this man's ingenuity that if his hands were not fastened the institution would be in constant trouble because of his skill in picking locks. He came from Cleveland to this State, and was committed because of homicidal tendencies.

Three times he escaped, notwithstanding vigilance of the attendants, each time going direct to Fort Wayne, where he was captured. After his third recapture the "riot act" was read to the attendants, but a fourth time he got away, leaving no trace of mischief behind. Again he fled to Fort Wayne, and there the hospital authorities found him.

After his return the superintendent began quizzing him as to his manner of escape, and the patient laughingly asserted that it was by means of a pass-key. The patient was so elated over the discomfiture of the attendants that he was willing to describe the process.

Every attendant has a pass-key of peculiar make, and he flattered the attendant to believe that he could make a perfect picture of his key. The attendant humored him, and the patient made two sketches, one of which he concealed, while he surrendered the other.

Some time before he had found a piece of a case-knife in the yard attached to the hospital, and he stole a small piece of a three-cornered file in the engine-room.

It was part of his duty to assist in carrying food to the patients, and upon entering the kitchen he always complained of feeling cold, and while warming himself behind the range he placed the knife-blade on the heated surface. It took two years to heat it sufficiently to draw the temper out, and he spent another year filing the knife-blade so that it could be used as a key.

Meanwhile the attendants had become suspicious that he contemplated an escape, and nightly his clothing was taken away and placed in two different rooms. The guard passed his bed every half hour during the night, but he watched his opportunity, and finally got all his clothing in hand, and after the guard had made his final round he unlocked the doors and walked away, retreating them as he passed out.

That key is now preserved among the curios of the institution. A peculiar feature is that the patient was unaccustomed to the use of tools before admission to the hospital, and never displayed any mechanical ingenuity until he began conspiring for his own escape.

MAHOMET'S PARADISE.

THE BEAUTIFUL REGION ALONG THE COURSE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE pride of its bustling, hurrying progress this country has been wont to look upon Central America as a congeries of unimportant, insignificant Latin-American States, chiefly devoted to the cultivation of wars and revolutions, and scarcely worthy of a great nation's consideration. With the increasing probability of the great ship canal which is to connect Atlantic and Pacific, one of these hitherto insignificant States becomes of the greatest significance, and the eyes of America are turning to one of the most beautiful and easiest countries in the world; a region where life is so joyously worth living that its earliest civilized discoverers, finding a barbarism more soft and generous and appealing than their own civilization, called the Nicaragua of the habitants, "Mahomet's Paradise."

Nicaragua was the name of the great aboriginal city which occupied the site of the present city of Rivas, and is said to have contained 1,000,000 inhabitants. The city as such was wiped out of existence by the usual methods of the Spaniards in the New World, but the name was applied to the country about, and is retained by it at the present day. Nature in lavishing her favors on this land left little for the heart of man to desire. Though the country lies in the tropics, almost any climate desired may be found. It is simply a matter of climbing the mountains to the proper altitude above the sea level, to find either a perpetual summer, spring or autumn. There where nature foretells every necessity, the primeval curse of labor is a barely-perceptible burden. Fruits grow in reckless profusion. Cattle breed and multiply upon the fertile plains, furnishing meat and the material for the clothing which becomes a mere matter of conventionality rather than of necessity.

One might search far and find no other country about which there is less reliable information than about Nicaragua. It is as large as New England, with a population less than that of Boston, which, being said, completes the sum of statistical knowledge. There are no reliable statistics. No trustworthy census has ever been taken, and none of any kind for many years. A decade ago the population was estimated at 500,000. Recently it has been put at half that number, a population of easy-going, careless humanity, regardless of today as of tomorrow, for they know that tomorrow will be as today and today is but a copy of yesterday.

The general configuration of the country has been

is required. This territory extending from the San Juan River to Cape Honduras on the north, has long been known as the Mosquito country or kingdom. Its sparse inhabitants constitute a tribe of queer brown Indians, who paint their faces red to scare the devil, and indulge in a number of other more or less curious customs and ceremonies. But they are a harmless people, under chiefs who make their own laws as occasion requires. When one of their number has transgressed, a council is held around their tribal fire, the gravity of the crime discussed, and the penalty which the guilty one must pay decided. Usually a fine is fixed. Being notified of the amount, the culprit without demur seeks passage to some port where, finding employment, he remains till he has accumulated sufficient to pay the fine, whereupon he returns to his people with joy, and thus rehabilitates himself. As the chief means of conveyance among these people is by their narrow dug-outs which they paddle up and down the numerous streams intersecting their interminable forests, they make admirable canoemen, and are eagerly employed as such at Belize, British Honduras, by the mahogany cutters whose traffic is up the rapidly-flowing Belize River.

A few clumsy-looking "bungoes" cross the lake and one American-built steamer, the Victoria, which carries passengers to and from Granada. It is here that the aspect of the landscape changes, and the great chain of mountains forming the backbone of the two American continents finds its lowest depression. The great forests of the eastern coast have disappeared, and fertile table lands, luxuriant groves and grass-covered prairies or savannahs with rising mountain peaks, deep ravines and roaring torrents characterize the scenery as the traveler journeys onward. And it is here that the sparse population of the country is chiefly concentrated. They are broadly separated into two distinct classes, the Ladino and the Indian. Ladino is a general term meaning the upper or better class, and is applied alike to all white natives, creoles and mestizos, whatever their origin. The pure-blood Indians form the most despised class. The dark-skinned Ladino will readily account for his dark complexion by claiming negro origin, while he will sturdily deny that Indian blood flows in his veins, so deep set is the stigma which was cast upon the aborigines by the early conquerors.

The Indians of the interior and west coast differ from those of the eastern slope in their attributes as greatly as do the varying aspects of the country. While the Mosquito and other tribes, all more or less related, are a dark-brown, bushy-haired people, who have made no progress in the arts of civilization, those of the table lands and the western slope are a yellow race, who at the time of the conquest possessed a civilization closely allied to that of the Aztecs. They are at the present day an amiable, polite, industrious and interesting people, though unprogressive. Their industry is of the most painstaking, and, in many instances, unthinking



INDIAN HUT NEAR NICARAGUA.



ADOBE HOUSE IN NICARAGUA.

compared to one's right hand opened, with the palm upward and the thumb close to the side. On the side of the thumb you will have the Atlantic; on the other the Pacific Ocean, while in the hollow of the hand you will hold the Great Lake. The irregular line at the junction of the wrist, called by the palmists the life line, will represent the San Juan River carrying off the water of the lake to the ocean. The area of the country is 58,500 square miles, sufficient to maintain a population of 1,000,000 people. The great lake is a remarkable sheet of water, 125 miles long and from 40 to 75 miles wide. From the middle of the lake the shore line on either side is invisible. There are a number of islands in the lake, including the two volcanoes, Ometepe and Mideria, which rise to an altitude respectively of 5280 and 4200 feet. North of this great lake there is another but smaller lake connected with the former in times of flood.

There is a remarkable difference in the character of the country east and west of the lakes. The mountain sides and the plateaus of the eastern slope are covered with perennial green, while the country west of the lakes during the dry season, January to May, is sere and yellow. Yet it is the more thickly populated.

Journeying westward from the Atlantic Coast, the traveler crosses first the flat lands covered with great forests of tropical jungle. This land is characterized by the black alluvial soil which covers it at a great depth. Gradually the land rises, and rocks and gravel crop out of the loam. Settlements are rare and human habitations are far between, though the fertility of the land is so great when once cleared of its stupendous growth, that corn planted with a sharpened stick grows luxuriantly, and no cultivation with either plow or hoe

character. They do things because their forefathers did them, and consequently waste their time in slow and antiquated methods.

The construction of the canal will draw thousands of foreigners to Nicaragua, and the effects of this new and heterogeneous element upon its present population is hard to anticipate. There are vast fields awaiting owners to develop them, and indications of gold and silver mines to be discovered and exploited. The immense forests of the Mosquito country, with all their valuable timber and rubber, are as yet unexplored, and there are prairies capable of sustaining millions of cattle, while on the higher elevations the coffee tree grows in reckless profusion. In such a country, with its thousands of square miles of undeveloped, uninhabited territory, it is not hard to imagine when the difficulties of travel are once removed, the influx of a busy, striving population from the already-crowded centers of the Old World, which shall make of that region, so richly favored by nature, a land of blessing to its civilized inhabitants.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

A LITERAL IMPRESSION.

[Washington Star:] "Some of your punishments are very peculiar," said the stranger in Asia.

"Do you think so?" responded the Chinese statesman, daintily.

"Yes; take for instance all this nonsense about yellow jackets and peacock feathers and self-inflicted death."

"Some of your modes of censure impress me as peculiar, too," was the grave reply; "for instance, that strange practice of humiliating an official who offends by taking him before a tribunal and whitewashing him."

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Not Quite Sure of the Compliment.

A MEMBER of Congress, who shall be nameless, but who sat very close to Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey on the floor of the House during the late session, has an eight-year-old son. One day he told Mr. Loudenslager this story:

"Last night," he said, "about 9 o'clock I told my boy that it was time to go to bed. He wasn't a bit anxious to obey me, and I had to speak to him two or three times pretty sharply. Finally, I said to him that there was an old adage, which always came true and which he ought to learn and remember. Then I quoted to him the old lines:

"Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

"My boy looked at me for a moment," continued the Congressman, "and then he said: 'Pop, you didn't go to bed early when you were a boy, did you?'"

"You certainly have a bright boy," observed Mr. Loudenslager, and the Congressman didn't know whether to take it as a compliment or not.—[Washington Post.]

His Name Never Changed.

IT WAS evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched on the shoulder a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel.

"Pardon me, my dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?"

After lighting his cigar, he continued:

"Bah Jove! this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deuced stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, my dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich brogue: "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight and every damn night—Michael Murphy."—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Sang About Nero in Church.

A TEACHER in a Ninety-third-street school relates this series of misunderstandings as an illustration of the necessity of distinctness of speech when addressing little children. Recently she had occasion to speak to her class about Nero. She gave a synopsis of the Emperor's interesting career, and asked the boys if they had ever heard of him before. All disclaimed previous knowledge of this sanguinary character except one youngster in the rear of the room, who raised his hand and said, timidly, "If you please, Miss L——, I've heard of him."

The teacher was glad to know that at least one of her brood had received preliminary home training on historical subjects, and she smiled benignly. "Indeed," she said; "and who told you about him?"

"We sing about him in our church," said the small boy.

The teacher was puzzled then. "Why, what do you sing about Nero in church?" she asked.

"We sing 'Nero, My God, to Thee,'" said the small boy, blithely.—[New York Press.]

Little Girl's Horrible Revenge.

ELISIE'S papa was a well-known clergyman. Elsie was given a handsomely-bound Bible as a Christmas present from her father, when she had hoped for a certain talking doll that she didn't get. Elsie bottled up her anger and waited quietly for her chance for revenge.

Elsie's papa had a birthday last week. That was Elsie's chance. The papa was shockingly bald. There was not a hair on the top of his head—he had, in truth, a "shining intellect."

The birthday presents were being handed around, but Elsie's eyes gleamed in anticipation of her revenge, as she waited till all the other gifts had been given to the papa who had given her the present she had no use for. Then her turn came. She handed out a small package, which was found to contain only a comb and hair brush. Elsie was demure, but her father understood.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Beaten All Around.

"**D**Y the living man!" said the ex-detective, "if I had come across that fellow within a month after it happened, I'd a shot him and reported that I did it because he resisted. Even yet I'd send him to the hospital if I had to use a club. I was dead sure of a name and promotion but for him."

"There had been a big haul of diamonds here in the city. A woman gave it up to me who planned the job and got most of the plunder, showed me a ring he had given her and told me where he was hiding, just out of a little town, about two hundred miles from Detroit. I wanted all the glory there was in the thing, so I got the right papers from the chief and started."

"That night while I was speeding toward my quarry, a spruce-looking chap stepped out of his Detroit hotel in the rain, just as a patrolman was passing, and whistled.

"What's up?" inquired the policeman.

"I want a boy. But, say, does your beat take you

past the telegraph office?" The cuss knew it did. "Would you hand this in for me? It's mighty important. I just enclosed a \$2 note and sealed her up, thinking I'd send a boy. Keep the change. Try this cigar when you have a chance; it's rather fine. Sorry to put you to any trouble, but it means money to me to get that through right away."

"At Jackson I got this: 'Come back. Darby doubled on his trail, and we have him here.' I cursed all the way in, and went right to the chief, in whose name the wire had been sent. He knew nothing about it, and helped me rip and tear. Before I was back to Detroit the sharper who used the police department to make a fool of himself had reached Darby, the two had leaped and we never got track of them. What made the thing worse was that when I tried to tell that policeman what kind of a raw sucker he was, he gave me as fine a trimming up as a man ever got."—[Detroit Free Press.]

They Compromised.

A VERY, very fat man was he, and when he entered the Chestnut Hill accommodation, Sunday night, he looked around for a whole seat to himself. The car was nearly filled, and the best he could do was to share a seat with another passenger. A hasty inventory decided him in favor of a very thin young woman, and even then it was a rather tight squeeze. The young woman, in trying to make room for him, dropped her handkerchief, which landed on the floor directly between the man's feet.

He was a man of such Falstaffian girth as to be totally oblivious of anything beyond the range of his vision, and he could scarcely see over his own chin. The young woman was wedged in so tightly that she could hardly move.

"Pardon me," she said, "I have dropped my handkerchief."

"Where is it?" asked the fat man.

"On the floor, between your feet," answered the thin young woman.

The fat man made an effort to look in the direction indicated, but, although he grew very red in the face from the effort, he couldn't see beyond his waistcoat buttons. Finally, he said:

"I get off at Tioga. Do you go farther than that?"

"Yes; I go to Wayne Junction," she said. "I guess I can get along without it for a while."

"Thank you," said the fat man, greatly relieved.

The young woman recovered her property at Tioga, where the fat man extricated himself from the seat.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Mr. Roosevelt's Significant Nod.

THIS first motion which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the Senate was offered by Senator Hoar, and proposed that the Senate should proceed to the consideration of executive business.

With a bow, Mr. Roosevelt turned toward the Republican side. "All who are in favor will say aye," he said. Then, with another bow, he leaned toward the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked.

All the Democrats noticed the distinction. "Oh, Mr. President," said Senator Money to him afterward, "you mustn't think that the Democratic side votes in the negative all the time."—[Washington Post.]

Thought Platt Was Dangerous.

WHILE the Senate Committee on Finance was discussing the Revenue Reduction Bill, the question of abolishing the Stamp Bill, upon express money orders was brought to the attention of the committee by Senator Platt, who, as everyone knows, is the president of the United States Express Company. The Senators were not familiar with the money orders, and Senator Platt undertook to enlighten them.

Near the Capitol, in the neighborhood of the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, is an office of the express company. Thither, Senator Platt wended his way. When he entered the office, a young clerk was behind the counter.

"I want a money order," said the Senator, and the lad looked up the book of blanks.

"How much, sir?" he asked.

"Five cents," said the Senator. The boy paused, looked at the would-be purchaser, and repeated the sum.

"Yes," said Senator Platt, "I want a money order for 5 cents. I am the president of the company."

The latter remark settled it with the boy. He hurried into the private office of the agent. "Out here," he exclaimed, "there is an old gentleman who says he is the president of the company, and he wants a money order for 5 cents. I am afraid to give it to him for fear he will raise it."

The agent came out, recognized the Senator, and a few minutes later the distinguished Senators on the Finance Committee were examining a money order for 5 cents issued in the name of T. C. Platt.—[Washington Post.]

George Ade and the Footpads.

THERE have been many picturesque stories of hold-ups in Chicago, but none that shows quite so much presence of mind as the tale told by George Ade in his little book, "Doc Horne." In the book it forms one of the hero's largest and least reliable romances, and it may not be generally known that it is derived, nevertheless, from a real experience.

Mr. Ade has walked the streets of Chicago at all hours of the day and night, and has become so familiar with many types of character that he is really equal to any emergency. But he never proved it so effectually as on this particular occasion. He was returning home through the deserted streets at an early hour of the morning, when he suddenly became conscious that he was being followed by two disreputable figures. He un-

derstood at once that his time had come, and an unpleasant moment—one of those rare when the journalist was liberally supplied with. He had an instant to set his wits to work. The thugs were half a block away, and he managed to transfer his roll of bills to a stamp which he carried in his pocket. Then he took pencil to address the letter, but to his surprise found that he had none.

Turning sharply upon his pursuers, who were still fifty feet away, he disarmed them by much courtesy, for a pencil. Somehow or other, one of the men fished one out of his pocket and gave it to Mr. Ade, who rapidly wrote his own address on an envelope as they stood under the lamp post. Then he looked his assailants in the eye and told them what he had done. Sheepish as they were, they were not without appreciation of his nerve. "Say, but you're a good 'un!" was the tribute of the taller of the two—a tribute which called for action on the part of Mr. Ade, for the midnight-closing ordinance was not in operation at this remote and barbarous period.—[Louisville Star.]

One on Him.

THE laugh is on a well-known society man. His candid opinion is that he knows more than any man in the city. He was so "wise" at a recent other evening that everybody became disgusted.

A young woman asked him a question at the door. "Oh, I won't tell everything I know," he said, first assuming a superior air.

"You have plenty of time," she rejoined, "going for a whole minute."—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Mark's Profitable Discounts.

A PROPOSAL of the agreement entered into by the American Publishers' Association to stop the cutting of the prices of books, the following humorous story is being passed around: The humorist went to a book store and asked the price of a book. The bookseller furnished him the desired information, whereupon he inquired if there was any discount allowed.

This cut the price down 50 per cent. Then he was asked if there was anything allowed of authors. The authors' discount was 50 per cent.

The humorist finally vouchsafed the information: he was a particular friend of the proprietor of the establishment, and this secured him a reduction of 50 per cent. Twain took the book, and asked how much the damage was. "As near as I can calculate," said the clerk, "we owe you the book and about \$1. Call again."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Would Form No Bad Habits.

THEY were seated about the dinner table in a comfortable West Side boarding-house yesterday, in the extra frills of the Sunday meal, which had been to the inner consciousness of the entire household made them satisfied with the landlady and the house in general. The menfolk told stories, and the women laughed, and the women told stories and the men laughed. Then the mistress of the household told a story:

"A very dignified young man took a seat in a car. Near him were three traveling salesmen, dressed, jolly fellows, one of whom suggested a game of cards, and the others agreed. They appointed a young man to take part and make up a house game."

"Thank you; I never play cards," came the reply to the invitation.

"I am sorry for that. Will you have a cigar?" added the spokesman, producing his case.

"I am obliged to you, but I never smoke," said the dignified young man.

"They thought they would jolly the young man of his dignity, so the leader produced a 'luncheon' and asked:

"As you do not play cards, or smoke, you refuse to join us in a drink?"

"I thank you, gentlemen, but I never drink."

"With this a venerable man with misgivings sitting in the seat behind the young man, nodded and tapped him on the shoulder."

The men folks about the table began to play straight flush, and some of them arose from their seats and walked around and tapped him on the shoulder."

But Mrs. B—— continued her story:

"I have heard what you have said to the young man, and I advise you to be more considerate of his stability of character which has enabled you to form bad habits. I have a daughter in the party. I should like to have you meet."

"I thank you, sir," replied the young man, "about and facing the gentleman, 'but I intend to marry.'"—[Washington Star.]

Sunshine-Moonshine.

A NEAT little speech was gotten off at a luncheon recently. The banquet was not strictly a luncheon, however, and there were several instances which would have roused Mrs. Nation to rights. There were a number of young fellows present, who were not in a condition to behave decorously. Several speechmakers were interrupted by the ineptitude, to the effect, "Let a little sunshine in."

At last one man responded to a toast, and "I would suggest to my young friends who are fond of letting in a little sunshine not to let in a little moonshine at the same time."—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

RECENT COMPETITION AMONG MEMBERS OF THE CAMERA CLUB.

By a Special Contributor.

HAVE you ever entered a photographic-print contest? If not you do not know what you have missed. If so, you probably know all too well just what you have missed. Therefore, in either event, you may rest content, for it is usually a case of missing it with the average amateur, no matter how carefully his snap-shot machine may be aimed at the target, be it landscape, genre or portrait.

What is that about looking through blue glasses instead of the clear lens? Perhaps I am viewing the world in general and this portion of Southern California in particular on the dark side this morning, getting a silhouette effect instead of the beautiful detail in the sunshine, but the failure to secure even an honorable mention after spending many weeks and silver pieces in the endeavor to gain a prize is conducive to indigo views of life and humanity. Blue prints will be in vogue for some time to come in Camera Club circles.

But to explain. The wise ones announced some time ago that the Rochester Optical Company had donated a handsome 4x5 camera to the club, to be contested for by the aspiring photographic geniuses. Rules and regulations appeared in due course upon the bulletin board, and the work began.

To many of us it seemed a simple matter to start out one bright morning, select a pretty spot, set up camera, and, after a little preliminary adjusting and figuring on the lighting, time, etc., press the bulb, bring home the plate, develop it at leisure, and produce a print therefrom in due course of time which would bring the prize. Alas! like most of the amateur's roseate dreams, this was fated to end in a nightmare. We loaded our cameras and sallied forth, but, though we came and saw, it was the other fellow who did the conquering.

The committee decided that the photograph must be in the landscape class, might be printed upon any kind of paper, and mounted as the contestant chose, the only restriction being the ruling that each print must be made from one negative only. This barred those who might wish to improve a landscape taken in this Land of Sunshine by printing in a few clouds from another negative, or performing other wonderful feats for which the photographer is famous, and compared to which the placing of a few clouds in our clear sky is a simple matter.

We tried to remember the various rules given us in

past lectures delivered before the club, in which we were told not to have too many straight lines pointing in the same direction, or objects distributed about in pairs, or the object on which the interest is centered away off at one side of the plate. We remembered that all lines should lead the eye at once to the chief object in the photograph, and that all others should be subordinated to that. We did not forget that the foreground of the picture must be in focus, or the middle distance at farthest, leaving the background to become gradually dim and indistinct, as it is in nature, and as one always finds it in a painting. We studied the points of all the best paintings to which we had access, the general composition, lighting and perspective, for there is no better school for the amateur photographer than an art gallery, and we thought we knew a great deal about the taking of pictures.

Some very enjoyable outings followed the careful preparation for the works of art that were to be joys forever, and some very ludicrous situations were also indulged in. That is, they appeared exceedingly funny to the onlookers. The participants thought differently. On one occasion we were left by our special train at Baldwin's ranch, where we could secure pretty pictures about the lake, boathouse, and among the trees, and within easy walking distance of the stables where we hoped to get pictures of the race horses. This was all very pleasant, but when the sun had reached his midday post and smiled down upon the camerists with all the fervency he sometimes possesses in this southern land, thoughts of luncheon crowded out all others, artistic and otherwise, and, there being no conveyances at hand, we started out to walk to the hotel. The day was warm and the roads were dry and dusty. The hotel seemed to recede as we toiled painfully along bearing the camera-friend's burden upon our backs. An oasis was suddenly discovered in this desert waste, however, as we came upon a beautiful clump of trees, with the green hills in the background, and gathered together under the spreading branches was huddled a large drove of sheep, resting in the shade. Heat and fatigue were forgotten as cameras were quickly set up, and many snap-shots of the sheep taken.

Another outing, taken by a select few on a cloudy morning, was somewhat dampened by one of the heaviest rainstorms of the season, the enthusiasts returning that afternoon with dripping garments but undampened spirits, as was proven by their making straight for the cabbages, where they developed their pictures in which the desired cloud effects were to be found, ere they returned home for a change of garments. Truly the ways of the camera devotee are peculiar.

The day of the decision was at last come. By 4 o'clock that afternoon all competing pictures had been turned in, and the custodian of the club was busy affixing numbers

to the various prints by which they might be impartially judged, the card of the artist having been placed in a similarly-numbered envelope. There were pictures large and pictures small, pictures wonderful and no pictures at all. However, in the minds of the proud makers they were every one prize winners. We wrapped them up tenderly, after one last admiring glance, and handed them over to the unsympathetic hands of the busy custodian, who numbered them as they came, and placed them away on the shelf, to be judged that evening. How the hours dragged from that time until evening.

The loitering sun at last reached the horizon and disappeared from view, the shadows fell quickly, and evening brooded peacefully over the many camerists who were doomed to do their brooding later on. A social evening at the clubrooms had been announced for that date, and the members began arriving early, but the end of their suspense was not yet, for the first part of the programme consisted of lantern slides and sociability, the judges being meantime in secret session, trying to decide upon the best picture of the puzzling collection before them—and an unenviable task was theirs. So many of the pictures possessed more than average merit that it was difficult to decide upon any one which could be said to rank sufficiently above its competitors to be judged the winner. After much discussion of the relative merits of this one and that, the decisions were made, and the assembly grew quiet as the gentleman in charge of the contest appeared with the photographs, and, opening the envelopes, read as the winner of the prize camera the name of E. J. Killian, whose picture is reproduced herewith. The subject, though simple, was treated in a thoroughly artistic manner, and the announcement was received with round after round of applause, and after the first anguish of disappointment had passed, his fellow-members pressed about him to offer hearty congratulations. Capt. J. S. France received first honorable mention, and M. W. Lowe received the second honorable mention, likewise much applause and handshaking from their associates.

Our other illustrations are also prize winners. "Driving Home the Sheep" is from a negative made by one of our most enthusiastic club members who has won many prizes from photographic journals in the East. "The Moqui Belles," by Oliver Lippincott, was awarded the gold medal at the Toronto Exhibition, and has also received other medals.

The last Camera Club print contest has been voted a grand success, both by victors and vanquished, and we are ready for another. Though all could not win the prize, all have won valuable experience in the photographic line and have enjoyed many delightful excursions throughout the neighboring country, gaining health and strength for the sterner contests of life through these brief holidays spent close to Mother Nature.

HELEN L. DAVIE.



Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

His Record as a Fighter.

THE genial and eloquent Hartford clergyman, familiarly known to those who love him as "Joe" Twitchell, served during the Civil War as a chaplain. Called on to speak one night at a gathering of veterans, he protested against being characterized as a non-combatant. "Is there any man of the Third Army Corps here?" he asked. Several arose. "Well," said the ex-chaplain, "you know that I fought the devil for three years in the old Third, and I don't see why I should be called a non-combatant."—[Army and Navy Journal.]

* * *

He Returned It.

WIT has often saved an offender from punishment in military as well as in civil life.

Not long since a non-commissioned officer entering a barrack gate in Dublin was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry, who immediately "came to the shoulder."

The noncom., unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute—a thing not permissible in the circumstances. Arrived at his headquarters, he shortly received an order to attend before the colonel.

On presenting himself, he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it.

Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered: "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to."

His ready wit pleased the colonel, who laughingly dismissed him.—[London Spare Moments.]

* * *

Ordered to Eat Pie.

ON AUGUST 7, 1861, while still in Southeastern Missouri, Grant was made brigadier-general, to his own great surprise. Of his methods of discipline, Owen Wister tells a singular story. The command was marching, and food was scarce. A Lieutenant, with an advance guard, reached a farmhouse, and upon informing its mistress that he was Gen. Grant, received a copious meal. Presently Grant himself rode to the same door and asked for food. "Gen. Grant has just left here," he was told, "and has eaten everything."

A pie did remain, and for this the general gave the woman 50 cents, requesting her to keep it until called for. Riding on to camp, he ordered grand parade at once, and to the astonished assembly, the acting assistant adjutant-general read the following order:

"Lieut. W.—of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvige's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas, and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieut. W.—is hereby ordered to return with an escort of 100 cavalry and eat that pie also."—[Kansas City News.]

* * *

Toothache Courage.

AT a social meeting of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a veteran who had served from Bull Run to Appomattox, said: "I had a hard time in the early days of the war. I was captured, I was wounded and I experienced all the hardships that went with the peninsula campaign, but I remember nothing with more horror than a violent attack of the toothache. The surgeon had some forceps of the old-fashioned kind, and, after toothache drops, tobacco, whisky and all sorts of remedies were found to be no good, I was propped up against a tree trunk and the operation of taking out the offending molar was begun. Well, he tried several times before he broke the tooth off the first time, and then he pulled and yanked me around until finally something had to give way, and my jaw being pretty tough, the tooth, or what was left of it, came out. Thousands of men had similar experiences, and I'm sure that some of the fellows took extra risks because of toothache that made them feel as though they didn't care what happened."—[New York Tribune.]

* * *

The Kaiser's Talisman.

IN THE personality of the Kaiser there is a strain of superstition. Military precision and disciplinarian as he is, he is at the same time a believer in omens and in certain talismanic virtues. On the middle finger of his left hand the German Emperor always wears a large ring—a square, dark-colored stone set in massive gold. The ring is an heirloom in the Hohenzollern family, dating from the time when the ancestors of the Kaiser—the Margraves of Nuremberg—followed their leaders to the capture of the holy city from the Moors. The ring came into the Margrave Ulrich's possession after a hard-fought battle under the walls of Jerusalem. It belonged to one of Saladin's successors, and, in some unexplained way, came to be owned by the German knight. The ring is a prized possession of the Kaiser, who regards the relic with a greater interest than that which pertains to its mere monetary value.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

* * *

A Hero of the Boer War to Marry.

APRETTY romance of love and war has just culminated in the engagement of Col. Ricchardi, an Italian, who offered his sword to Kruger and who led the Boer volunteers to several victories, and Miss Myra Guttman, sister of Mme. Ellof, wife of President Kruger's grandson and private secretary. On her mother's side, Miss Guttman is a Joubert and a niece of the famous general. She is only 19, and is striking in appearance, with large, dark eyes and soft brown hair.

Col. Ricchardi is a handsome man, well known in Europe and America. During the World's Fair he was a member of the Siamese commission, having been previously charged by the King of Siam with the organization of the native Siamese army.

Ricchardi began his military career as aid-de-camp to the King of Italy. When the ruler of Siam visited Italy he begged King Humbert to permit one of his aids to organize a native regiment. The King's choice fell upon Ricchardi. So well did he fill his mission that he was named for the Siamese commission of the World's Fair.

When the Transvaal war broke out, Col. Ricchardi was one of the first foreigners to leave for the front, and his daring exploits caused the English to place £2000 on his head.

It was in the Transvaal that Ricchardi met Miss Guttman, who, with her sister, was devoting herself to hospital work. When Miss Guttman came to Europe with her sister, the colonel soon followed, charged with the mission of organizing Boer relief committees in Italy and to obtain arbitration by force of public opinion.

While organizing his committees, the colonel was the busiest man in Rome, but he is now enjoying a short vacation in Holland, where his fiancée is staying with her family. The date of the wedding has not yet been set, as President Kruger, who has been consulted in the matter, feels the young people should wait until the war is over.—[Paris Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

An Affinity of Titles.

THE little son of an officer prominent in the navy circle in Washington has made frequent visits to the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, in summer. The other day, overhearing his parents discuss sundry naval matters, he pricked up his ears at one remark of his father's, and asked to have it repeated.

"I was just telling your mother," said the officer, "how we organized the mosquito fleet during the war with Spain."

"The mosquito fleet!" echoed the boy. "Oh, yes; I suppose that must have the New Jersey for its flagship?"—[New York Post.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Wise Dachshund.

ALITTLE, long-bodied, short-legged dachshund, one of those dogs which Mark Twain says was born under a chest of drawers, was cut in the storm yesterday trying to make his way through the slush which came up half way over his body. He tried the sidewalk in front of the Colby & Abbot Building, but the tide was too much for him. He next made a series of leaps that carried him across to the opposite side, but it was no use. It was a case of wade with uncertain footing or stay where he was. He sprang on a doorstep, high and dry, and surveyed the situation for a moment. His eye caught the street-railway track. Then by a series of leaps he reached the middle of the street, took to the clean rail of the car track, made his way rapidly down to East Water street and north to a point on Market square, where he left the track for the comforts of home life behind the heater in his own home restaurant.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

* * *

Dog That Uses a Decoy.

AMAN over on Juniper avenue, near the German market, has a dog which he is anxious to give away, notwithstanding it is a pet among the "small fry" of his household. This canine is of the Scotch-terrier breed, and has a predilection for fighting. He resorts to stratagem to get up a row. His latest plan is to obtain a juicy bone from one of the butcher stalls over in the market. Then he takes his place upon the pavement, and watches. When he sees a country dog following a farmer's wagon, he sizes him up, and if the symptoms are favorable he picks up his bone, carries it into the street, places it in the line of travel, goes back to the sidewalk, places his head between his front paws, and waits developments.

If the strange dog tackles the bone, as it certainly will, the city dog springs out, grabs him by the back of the neck and nearly shakes the life out of him. Then when the farmer and the stall keepers have succeeded in separating the combatants, the Scotch terrier awaits until the excitement has passed away, and then sets his bone in position to catch the next unsuspecting canine that intruded upon his preserves.

And yet they say that dogs do not think!—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

* * *

Village Mourns a Cat.

THE entire village of Narberth, Pa., went to the funeral of "Old Mat," who was buried there last week.

"Old Mat" had certainly earned as much right to be called "a well-known and old-respected citizen," as many who walked on two legs less than he did.

He was only a cat, but by his conspicuous sagacity, his purring kindness and his undaunted courage he had gained the respect of every inhabitant of Narberth and the surrounding country. Perhaps stray dogs learned to respect him most of all.

George L. Brimley was the owner of "Old Mat," and he declared that the cat was invaluable as a "watch-

dog," having once tackled single-handed, or so footed, a gang of burglars who forced an entrance into Brimley's store and effectually driven them out, the loss of several clawsful of hair and flesh.

When the news of "Old Mat's" death became known everybody in Narberth felt as if an old friend had died from among them, and it was determined to have such a funeral as never before fell to the lot of the town. A small casket, lined with silk, was made up by a silk cloak made for the purpose.

The funeral ceremonies were held in the house of the Brimley household. Three hundred persons attended, filling the house and front and rear. Harry Brimley delivered an exhaustive eulogy on the deceased. Then all retired to the cemetery, in the backyard. In the center of the lawn a grave had been dug, and around this the mourners gathered themselves. The casket was lowered amid a silence.

The following day a neat little stone was placed over "Old Mat's" grave.—[New York Journal.]

* * *

A Panic Among Lions.

M. FOA, the French explorer, says that lions are not afraid of African wolves, who are fierce animals and do not scruple to attack even the lion. They are terrible battles in which the lion succumbs, and dies fighting. In connection with the fear of lions, M. Foat tells a story from his experience.

It was a very dark night, so dark that it could not be distinguished until the travelers were near them. Lions prowled about the party, roaring from a point so close as to have an effect on the nerves. The animals could not be seen, but they could be heard on all sides.

Reaching a tree the men found one of the lions with rifle cocked, peering into the darkness. Discovering the whereabouts of the animal, the men plainly heard walking among the leaves. The man was trying to relight a half-extinct cigarette. Still the lions could be heard coming and going in the darkness.

At this point the native servant whispered to imitate the cry of wolves in the distance. This at once began barking and crying "Hui hui" in undertone, as if the pack were still in the bushes, while the man at the camp made the same voice.

The effect was instantaneous. There was a rapid stampede across the dry leaves, the men decamped in a panic, driven off by the approach of a pack of wolves. For the rest of the party was undisturbed.—[Detroit Free Press.]

* * *

An English Fish Yarn.

SSECOND edition of the legend of Jonah is now the subject of much interest. Anglers, who naturally are always interested in stories connected with rod and line. According to the "Gazette" of Ongar, in Essex, was subsequently discovered out what bait, and how much of it, had been used for capture, and in its stomach was found a fish which the glutton had swallowed holus-bolus. Its twitching was noticed in the miniature Jonah fin, and it was promptly transferred to a glass, where next morning it was found swimming quite lively. The unfortunate prisoner must have been in the jack's interior for at least twelve hours, his release, and the vitality of the tiny Jonah, therefore remarkable. During the incarceration the upper lip was considerably damaged, but by gently swimming round the globe with the worm pressed to the glass it succeeded in getting back into its natural framework back into its natural condition. Seventeen days the rejuvenated Jonah lived in his globe of water after rescue from its watery confinement. It was then taken to the local aquarium for exhibition, and there the temperature apparently disagreed with it, for two or three days later it was found dead. But in its short life its experience was certainly a remarkable one.—[London Graph.]

* * *

Discriminating Canine.

IN THE First Ward is a fox terrier that has the name of the Gold Standard through many peculiarities. It seems that two or three years ago a member of the fire department captured the dog and carried him into the engine-house, and set him free. Since then his territorialism makes it a point to bite every fireman that comes his way. It can pass him unmolested with their uniforms and gilt buttons, but let a fireman in uniform with silver buttons pass that way and the dog will make it a point to tear a hole in his trousers, and bite half of his leg if possible.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

* * *

HIS LATENESS.

[Philadelphia Press:] (Towne:) Magnificent! Who is she?

(Browne:) That's the late Mr. Bibber's—

(Towne:) A widow, eh?

(Browne:) Yes, a grass widow.

(Towne:) But I understand you to say the Bibber.

(Browne:) Yes, he was always late.

That's why she left him.

LAND OF THE CZAR. A RUSSIAN WRITES OF THE STUDENT UPRISINGS IN RUSSIA.

By a Special Contributor.

I AM not a revolutionist, nor even a Nihilist; but I need not be either to be deeply interested in the present student uprisings in Russia. Someone very dear to me has just been gathered in by the drag-net of Russian police for daring to think in opposition to rules laid down on the censor's statute books. What his fate will be I shudder to think, for with every new riot his chances of escape are growing slimmer, his prospects darker, for the notorious Third Section knows no mercy. It spares not the weak, it shields not the innocent. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when I, myself, a lad of 17, wore the uniform of a Russian student, and in the privacy of my room—which was not very private after all, since in Russia walls have ears and floors have eyes—dreamed, asleep and awake, of the great things the student body could accomplish if it "dared and did." I know better now. It may be a paradox, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that a Russian gets to know the true inwardness of affairs in his own country only after he shakes the dust of Russia and reaches a land where one may think, speak and write without fear of being muzzled. A decade of American air had wrought wonderful changes in my views upon men and things that make up this, our world. Incidentally I have had the good fortune to be an American student of an American college, and a rare opportunity to compare the life of the latter with that in the land of my birth. To the American reader, the life of the Russian student must be of especial interest. For while it is the Russian soldier that forms the bulwark of his country's strength, that fights her battles and keeps other powers at a respectable distance, it is the student who, in after years, becomes the officer, the general, the minister, the financier, the engineer, that shapes the destinies of the empire. The only trouble with him is that he is so scarce, that he has such a bad road to travel, that his very advantage of civilization causes his undoing. In this respect, a few dry facts in lieu of a preface may not be amiss.

A Religion of Darkness.

Russia has a population of 125,000,000. Of these hardly 5 per cent. can read or write. This is not because the people are by nature averse to light, or born blind, deaf or dumb. Experience shows that given an equal chance a Russian will seldom prove inferior to any other lad in matters educational. On the contrary, in no other land is the longing for education so intense, so persistent as in Russia. In no other country is this longing so suppressed as in Russia. If light is the motor that turns the great wheels of constitutional kingdoms like Germany and England and republics like France and our own, it is darkness that makes the despotism of Russia hold its own in the teeth of all opposition at this enlightened twentieth century—darkness on one hand, religion on the other; not religion that teaches you to love your Creator, to obey His commandments, but a religion that from the moment you see the light of day till the last shovelful of earth is settled upon the casket holding your remains tells you that the Czar is God's representative on earth, that to think of him with distrust, to worship him less than you would your Heavenly Father is a sin that the ever-ready police will take out of your body on earth, and the One above of your soul in the hereafter; a religion that forbids you to reason, lest you doubt, that tells you to be blind lest you see.

The state and the church are one. If it is the crown that bears all expenses in feeding every clergyman throughout the land, it is the clergyman that sows the seed of blind obedience, that surrounds the darkness with a halo of divine radiance. In short, darkness, illiteracy, is the great rock upon which the empire exists. But a machinery so complicated as the government of a mighty nation needs skilled hands to run it. For these and these alone schools are opened, universities are built. But lest the men given these glorious opportunities abuse their privileges, their number is restricted. There is danger in numbers. There are just nine universities all told in European Russia, and one for the whole of Siberia! But even those few—Fortune's favorites that pass the Rubicon and don the university uniform, are a dangerous element. In Russia every man is presumed guilty until he is proven innocent. The vast population from which these pauper thousands of lucky ones are drafted, is carefully sifted. No Jews, or Poles, if you please, can enter the awe-inspiring halls of learning. Too much light may not agree with their constitution. None but bona fide orthodox "sons of their fathers" may drink from the founts of wisdom.

The Russian Boy.

From the moment the boy is accepted, usually at the tender age of 9 years, he ceases to be the mere ward of his parents. He becomes the property of the government, the object of its fatherly care. You American boy, with a yearning for baseball and an aching for hookey—that only the stories of "Homest, Injun" adventures can replace, hark to this tale. The lucky Russian boy at 9 gets himself a uniform, gray blouse with belt, soldier fashion, gray trousers and blue hat with white band. On Sunday a long blue coat, with nine silver buttons, takes the place of blouse. Blue trousers go with it. Woe to him if one of the buttons is off or in hiding! Together with his outfit he gets a booklet—a passport forsooth—which gives his name, and name of his father, his address, his school, his class, his age, his standing in school. This is followed by two pages of rules and regulations, telling what not to do. This passport must be with him like his nose on his face or his star of God and the Czar in His breast. If he forgets one of the

400 odd "don'ts" inscribed within, the first policeman—and there's quite a few of them in a Russian town—will demand this passport, to turn it in next morning to the director of the gymnasium, who administers the punishment. Seventy-two hours in a dark room is a mild sample. There are others.

The school year begins the 7th of August and ends the next June, with short vacations for Christmas and Easter. The boy must be in school every morning at 8 o'clock. His books—and the older he gets, the more books he carries—can only be borne in a soldier's bag, strapped across the shoulders. Any violation means punishment. At 12 there is a recess of thirty minutes, but no student is allowed to leave the building. He brings his lunch with him. At 3 o'clock his studies end.

A Few Don'ts.

Then a few of the "don'ts" come into effect. He must not, on the way home, join his comrades. He must not smoke. This is a grave sin, indeed. He must not be seen with ladies, except his mother, sister or aunt. Cousins are not always considered safe company, unless they are past the "demoralizing" age. He must not visit museums, shows, public buildings, saloons, auctions and a thousand other places. He must be home at 6 o'clock, bed at 9 in winter and 10 in summer. There are spies without number to see that he leaves not the straight and narrow path. However, as long as the student is a boy, his troubles are few. His purely childish pranks are often overlooked. His real life and real danger begin at the age of 15-16. It is then that, having developed a taste for reading, he finds the books doled out to him by the school no longer satisfying. The germ of Nihilism is in the air. He may not exactly know what it means, but the great peril awaiting him, who deals in it has its charms. His heart is hungry for sensations, his mind for information. The book stores are forbidden to sell or loan him anything but text books. But this is a trivial matter. The greater the obstacle, the firmer his decision to get them. He has heard in vague way of Pisaroff, Chernishevski, Count Tolstoi, Hertz—great army of writers whose works are forbidden. It is possible that had he been accorded a ready access to these works his curiosity would have in many instances given place to enmity. But his every move is watched. His effects both in and out of school are frequently overhauled. And with a boyish love for the mysterious and dangerous he meets his foes, and countermines. When your American lad is all wrapt up in inventing the most nerve-shaking, ear-splitting college yell, the Russian boy of his age feels as if the fate of the whole empire lay upon his shoulders. He takes himself too seriously. He gets old before he has a chance to be young. The espionage instituted by his superiors he counteracts with a system of his own. From the moment that the boy becomes conscious that he is feared, the struggle is on, growing fiercer, as one by one his comrades are caught in the whirl, removed from his sight, banished. He becomes embittered. This is when he is a thinking, feeling boy. There are others who have it in their blood to adapt themselves to everything as long as it serves their own narrow ends. But to the credit of the student body, it must be said that the latter are but a sad minority.

After the Diploma.

At 18 or 19, after nine years of the hardest work and closest attention, not only to studies, but to all rules and regulations, the boy gets his diploma, which entitles him to—nothing. If he is of the set that knuckle to authority, he will swell the ranks of the vast army of petty officers, known as Chiaovniki—a class of government employees doing dry clerical work, miserably paid, depending upon bribes, for a livelihood. Or he may, if he has a "pull," join the army at the bottom of the ladder, provided his own means are large, for the pay is a farce. To become a physician, a lawyer, an engineer, to become eligible to any of the higher offices where a thorough education is essential, he must spend five more years in a university or military academy. If you will remember that there are several hundred gymnasiums and only nine universities, you will readily see how very few of the youths that spend nine years in a gymnasium are rewarded by admission into a larger institution. The reason is obvious, with but few exceptions, the young student of 19 has had the advantage of learning. His wits are sharpened by a constant tussle with the secret police. That he came out unharmed is not always a guarantee that he is innocent. It is rather proof positive that he has met the "tartar" and conquered him, that he knows how to cover his tracks. Under the circumstances, one cannot expect a government that exists on darkness to furnish its enemies with better weapons still, in the shape of education. The Jews and Poles, two nations not supposed to be overmuch in love with the régime, are almost entirely barred. Since only 5 per cent. are admitted, and the number of students entering rarely exceeds ninety or a hundred each year, only five of either nation can enter with them.

A Dangerous Idle Class.

The greater army that does not pass the doors of an university remains idle—a dangerous idle class that knows too much to be content and does not know enough to remedy the existing evils. In former years these formed nihilistic clubs. In spite of all the vigilance of the gendarmes—and their number is legion—they established secret printing offices, whence incendiary pamphlets were sent out broadcast over the length and breadth of the country. Their self-sacrifice to the cause finds no parallel in modern history. Plain in their habits, with a contempt for dress and other conventionalities of life, they brought their young lives to the altar of freedom. The murder of one of their comrades was often but a signal for dozens of others to rush in and fill the gap. Women, aye, girls of 16 or 17, at an age, in other words, when their sisters of other lands think more of dresses and debut in society, marched hand in hand with their brothers, marched into factories where they worked side by side with horny-handed peasants to teach and

enlighten them, marched into jails, marched to the gallows!

A New Era.

The death of Alexander the Second marked a culminating point in their feverish activity. Thousands of the best and noblest of Russian youths were led to slaughter. A reaction set in. It was decided to abandon the old theories. The old method of terrorism was carefully looked into and found wanting. A complete reorganization followed. Instead of trying to face the government with dynamite, they choose other channels. They discovered—rather late—that unless the masses—the dark, ignorant, self-contented masses—were with them, they could accomplish little. "To the peasant" became the slogan. Henceforth an active, quiet campaign began. Instead of invitations to revolt, alphabets were distributed to the workmen. Where a workman had previously regarded a student with suspicion, seeing only in him one of the preferred classes, he learned to respect and love him. The gendarmes can no longer pit the workmen against the students. Hand in hand they go, fight and fall. Socialism replaced terrorism. Therein lies Russia's greatest danger. So long as the masses remained dark, the few thousand students and their friends could be easily crushed. Once the germ becomes disseminated in the shops and factories, the beginning of the end will set in. I should like very much to hope that the present "riots" are "it," but knowing, as I do, the great power of the government, the great unfathomable darkness still reigning, I cannot but be sorry for, as I cannot but help admiring the impetuous youths that like moths circle around the flame, and like moths are bound to perish. The consolation that their agitation will not be fruitless fails to console. When you read the news in the daily papers, think of the homes that will wear mourning. Think of the mothers, whose only sons, perhaps, shall be snatched away in the dead of night, never to be returned to their loved ones again!

As Nekrasson sang (a free paraphrase):

"Can you show me a state or a town

(I have never yet come upon the spot,) Where the peasant upholding the crown,

Was not helplessly cursing his lot?

On the highways and byways you meet him—

A slave to his woe or his drink,

In the jails where no kind word will greet him

Till he cannot but perish and sink.

"Volga, Volga! When spring thy bosom swells,
And sends thy billows rushing over meadow and turf,
Thou hast never yet flooded the country
As the tears and the blood of the serf."

NATHAN M. BABAD, M.D.

THE WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES.

IT IS ALMOST CRIMINAL TO MAKE DRESS ONE OF THE VITAL THINGS OF LIFE.

"When a woman devotes one-half of her life to thoughts of dress she absolutely takes the whole question out of its proper relation to her life, and belittles the talents which God gave her for far greater things," writes Edward Bok, in reply to a woman correspondent, in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "It is, indeed, a grave question whether she does not debase herself. Nor will she be 'well dressed,' the chances are far greater that she will be 'over dressed.' No woman who has any regard for what is worth while in this world, and for what will bring her the surest and fullest happiness in the long run, will so dissipate her energies and vitality. The right to dress prettily and becomingly belongs to every woman. It is her birthright, and her duty. A disregard of dress, or the affectation of queer or freakish dressing, does not belong to a normal woman. But to make dress one of the vital things of life is carrying it beyond the ridiculous point and close to the criminal. And it is just this rightful adjustment of the things in life which simplicity does for us. It gives a rightful place and a rightful value to each. It doesn't belittle the one nor distort the other."

HOW TO KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

GIVE THEM YOUR CONFIDENCE AND LOYALTY, AND DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH IN RETURN.

"The less you exact of your friends the more they will give you," writes Helen Watterson Moody of "The First Tragedy in a Girl's Life," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "For yourself give as richly and as nobly as you want to—of your love and your confidence and your loyalty. Live up to your highest ideal of what a friend should be (and the higher you make that ideal the finer woman you will be and the more friends will flock to you,) but never exact of your friends that they shall give you more than they choose easily to give. If some one you love disappoints you, and as many, many more will do in days to come, do not hold up your ideal of what they should be and do as a mirror in which to count their imperfections. Let it pass, if you can, with a little smile that may be sad, but need not be at all satirical. And never be jealous of a friend if you want to keep one. If anybody you are fond of forms other friendships, or seems to be engrossed with other friends, do not let it make you unhappy, and, above all, never offer comment upon her all-too-evident neglect of her old friends for her new ones."

[Ohio State Journal:] There is quite a difference between the use and the abuse of a thing, and the American soldier, like the average American citizen, is likely to do as he pleases when he discovers an attempt to prohibit him from doing it.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] As a result of the fire Pittsburgh may have no exposition this year. If so, it will make up for lost time by holding the best in its history the year after. Such an arrangement will be fairly satisfactory, as Pittsburgh can go to Buffalo this year to hear Victor Herbert's orchestra.

TAMATE:

THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE.
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE night's work over, Tadaharu was making ready for the day of rest—a couple of moons since he had come home from Shinagawa, from death and with victory.

"The august summons, Tadaharu-dono," announced one of the attendants of Tamate. "It is the pleasure of the chief that you should present yourself at once."

What could it possibly be? Tadaharu had, in truth, enough ground to wonder. But to wonder is to take some little time, and the summons of the chief generally saw no reason why there should be any space of time between the call and the answer.

"August pleasure, Princess?"

And Tamate looked down upon the prostrated Tadaharu for rather a long time.

"Yes," she said quietly in a voice that had somewhere in it the echo of the pious hours. "Are you at liberty to attend me in a little walk this morning?"

"The humble servant is overwhelmed with honor."

The May field stretched away toward the shrine of Meguro. The flowering rapes, languid, perfumed, in the sun as golden as their flowers, were taking Sultana's siesta to the low music of insect wings and of those of the summering skies. Through them Tamate and Tadaharu were threading their way.

To the eyes of the curious universe—what a happy Maying!

"Tadaharu."

"Hai!"

And Tadaharu, waiting patiently, without understanding, walked behind his chief. After a little while:

"Tadaharu," she would begin again the sentence that she seemed to have such a hard time to finish.

"Hai, Princess," but that is all Tadaharu could say.

When, however, she began her sentence for the third time....!

At the thought all the cymbals and drums in his head thundered at once; his blood burnt and froze at the same time. Going a step ahead of the boldest of astronomers, Tadaharu saw, with his own eyes, the earth spin like a tipsy top—can it be possible, can it....? Can it be possible that his chief was trying to make his heart understand—through the color, shade, and the feeling of her voice—something which is above the tongue and lips to paint?

Having thought all this, Tadaharu was not without preparation. Yet her words came upon him with the suddenness that flooded him with cold perspiration. She said:

"I had heard, a few months ago, before I sent you down to Shinagawa, I had heard you tell the moon your secret. That was indiscreet. It pained me. What you were dreaming must have been very pretty—as absurd, allow me to add, as it must have been pretty. I have a passion of my own which takes all my life to keep it bright—and you know well what that is—the death of the Shogun."

"Without sweeping me off my feet, all the same, your love irritated, annoyed, and distracted me. Being a woman of one aim, it was impossible for me to give my life to two; moreover, my oath to the gods and the unavenged death of my father would not allow me to do so."

"When I sent you to Shinagawa, to the blades of the Nagato samurai, I sent you, as I thought then, to death. Do you understand—to death?"

She stopped—kept on walking. As far as the eyes could sweep, all was yellow with the flowering rape. She did not turn back to Tadaharu.

At the swish of silken sleeves behind her, however, she turned round in time to put her firm grasp upon the elbow of Tadaharu's right arm, whose hand was upon the handle of his sword.

"The life, Princess," said Tadaharu gravely, allowing death to paint his face already, "which is thrown away by the chief has but a poor corner in the realm of the living."

"I was going to say—deign to leave your sword in peace," she went on, with her usual pallor of face and the calmness of voice. "While you were away....and you are back with us now...."

"Well, in a word, I shall be very glad to die with you over the corpse of the Shogun. And then, too, think, if you will, of the Three, Seven, aye Nine, Cycles of Existence!"

Tadaharu sunk upon the clover of the field, upon his knees. The white fingers of her left hand were trembling toward him. He caught them, and in pressing them against his forehead, he also caught a glimpse of her pale face turning away, and also of the right hand mounting to her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Three years—that is to say since everything was in its place and the trim little world straight under the very palace of the Shogun, full of rocks and mystery, had begun to work like clockwork, like the will of one person and that one person, Tamate—had now gone away crammed full of history.

But at last the day was approaching. Tamate was waiting for its coming with something more than a tremor and glow in her heart. She had planned for the particular day very thoroughly, taking time; looking, as if her eyes had suddenly turned into a pair of microscopes, into the most trivial details of her plan. No wonder. With that day, if success would but fall from the hands of the gods upon her efforts she meant to

close the book of her life—that was the day when she wanted to bring to fruit all the flowers which had been the dreams from her babyhood days up through the toils, heartaches, and the wanderings of many, many unceasing years. It was no small matter exactly, this coming true of her dreams—the death of the Shogun, I have already said, in those days, was not the modest gift for anyone to ask of the gods.

Yes, on that day, Tamate would avenge the death of her sainted father upon the life of the most powerful person under the heavens.

The day set was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the Master-of-Pine-Dews.

Out of thirty-one sub-chiefs, she selected twenty. She had handed over all the affairs of the underworld to the remaining eleven. Whatever happened she was never to see them again. If successful, why, then, she would die the death of a daughter of a samurai, on the very mat made red with the blood of her life foe. If she fail—death, of course, but she knew that it would be a very keen blade, and that, in a master hand, that would have the melancholy honor.

And this was her plan: She and her twenty would mount through the upward passages and reach the nearest veranda to the Shogun's bedchamber. They would break every blade that would oppose them, and after that, Tamate would honor herself with the pleasure of offering the Shogun the traditional nine-inches-and-a-half (the invariable length of the dagger with which the rite of kappuku used to be performed) upon a little white-wood stand, called sanbo. She knew, and also the twenty, very well that round the pillow upon which the Shogun, the greatest sovereign of so many things and men, acknowledged, with the smiling grace, let us most humbly hope, his submission to Sleep, one could find the most famous swords of the empire—the men who had absolutely cut their way up to the princely ranks, to fame, to the admiration of the people, to the favor of the Shogun, with the magic that was in their swords, and through nothing else.

All the same, the hands of the twenty, and as well, the white arms of Tamate, had all treasured the souvenir of the rigorous trainings under the eyes of Sakuma Sukenari. Moreover, daily, they had been called upon to put into practice all the sword secrets, so that it was really impossible for them to have forgotten a single one of them. Also, their swords had the temper all their own. And then, again, as I have said before, were not the gods on their side?

The sun and the moon—those high philosophers who are so far above the quarrels of the clouds, above the illusions and passions of men, altogether sublime in their indifference to things earthly—did not either hasten nor delay, even by the fraction of a brief second, the coming of the appointed day.

Upon the earth the laughter of the summer sun was turning into a purple twilight. The evening songs of the Yedo streets were full of unintelligent melodies and careless humor. Under the face of the earth, in the cave beneath the palace of the Shogun, Tamate and her twenty were sitting down to their last feast—a very solemn one it was, and all were in the uniform of black. It was a farewell feast, just like the one to which the samurai who sit—the samurai who are going out to battle from which they never expect to return.

Midnight.... Yes, that is the tolling of the midnight bell. But how slow-footed Time is sometimes! And Tamate and her twenty counted their pulses—for they had to wait at least the length of one bell, as yet. At last, that, too, was over. The smile was upon Tamate—not exactly childlike that smile. It was one of those which some say you can see upon the lips of the martyr who seeks his path through flames up to his Father.

Without noise and with as much caution and timidity as if they were doing something wrong, the twenty and their chief lifted themselves above the opening of the hole.

Tamate was armed with naganata (a kind of spear with a frozen crescent for its head and which was used by the ladies of the brave days.) As for the twenty, they had in their girdles the swords which had the names of famous swordsmiths, the blades which had known so many exchanges of courtesies and which were sheathed for this special occasion in whitewood.

And now they had gained the veranda. With the first fall of their cat-like steps upon the polished floor, a faint noise came toward them. Some one moved in the guardroom. The next moment a vague silhouette stood upon the shoji. Of course Tamate and her twenty dropped back into the night under the veranda. The shoji of the room opened gently, and a little while later, it closed softly again.

In leaping back upon the veranda, the end of Tamate's naganata struck the edge of it. The steps which came toward them, this time, were much more rapid, decided, and did not seem to be afraid of disturbing the slumbers of the adjoining rooms. Tamate and her twenty did not see any farther necessity of concealing themselves. This time it was plain that the guards suspected something. And they would never rest till they made a thorough search for the cause of the noise.

Some one laid a hand upon the shoji. It opened. A head came out. In a flash across the opening of the shoji descended a silver lightning cutting the gloom. As for the head, it was not there. It was no human cunning that saved the head—perhaps it was an accident.

"Kuse-mono! Assassins!" was shouted from within the shoji. The guard flew away from another stroke, which fell very close to his nose. So quickly that you could hardly see his hand upon the handle of the sword, the guard drew his weapon. The first ring of that pulse-quenching kiss of swords went through the quiet of the sleeping palace. It brought without the slightest shout or noise, save of course that gentle swish of the ceremonial costumes, the bodyguards of the Shogun on duty that night.

At the sight of the gleaming front, they said nothing. They knew very well that their swords had something

to say; and what they said was so generally All the famous blades, of the temper better than one could hardly find throughout the entire empire, left their scabbards very willing should have so fine an opportunity to be happy also in the famous hands which held them.

And already three of the guards were staining maculate white of the palace mats. Yet the rest of encounter had hardly been over. Always they were, those bodyguards of the Shogun—true. All the same, one does not expect to meet a marvelous set of the masters of the sword as the unknowns before them. Being so great masters, however, the guards were not slow in the ability of their foes. They saw at once were called upon to face a set of men, their the understanding of the sword, and perhaps to them under a certain combination of circumstances for have they not proved themselves to be in first shock of their meeting?—and after that, the naturally did better.

There were many large rooms between the which they were fighting and the bedchamber Shogun. Tamate was impatient. She and her could make no headway—not a single step will of their attacking strokes.

Just then, she thought that she saw her beckoning her on from behind the backs of the She forgot all her prudence. With her naganata a silver halo into the eyes of her antagonists, the hostile front. The amazing fury of the than the twirling head of the naganata dashed on whom her strokes were directed. And the room was full of uncertain twilight. Behind the guards were the white-lighted shoji. And another way of saying that Tamate and her advantage. For behind the black-clad was a black background of night. And that was not very presence of a woman on an occasion of and among the attacking party, was no little surprise for the guards. And surprise is always healthy for the steady action of the sword.

In a twinkling, the crescent head of her taught humility to a samurai who had never seen it was before. That maddened her blood. Her rush and her naganata, once more, sliced its head into the side of another guard. Just then, one of her twenty cut down beside her and fell.

She forgot that she, too, was after all a mere She forgot also that it was her skill with the which was the most kindly of her friends. The gods taking her as by the hand; she saw her sainted shadow right in front of her. One of the with a marvelous twist of his sword, received a ward sweep of her naganata, and dived, course, the naganata into an upper air, where nothing vulnerable.

And Tamate's life was a dew upon the sword—another stroke and he could have shaken it off, off of the earth and into eternity. As just it was too simple for thought, too rapid for it am of the opinion that he himself was not aware he was thinking of anything of the sort—the which was also the question of samurai honor, says that it is a stain of the sword to touch it with it, stopped the sword of the guard with his less hand. One of the twenty who was fighting her, caught the danger of his chief. He forgot danger, he forgot his life. Instead of warding stroke of his opponent, he made his quick, and descend upon the man who was under the long of Tamate. The man fell, of course. Tamate her position in an instant. And, of course, he paid his life for the price of his gallantry.

Tamate, more furious than ever, and like statue of impatience, tried to rush ahead. There guard in her way. Although he was engaged Tamate's men, still he had something to say to tried to pass him by. The motions of his sword for the matter of that, the motions of his body—quick that they left a thin blur in the mortal Stroke after stroke from her naganata and the swords of her two men fell upon the sword of the his sword, which seemed to be pretty nearly a present as a ghost. She could not tell how they were fighting in that manner, but at last! The men finally disabled the guard. Tamate shot Within less than ten paces she met two men on the help of the guards. One of them at once escaped and found, in the very first meeting of their that he had more than enough to keep him wide. Suddenly the man fell to the mat in front of her when she struck with her naganata, it was that she touched. The man made a side leap, frog—all to dive under the long handle of her Tamate, however, was too wise for it.

Her men, I mean those of the twenty who were alive, outnumbered the guards. Inch by inch, they forced their way up to where Tamate was. It was then that Tamate and her men saw another of men coming upon them. They were the men the very first cry of steel had roused from the and who lost no time in coming to the help guards on duty.

In the desperate mêlée which followed—for the Shogun's men vastly outnumbered Tamate—some one cut off the head of Tamate's naganata, instantly, she drew the little dagger of Masamune, blow descended upon her head just then, she seized it upon the blade of her dagger—but she remembered nothing.

Tadaharu was one of the twenty men. That is way of saying that his eyes never forgot the figure of his chief—not even while he was fully conscious. He saw her fall. He cut his way to her lightning. He swooped upon her, tucked her left arm; fighting with his sword which looked like a stream of red and taking advantage of fusion of things in general, he made his way the veranda.

Not long after that the opening of the eve

The watchman at the opening of the hole waited long after that, patiently, with the most fearful tension on his nerves for the return of more of the men who had gone forth. But he was disappointed. And what of the rest of the twenty of Tamate's? The few guards of the Shogun can tell you—those men had overwhelmed them with sheer weight and numbers, who had rolled them fall upon the mats like so many insects. The status of the ancient days turned into bleeding carnage. Like those men of iron muscles and of dragon souls which you see sometimes painted upon a vase. They were fighting those men of Tamate—their eyes blazed with their own blood, their swords broken, cut, plucked, crushed, and seeing all about and around them a crimson night falling—they simply died. And that was the way the end of the fighting came. The following day broke and never a day of so much excitement was known to history even in those eventful times. The amazement at the marvelous excellence of the swordsmanship of the palace-breakers was pretty nearly as wild as the wonder as to who the men could be. But what was more wonderful than anything else was from what corner of this honest world of the gods such men those men could have dropped right into the castle compound and so close to the pillow of the master. Some there were among the guards who swore they saw a woman among the assassins. Moreover, as a matter of history, there was the head of a naga picked up off of the mat of the room where the encounter had taken place—and naga was the name of women in those days. Still there was no sign of a woman in the bloody heap. And the guards who fought swore that none of the party escaped.

Within the cave....

An ancient proverb has it that the voice of a lover has power, when nothing else has to recall the soul of man from the Shadowy World.

Tadaharu called, called, called in the unheeding ears of Tamate through the entire night—I mean the remainder of the night after the escape which, all the time, seemed as if it had been made out of the whole length of a man's life. He never lost his faith in the power. And at last....

Very slowly she came to herself. She recognized Tadaharu—and what a superb reward that was for Tadaharu, for all the work he had done. She frowned a little.

"And pray for what reason am I here at peace with myself and in a bed?"

And with perfect composure—perhaps with a slight shade of sadness coming over her—she heard from the lips of her savior the account of the defeat of her cause.

Now, she remembered everything. After that, all through many long days and nights, she remained in bed. Even when at last she left her couch she spoke very rarely. She seemed as one completely out of this world.

[To be Continued.]

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LIVE FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE

WHAT THE WORLD MAY THINK OF YOU IS OF VERY LITTLE MOMENT.

"The woman who, feeling that her life is complicated with unprofitable things, will simplify that life, will find at the moment she steps out of her bondage that she is not alone," writes Edward Bok in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Far from it, indeed. She will find herself of a sisterhood that numbers more votaries than she has ever dreamed of. A sisterhood she will know not until she becomes part of it. Like attracts like in this world. If we live false lives we attract those who live similar lives. If our lives ring true the chords we strike attract those who also live on equal heights. The real lesson for us to learn is to live for the things we believe; not for what may be thought of those things by others. That is where our chief trouble lies; we are too much concerned by what the world may think of us. We are fearful lest some action of ours may be misunderstood. We are unwilling to stand by our convictions, to forget the thing itself. We forget that we are what we are by the things we do. It matters exceedingly little what the world thinks of us. But it does matter, and it matters much, to ourselves whether the lives we lead are true or false. An action born of a false motive never has the slightest influence. It dies at its birth. The men and women who, by their lives, have influenced the world have been those who have lived earnest and honest lives, and who never for one moment allowed to come into their thoughts the notion of whether the world would approve or disapprove. No life truly lived is lived apart and alone. It has the companionship of the best."

YE LENTEN MAID.

I gazed in surprise as she passed me by,
Her face so sober—her eyes so shy.
I thought of my sins—and wondered why?
As she went.

Her gown was demure and soft and gray,
Though made in a most unobtrusive way—
In its folds a subtle something lay
Of intent.

Her hat was tipped o'er her dainty face—
Twas simple—though "chic"—and held its place
At an angle demure, although with grace
Twas bent.

A bunch of violets lay on its rim—
Its folds of gray were sedately trim,
With the gray of the eyes beneath its brim
It blent.

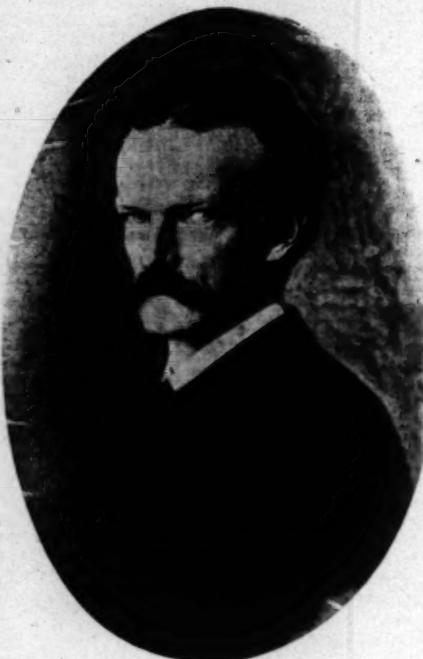
"And why, O maid of the tender eyes,
This strange, unwanted and sober guise?"
She smiled up at me as she answered this wise:
"Tis Lent."

Margaret Muller Byers in *Millinery Trade Review*.

ROYAL PHILANTHROPY. A DUKE WHO PUTS ASIDE THE SCEPTER FOR THE SCALPEL.

By a Special Contributor.

FEW names are graven on the rolls of royalty whose bearers have elected a life-work other than that to which their lineage has made them heirs. The most conspicuous instance of this in modern history is Dr. Karl Theodor, as he chooses to be called, otherwise Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria, head of the side line of the kingdom's royal house, who has abdicated in favor of his younger brother, in order that he may the more completely give himself up to scientific



DUKE OF BAVARIA.

pursuits. By rigid devotion to the study of medicine, and in particular the science of ophthalmology, he has attained such rank in his profession that his clinics are known to scientific men all over the world. These clinics are conducted irrespective of financial considerations, and any worthy man can have the benefit of the duke doctor's skill and knowledge without cost.

It was the Franco-Prussian war that first turned the Duke's mind to the profession of a physician. He took an active part in many of the battles, and became particularly interested in the hospital service, and at the close of the war he announced his intention of studying medicine. Naturally this resolve aroused much opposition in his family. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him, but he was steadfast. Will-



DUCHESS OF BAVARIA.

ingly foregoing his political rights, he entered the clinic of a distinguished Russian professor at Mentone, whither he had gone for his health. Thereafter he assisted at various clinics in Vienna, in all of which he was noted for his indefatigable industry and patience, and whole-souled devotion to his work. Eventually he became an independent operator in eye surgery, in which branch he soon gained a high reputation.

Having given his time, the Duke now set about giving

his money to his profession. On Lake Tegernsee, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, he built and endowed a large hospital. In this building is maintained one of the Duke's famous ophthalmic clinics, to which the afflicted gather from far and near. At Munich, Morane, in Austria, and near Mentone, he established other clinics, spending part of the year at each. But it is the hospital on the Bavarian lake that he loves the best, and there most of his time is spent. While spending a few weeks on the shore of the lake opposite the village in which the hospital stands, I became acquainted with the Duke through an accident to my little brother, who injured his arm at play. Asking our hostess for the best physician in the vicinity, I received the reply:

"Oh, you must go right over to our Herzog; he is at the hospital as surely as the church clock strikes ten."

Accordingly, we rowed over to Tegernsee, and, upon stating the case to a Sister of Charity, we were taken into a room containing some simple pieces of furniture, a few books, and various surgical instruments in a glass case. After a short time a refined-looking and amiable old gentleman appeared, and asked in a most kindly way what had brought us to him. My brother showed him his arm, and the amiable old gentleman, after having duly examined it, pronounced the radius broken near the wrist, and prepared to bandage it, praising the little fellow much meanwhile for his manly endurance of pain, and asking whether all American boys were equally brave. After my brother had been made more comfortable, I expressed my great satisfaction at meeting a man whom I had for many years esteemed so highly, but expressed my astonishment at his attending to such unimportant cases as that of my brother. The amiable old gentleman looked up at me and said, with a somewhat puzzled air:

"Why, did you ever hear of me before coming to Germany?" "Most assuredly," said I. "Who has not heard of Herzog Karl Theodor, the altruist?"

"Oh," said the kind old doctor, "you are mistaken. I am not the Herzog, I am Hofrat Rosner, and have charge of the hospital when he is not here. But if you wish I will take you into his rooms; he will be pleased to see you."

Then I had my first sight of the Duke-doctor, and I was impressed by his gravity of manner and a certain air of thoughtfulness which seemed to pervade his presence. Dr. Karl Theodor is a spare, scholarly man. He is tall and decidedly lean, his step and athletic movement, however, betraying the influence of those manly exercises of horsemanship and hunting, to which he is devoted in his hours of leisure. His face is earnest but kindly, his eyes large and blue, with brows prominent and arched, above which rises a peculiarly broad, lofty forehead, which is, perhaps, his most distinctive feature. This notable forehead and the expression of concentrated attention with which he listens to what is said to him about a case, are the characteristics which strike the visitor most forcibly.

His altogether pleasing and unaffected manner immediately put us at ease, and inspired a confidence that made a beginning to our conversation both easy and pleasant. Afterward I was under his care for some little time for an affection of the eyes, and I thus had a chance to observe him in his professional character, and also to note his consideration and gentleness toward various other patients, many of whom of the peasant class, some of whom had long needed aid but were too poor to employ a physician. Dr. Theodor neither receives himself nor permits his assistants in his various clinics to accept material payment of any kind from his patients, regardless of their position. Those who desire to do so, can deposit money in a box for that purpose which hangs in the clinic for the benefit of needy sufferers.

A helmate of rare value is the devoted wife of Dr. Karl Theodor, who has so far mastered the details of the clinical practice as to be to him an invaluable assistant. She is accustomed to spend certain hours daily with her husband in his clinic, and by the peasantry is regarded as a ministering angel. Before her marriage she was the Duchess Maria Josefa of Braganza and Infanta of Portugal. She is a beautiful woman, and so singularly youthful in her appearance as almost to excite the envy of her own beautiful daughters. At the clinic she wears a black-worsted dress, which, though perfect in fit, is of the simplest make. She is an excellent shot, both she and her husband taking a keen interest in everything which tends to keep up and promote national life. The children of the ducal house are often sent to take part in the village festivities and sports, and the Duke offers prizes, and even competes himself, occasionally.

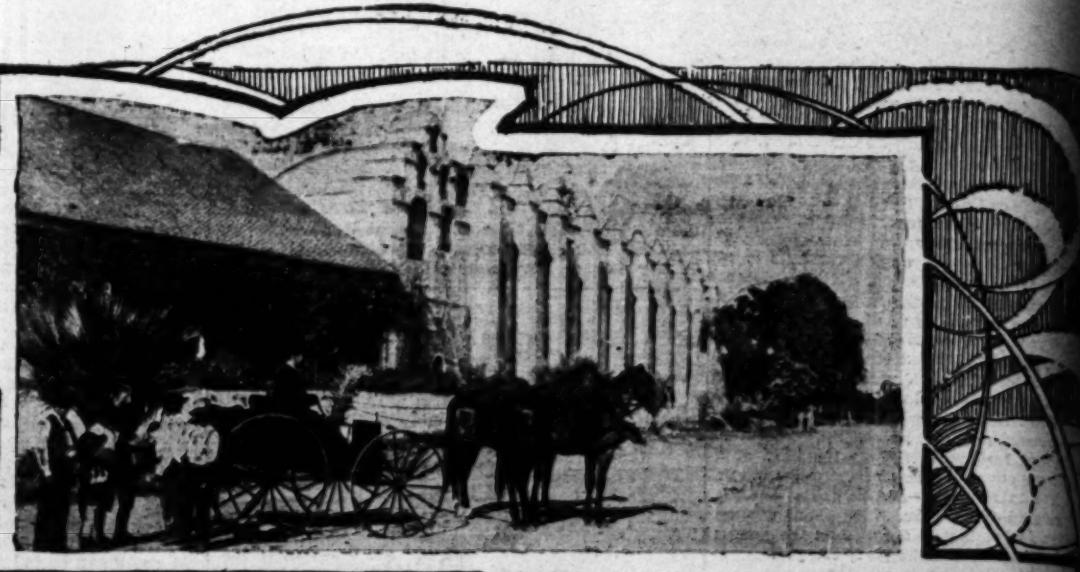
The Duke's three daughters are noted for their beauty. The oldest, Princess Elizabeth, recently has been married to Prince Albert, son of the Count of Flanders, and heir to the throne of Belgium, and another daughter, Princess Marie Gabriele, is betrothed to Prince Ruprecht, son of the heir presumptive to the throne of Bavaria. She resembles her mother, whereas the eldest sister resembles the Duke. All of the girls have traveled much, and speak English fluently. There are two sons, both younger than the daughters, the older, Charles, bearing a marked resemblance to his father, and already evincing a studious and thoughtful bent of mind.

THEODOR EDWARDS.

[April Ladies' Home Journal:] After all we must come back to the old truism; that men and women are like water; they always find their true level. And where you live happiest, that is your level. There's polluted water, and there's clear water. But one law is inexorable; the closer you get to nature, the truest and simplest thing there is because it is closest to God, the clearer always will you find the water.

[Baltimore American:] New York is still shy on the number of millionaires who are willing to give sites for those sixty-five Carnegie libraries. The generous spirit which animates the Steel King is apparently not infectious.

Picturesque Southern California Scenes:



Views Round About Los Angeles.



A DESERT PARIAH.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Navajo Dick rode into Juniper Lodge, where the "double-arrow" outfit was camped for the spring round-up, there was an all-but-unanimous prediction on the part of the assembled cow-punchers that before he rode out again there would surely be troublesome times for someone. The only exception to this otherwise generality of opinion was entertained by myself, for I had a truer comprehension of the underlying character of the individual in question. I say "underlying character," for there was certainly nothing in the superficial make-up of Navajo Dick that would tend to indicate the presence of any other quality than the uncompromising depravity and lawlessness with which he was universally accredited.

But I had known Richard Winston under widely different circumstances from those which existed at the present period. The time had been when Stanford University bore upon its rolls no name of greater promise to its owner, or superior merit to the institution, than his. Gifted with a brilliant intellect, a powerful physique and proud family connections, his popularity alike with the faculty and his fellow-students, as well as in society, was but a natural sequence.

It has frequently been held by those who make a specialty of criminal analyzation that vice is an innate proclivity which, at one time or another, is bound to manifest itself in the character. Be this as it may, to no such cause could the downfall of Richard Winston be ascribed. He was a victim of circumstances. Through an act of thoughtless indiscretion, trivial in its import, he was one day confronted by a felonious charge which smote his life with a blight, from the deadliness of which his sensitive nature never recovered. Hence it transpired that, although ultimately fully exonerated, the young fellow, burning with the fire of a spirit which had been crushed in the relentless crucible of injustice,

gave chase. He was superbly mounted, else he would never have overtaken my animal, which, as it was, led him a chase for over a mile before he gained sufficiently to warrant the cast of his rope, which resulted in ending the race.

Meanwhile, I had been joined by a dozen or more denizens of the burg, who, taking courage from the apparent cessation of hostilities, had ventured forth from their various retreats to speculate as to the probable extent of the damage sustained by the town. It was from members of this assemblage that I received my first inkling as to the personality of their boisterous visitor, namely, that he was a notoriously bad egg, commonly known by the picturesque title of Navajo Dick, and was in town on one of his periodical jamborees. My additional enlightenment emanated from the character himself, who presently cantered up, leading my captured mount, which he delivered over to me with the following laconical suggestion:

"Here's your mustang, stranger, and I reckon the liquor's on you for the crowd."

Just what old-time characteristic betrayed him to me I have never been quite certain, but as he sat there on his foaming horse, with his broad-brimmed sombrero blown back from his flushed brow, I recognized in his dissipated countenance the moral wreck of my old college classmate, Richard Winston. My identity flashed upon him in the same instant, but there was no welcome in the look he bent upon me, which, on the contrary, was as malignant as though I were an arch enemy, and I saw his right hand close about the ivory stock of one of his revolvers. However, I affected not to notice his perturbation, and without manifesting my recognition of him, carelessly affirmed his proposal relative to standing for the drinks all around.

It was not until after we had entered the adjacent saloon and lined up before the bar that I realized what a close call I had experienced. We were in the act of raising our glasses to our lips when Navajo Dick, who stood next to me, suddenly brought his tumbler down on the bar with a force that spilled two-thirds of its contents, and, stretching out his hand to me, exclaimed:

"Come, shake, old pard! You're on to me, I know; but after all it don't matter, and, besides, I reckon you'll keep mum about anything concerning me. I

at Juniper Lodge. A year had elapsed since our return to the settlement, and although I had not again seen him, I had frequently heard of his exploits during the interval, the reports being in every instance consistent with his baser impulses. As he reined his horse on the outskirts of the circle of vaqueros, who were joyfully smoking their evening smoke about the camp-fire, I arose and went forward to greet him.

Twelve months had wrought but little change in his appearance, but it struck me that the restlessness of his eyes, which I had previously noted, was augmented. In response to my invitation he alighted from his horse, but although the latter displayed unmistakable evidences of hard riding, he omitted to move his saddle, merely loosening the cinch strap and slipping the bridle bit from the jaded animal. This for a moment impressed me as being very strange, but, remembering the character of my guest, offered no comment upon the circumstance. Having freshened himself upon the meal I had the cook prepare for him, Navajo Dick joined the group about the fire, while he adapted himself to the sociability of the men with his wonted hilarity, his demeanor was far removed from the quarrelsome tendency popularly ascribed to him. It was not until the boys had one by one been drawn to the seclusion of their blankets that he allowed himself to be confidential with me, when, upon ascertaining that we were alone, he suddenly manifested an air of seriousness, and, in a modulated tone of voice observed:

"Well, old pard, I reckon I've about played my string in these parts. Fact is, I'm dusting now, and that's how I came to be here tonight. You see, it's all outcome of that affair over in Yuma last fall, when I had to kill Keno Gates, who was trying to bluff me into believing a bob-tailed flush beat two pair, and when I took to make a gun play on me while he raked the jackpot. Now, Keno had the drop on me dead to rights, and I reckon if I hadn't of remembered that good old game I learned while on the Stanford team in the old days I'd have cashed in then and there. But, as it was, before he knew what was coming, I lifted the table over his head with the toe of my boot, and while waiting for him to pull himself together again, I shot with my gun and finished him."

"Well, as everyone knows, Keno held a high place among the boys out there, and being I was off my range anyhow, they put their heads together to get me up. Of course, I didn't hang around waiting for the Coroner's verdict, for I knew how chances stood, so that I'd never get a straight deal, so I lit out in the order for the Upper Gila country. But the worst part of the business was that \$1000 reward they fixed on my head, for it's kept a class of hybrids on my trail, I think nothing of perforating a fellow's back for a coin that's in it. It was a pair of these cheap bums that brought matters to a head over in Tombstone the before last. It seems that they got wind somehow that I was there, and came all the way from Yuma to put down that thousand. I was over at Jack The Hurdy Gurdy when they showed up, and not seeing any opening for any dirty work—there being too many boys on hand at the time—one of them started up to me, and, with a patronizing smirk on his face, said me he was sorry, but he'd have to ask me to come along with him, as he had a warrant for my arrest, which handed over for me to read. But I wasn't interested in that class of literature just then, for I was onto the little game, which was to get my eyes off them for a second, so they could cover me. So I demanded to see their badges, at which they pulled back their hats showing two dirty little snips of white ribbon with 'Deputy Sheriff' printed on them, pinned to their vest. I knew them to a certainty they were specials, and for blood money, so I just gave them the laugh and sent them to hunt me up some other time, as that was of my busy nights. But at that they both reached for their guns—and now I've got the whole country up at my heels for being quicker than they were."

Navajo Dick paused for a moment at the close of this sanguinary narrative, while he pensively smoked a cigarette. Then he suddenly inquired:

"By the way, do you know the 'Kid' and his mother? They have crossed the Mexican border into the Territories again?"

"The Apache Kid!" I exclaimed. "No, I've heard nothing of it. When and where was he last seen?"

"Less than a week ago, in the Chiricahua foothills," replied Dick, "and it's rumored he's working his northward again."

Now, this information was far from reassuring, the Chiricahua Hills lay but 200 miles to the southwest, and the section of country in which we were then located had been the very hotbed of the Kid's depredations two years before. In fact, the identical spot which we were encamped had been the principal rendezvous for the renegade chief and his followers, who certainly exhibited excellent judgment in its selection, for Juniper Lodge was unequalled in the natural advantages it possessed as a stronghold. Situated at the head of a deep, wedge-shaped gorge, which bisected a range of foothills abruptly rising from the plain, commanded a view of the country for miles around. A dense growth of dwarf junipers about the lower vales of the retreat protected the principal of the approaches, the other consisting of a narrow, rocky gully, which, by running a pole fence across its entrance, formed an excellent corral for our stock.

There were upward of 2000 yearling calves at present confined within the inclosure, and another day's round-up of a district some ten miles distant would add to the round-up. My force of vaqueros was small in proportion to the volume of work to be accomplished, so it would require the entire outfit in order to find on the following day. Accordingly, the next morning hands prepared for an early start. As we were about to leave, I was approached by Navajo Dick, who



"IN THE SAME INSTANT MY IDENTITY FLASHED UPON HIM."

dropped out of his former life as completely as if the earth had absorbed him.

Five years went by, and one afternoon I found myself in a little frontier town in Southeastern Arizona, to which section I had recently come for the purpose of assuming the foremanship of a somewhat extensive cattle ranch. On this particular afternoon I was standing under the broad veranda fronting the one general store supported by the community, and in connection with which was one of the seven saloons the settlement afforded. I had just lighted a cigar, and was in the act of tightening my saddle cinch, preparatory to setting out on my return to the ranch, when several pistol shots in rapid succession, accompanied by a series of barbaric whoops, suggesting nothing less vivid than the approach of a score of renegade Apaches on the rampage, caused me to glance up the street. What I saw in reality was a single horseman tearing wildly down the thoroughfare with a revolver in each hand, firing at anything and everything which pleased his seemingly indifferent fancy. Under ordinary circumstances I should doubtless have followed the initiative of the several loiterers in my immediate vicinity and sought the comparative safety of the nearest doorway within reach. But at this critical moment my horse, a rather spirited animal, alarmed at the commotion that had so abruptly ruptured the quiet of the sleepy village, jumped back with such suddenness and force as to snap his hackamore rope, and a moment later was dashing down the street in advance of the demonstrative newcomer. The result was that, in my efforts to grasp the remnant of hair rope dangling from the neck of the frightened animal, I found myself in the middle of the street and almost under the hoofs of the bronco mounted by the reckless rider, who, taking note of the runaway, speedily returned his revolvers to their holsters. Then, by way of varying his amusement, he loosened his riata from its thong, and with a yell that might easily have been mistaken for the hysterical clamor of a steam siren,

screamed once that no man from California who recognized me would ever live to carry the tale back there, and I'll own I intended to 'drop' you out in front a minute ago, but your nerve saved you."

We shook hands, and I assured him that his life's secret was safe with me. Then we sat down at a small deal table and talked, not of our college days, for, appreciating the painfulness of those associations for him, I prudently refrained from alluding to the subject, dwelling only upon his career on the border.

The candor of his statements left no doubt as to his antipathy for society and his contempt for organized law. He touched, without the slightest suggestion either of bravado or of restraint, upon the numerous escapades in which he had figured, and frankly admitted that he was wanted upon one charge or another in almost every township between the Gila and Rio Grande.

It was a sad contrast—the past and present of this stoic outlaw, who, but for the capriciousness of fate, might have been as powerful an agency for good as he undeniably was for evil. But, however profound the sympathy I entertained for him, I realized the utter fruitlessness of expressing the same, and confined myself to close attentiveness and an occasional comment throughout his recital.

In the course of our somewhat prolonged conversation an unusually large crowd had collected within the saloon, and furtive glances were constantly being cast in our direction. Remarking this fact to Dick, he explained in an off-handed manner, that he reckoned they were wondering when he would begin shooting the stoppers off the decanters behind the bar, in pursuance of his usual custom. "But," he added, with a tinge of acrimony in his voice, "for the sake of old times I'll surprise them and be decent for once."

It was the recollection of this slight mitigative element in his disposition which impelled me to assume a different aspect from the concurrence of judgment as to the probable outcome of Navajo's subsequent appearance

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The afternoon was well advanced before we started on our return, urging before us a mixed drove of range cattle and yearlings. At various intervals within the past hour we had heard vague sounds in the distance, seemingly coming from the direction of Juniper Lodge, and which, as we advanced, gradually resolved themselves into the unmistakable discharge of firearms. This conviction once established in our minds, we hesitated for nothing but, leaving our herd in the midst of the plain, set spurs to our horses and dashed forward toward the camp. As we sped madly along a score of apprehensions whirled through my brain, the most plausible of which was that a posse of officers had come upon Navajo Dick with the inevitable result of a fight. Before we had covered half the intervening distance, however, there was a cessation in the firing, and for the remainder of the way an ominous silence prevailed.

Arriving at the pole fence which inclosed the gulch we paused just long enough to throw aside the bars, and then dashed onward through the terrified drove of yearlings up to the lodge. Bursting through the juniper thicket, the first sight that met our eyes was the figure of Navajo Dick, stretched out in a half-reclining position behind a fallen tree, which lay facing the narrow pass leading up among the rocks. A second glance showed us revealed the half-naked, inert bodies of five Apache Indians sprawled out at the foot of the trail, while the empty cartridge shells which littered the ground about the prostrate form of the frontiersman told more eloquently than words the details of the unequal struggle.

Poor, gallant Dick! All his shortcomings were forgotten as I sprang to the ground and kneeled beside him. A dark-red stain on his shirt just over his heart showed that he was desperately hit, but his breathing was still faintly perceptible, and at the touch of my hand upon his brow he regained consciousness. As his eyes weakly opened, I noticed that the wild, hunted expression had left them, and in its place was a look of quiet tranquillity—the gaze that met mine was no longer that of Navajo Dick, but of my youthful associate, Richard Winston. For an instant his glance wandered abstractedly from one to another of us, and then, seeming to recall the situation, he summoned his energies, and, raising himself on one arm, faintly gasped:

"It's all right, old pard—the stock's safe—and the cook—he's hiding back yonder—in the junipers—where I sent—"

The effort was seemingly exhausted, and the outlaw's head sank heavily against my shoulder, but suddenly he started up again, and, raising his arm, exclaimed:

"A thousand dollars on his head—and—Apache Kid—tame—the card!"

A second time my arm supported his drooping frame—the tired eyes for an instant looked yearningly into the suspending twilight, and Navajo Dick had passed beyond the jurisdiction of Arizona justice.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

[Copyright, 1891, by Jose de Olivares.]

NEW MILLINERY FOR SUMMER WEAR.

[*Millinery Trade Review*:] With the drapery effects continued in full force, abundant use will again be made of diaphanous tissues. Of these, Malines tulle will have first consideration, as it has in its texture a degree of elasticity that does not belong to chiffon or any of the silk gauzes, and thus is better adapted to required purposes. It will be employed both for veiling and lining, rarely ever singly, but in two, three, four, and a greater number of plies, and sometimes in as many different colors, revealed through straw laces in charming nacré and glacé effects. As are in the new mousselines de sole, there are tulles striped with narrow tinsel and straw braids, and otherwise brodered with gold, silver and straw cord, and also enriched with spangles—small square spangles, varying the round spangles of the last several years, and the ring spangles of the last season or two. Novelties in silk gauzes, almost as delicate in texture as if woven of air, are in exquisite-printed floriated designs, extremely interesting manufactures being of silk gossamer, of white grounding in printed figures of black lace, relieved with dainty floriations, and outlined in tambour work of fine gold thread. There have been large importations of plissé silk muslin.

A NEW METHOD OF USING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

[*Millinery Trade Review*:] Ostrich is more worn than usual at this season. The broader-brimmed hats are often trimmed with them. As yet, this kind of hat is somewhat exceptional, and is more often to be seen in black than in color.

A new method of adjusting ostrich tips is to attach them to the semi-coronet, which tilts the hat or toque to one side, so that they stand almost erect, the points curving back over the brims. In this case the coronet may consist of a semi-circular ornament in pierced gilt metal or cut jet. The gilt ornament is chosen for a toque, made of pink lisse, arranged in a quantity of flat plait, like the leaves of a book encircling the edge of the brim; and to this are attached, in the manner just described, two black ostrich tips. The same arrangement is carried out with white tips and a jet ornament for a white tulle toque, the turban border of which is veiled with black tulle, very closely sewn over with square, black spangles.

A NOVEL WEAPON. THE STORY OF A DILEMMA OF PERIL AND ITS SOLUTION.

By a Special Contributor.

MAJ. G. A. FORSYTH, with fifty picked men, reached the Republican River on the eighth day of his pursuit of a marauding band of Arapahoes, and prepared to go into camp on the Arickaree Fork, selecting a point where the river divided so as to inclose a sandy strip of island barely a hundred yards long. On the bank of the main stream the little band was assailed by fully a thousand Brules, Sioux, Cheyennes and "Dog Soldiers," who swarmed from the hills to the west and north, shouting and brandishing their weapons, and making a picture terrifying beyond description.

Surrender was not thought of, for it meant torture and death for every man. Maj. Forsyth ordered his command to lead their ponies across the shallow water to the sandy strip, there tie them in a circle to the stunted bushes, and then lie down and fight to the last. The Indians also dismounted, and creeping to the river bank, opened a fierce fire with their Spencer and Henry rifles. With the aid of their knives, and by working desperately, the defenders threw up little hillocks of sand in the form of a circle, but so hot was the fire of the red men that two of the soldiers were killed and several severely wounded. Among the latter was Maj. Forsyth, who a few minutes later was struck again, his left leg being shattered below the knee. Within the same minute, Dr. Movers, surgeon of the party, fell dead from a ball through his head. Before the Indian fire slackened, every horse belonging to the white men was killed.

The lull lasted but a brief while, when full 300 warriors, under the lead of the famous chief, Roman Nose, led a furious charge, but they were repulsed by the unerring aim of the soldiers, Roman Nose being one of the first to tumble from his horse. The charge was repeated several times through the day, but in each instance was repulsed. When night closed in, four of the defenders were dead, four mortally, four severely, and ten slightly, wounded. Among the slain, besides the surgeon, was Lieut. F. H. Beecher, nephew of the late Henry Ward Beecher. All the provisions were gone, there were no medical supplies, and the Indians had completely invested them. Moreover, the nearest post from which help could be obtained was Fort Wallace, more than a hundred miles distant.

On the other hand, the soldiers had plenty of ammunition; water could be secured by digging in the sand, and the bodies of the mules and horses insured against starvation, though in a few days their presence under the hot sun would become intolerable.

The only possible hope was in getting word to Fort Wallace. Trudeau and Jack Stillwell, both among the best scouts in the West, left the island as soon as it was dark, stealing silently down the river until lost to sight in the gloom. Their comrades listened long, but heard nothing, and, knowing their enemies would be on the alert for such an attempt, agreed that both had been captured and put to death.

The firing continued all the next day, and at night two more scouts were sent out, but they were discovered, and barely succeeded in getting back to the island. The third night two others made the attempt, and managed to get through the lines. By this time there was no food that could be eaten, and all knew that death was certain before the last couple could reach the fort and bring help to the defenders, whose situation was desperate and pitiful in the extreme.

Our interest, however, lies with Trudeau and Stillwell, the first two scouts who left the island. It was only moderately dark, and since the water did not reach their knees, swimming was impossible. So it may be said that they crept along the bed of the river for fully a mile, with only their heads in sight. The clouds increased overhead, and as the men slowly passed down stream, their hope grew. Their aim was to go so far that when they left the river they would be beyond the Indian lines. They heard through the oppressive stillness the sounds of horses' hoofs, the occasional exchange of signals, and the various noises which showed that the dusky foes were on the alert for all attempts of that nature.

Since every rod passed added vastly to their advantage, the scouts kept up their stealthy, silent advance until fully three miles below the island. With such extreme care did they move that half the night was gone when they turned to shore and stepped out. They were now in the rear of the Indian lines and headed for Fort Wallace; but the roving hostiles were on every hand and likely to be met at any hour of the long journey. The prairie grass was too short to hide their bodies when walking, and great as was the need of haste, both knew it was impossible to travel by daylight; they must lie by until darkness.

When it began growing light in the east, they were some ten miles from the river. They had to seek cover without delay and turned their steps toward a spot where the grass was slightly taller and thicker than that over which they were treading. As they reached it the cause became plain. The white bones of a buffalo showed that his body had so fertilized the ground that for a space of a few square yards the grass was ranker. By lying down they could hide themselves from the sight of anyone passing not too near.

The sun had just appeared on the rim of the horizon when they sat down and ate the lunch brought with them. They had not reached their shelter a minute too soon, for when they peered out between the blades of grass they saw horsemen moving here and there, while from the direction of the Republican the vicious re-

ports of rifles showed that the besiegers and besieged were at it again.

Since the scouts must stay where they were until nightfall, it was agreed to take turns in sleeping and keeping watch, the term being three hours each. Trudeau had the first watch, but Stillwell, using some of the buffalo bones for a pillow, was no more than fairly asleep when the sentinel touched him.

"Wake up, Jack, but don't rise."

"What is it?" asked the other, opening his eyes without stirring.

"There's a band of twenty Indians riding this way, and if they don't make a turn mighty soon their ponies will step on us."

Stillwell noiselessly turned on his side, and parting the blades of grass with his hand, peered cautiously out. His companion was right; fully a score of Indians were coming slowly toward them, as if with no particular object in view. They were headed for the very spot.

"All we can do is to lie low," whispered Stillwell, "and if it's to be a fight—well, you know we come high."

"You bet," grimly responded the other, slightly shifting the grasp upon his Winchester.

The growth of rank grass was less than twenty feet across at the longest part. A horseman fifty yards off could see both of the men, if he looked closely, or if they made the slightest movement or disturbance of the grass. It was almost at the point named that the Indian horsemen made a slight change of direction, but as it was it must bring them within less than a hundred yards. The men hugged the ground closely, pressing against it with their ears, so that they plainly detected the faint, dull thumping of the ponies' hoofs, even while they were beyond sight.

It was at this trying moment that both heard a sudden, spiteful buzzing, like the rattle of a locust. They knew its meaning, and, turning their heads like a flash, saw an immense rattlesnake slowly approaching, head and tail slightly raised above the ground, with the tip of the former oscillating so rapidly that it looked like a mist.

The plainsman gives little heed to the crotalus, for no reptile is killed so easily. Then, too, it is cowardly, and rarely or never attacks a man, unless first attacked, but some strange instinct may have told this particular reptile that these two scouts were helpless, or he may have been angered because his home was invaded. Be that as it may, there could be no doubt he meant to attack the intruders.

When Stillwell raised his head and looked at the rattle, he plainly saw through the grass the Indian party, less than a hundred yards beyond. If their attention should be directed toward this patch of verdure they must see both the men. The clubbing of his gun to crush the reptile, or, indeed, the slightest movement to repel the hideous thing, would bring the warriors to the spot.

The rattler, having reached the right striking distance, threw itself into coil, the tail still buzzing, while the neck curved upward, and the flat, triangular head made ready to dart forward with the quickness of lightning and drive its fangs into the bronzed cheek of Stillwell, who was nearer to it than his companion.

That veteran of the plains, to his horrified amazement, felt something of that strange, subtle spell which the crotalus is believed capable of exerting over its prey, but at no time did he become helpless or lose command of himself. He looked intently at the beady eyes, gleaming and glinting like points of black fire; he saw the jaws gape, showing the crimson interior and the tongue darting here and there like a splinter of flame, the tiny teeth, and the fangs, curved over and sharp as a needle point, hollowed and acting as the duct for the sack at their roots that were bursting with venom.

The horrible head swayed from side to side, with a slow, wavy, graceful motion, as if the reptile were fixing upon the precise point in which to bury its fangs. The target it had chosen was beyond question the cheek of Stillwell, who, shaking off the frightful incubus, whispered:

"I'll take the Injins, Tru—"

Before, however, he could swing his clubbed Winchester, his companion gripped his arm as a signal for him not to stir. Then there was a faint whiz in the silent air, as if made by the flitting of a bird's wing, a thin, yellow spear darted in front of his eyes, and the rattler, frantically uncoiling, disappeared in a twinkling on the prairie beyond. Trudeau's jaws had been working vigorously for a few moments over his tobacco, and the stream which he shot from between his lips struck the open mouth and eyes of the rattler as unerringly as a rifle shot. Pained and scared, he uncoiled and fled.

The Indian horsemen, following their new course, galloped away, and soon disappeared. Trudeau and Stillwell remained hidden until night, when they hurried toward Fort Wallace, which was reached without further adventure; and a force was sent in time to rescue the little band at bay on the island in the river.

E. S. ELLIS.

[*Margaret E. Sangster in the April Ladies' Home Journal*:] A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother, nor too gently bear with her, if the mother has reached a period where she is more easily wearied than formerly, and where little things vex her. To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes too late.

[*Milwaukee Journal*:] One of the beauties of the present system of electing officeholders is that the politicians save the dear people all trouble of selecting candidates. What do the voters know about who needs an office anyway?

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Two Rooms in Pomona.

MRS. R. C. P. says: "I wish to furnish the two front rooms of my cottage, and wish you would advise me about curtains, carpets and color of walls. The woodwork is yellow-oiled pine, furniture in parlor antique oak and wicker, piano dark. In dining-room I have oak sideboard chairs and table, the rooms are connected by sliding doors. If I put a rug in the parlor, what would you advise for dining-room that would harmonize and yet be cheaper? As each room has a window toward the street, how shall I arrange the curtains? I would like lace in the parlor. Would you tint the hall the same color as the rooms?"

Your rooms would be pretty in cold green, with cream ceilings. When this is done you will find that they have a fresh and charming look which will make it easy to complete your furnishing. Use creamy yellow in dining-room for sash curtains, table cover, cushions, and light shades. Use pale, or old blue, and old rose in parlor with the green walls. I would curtain the windows toward street alike, as to the creamy-yellow sash curtains, and put lace in parlor and dotted muslin in dining-room. There are very few rooms in which these yellow silk sash curtains do not look well. They impart not only a delicate glow of color to the room within, but a certain desirable finish to the windows as seen from the outside. A matting on both rooms, with rug or rugs in parlor of green Brussels, and an ingrain or terry rug under dining table, also of green, would be my choice for floor covering. I do not care for an all-over carpet in cottages. I think such carpets tend to lessen the effect of artistic simplicity which should be aimed at in small houses.

A Poppy Ceiling.

"Alice" of Riverside says: "I have so much enjoyed your help in making the houses beautiful that I thought perhaps you could help me out. My bedroom is a tiny affair, only $9\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$, and I am in a quandary about it. I have green matting on the floor, green Holland shades, with white Swiss curtains over them, ruffled. At present the walls are white, or supposed to be. They are somewhat soiled. I want them papered, but cannot find just what I want that comes within the reach of my pocket-book. An ingrain I find is almost too expensive, yet it is the only thing that really suits me. I can find nothing that is just what I want, either. I am particularly desirous of having pink roses in the border and ceiling, but everything I find here is either too large a pattern or else not a pretty pink. I found a pretty pattern in pink poppies, but the border is not so pretty. I had an idea, but don't know if it is feasible. That is, to paper the wall with a pretty green ingrain, and the ceiling and border with a pale shade of green. Then getting a roll of this poppy paper and cutting them out and putting them on the ceiling and border carelessly. I suppose it would be almost an endless piece of work, though. Can you suggest anything more reasonable in price?"

"Then I have another problem. It is the sitting room. It is about 12 feet square, and at present has white walls, which are to be papered a creamy tan very soon. But, somehow, I cannot arrange the furniture to suit me. There is a writing desk, a large table, a smaller one, with ferns on it; a couch, and several chairs. What shall I do with them? Also, what kind of a cover would you suggest for the fern table?"

My advice would be to paper your ceiling and frieze with the poppy paper, using the green cartridge paper (which is quite inexpensive) on the side walls. This cartridge paper can be bought for 15 and 20 cents a roll. If green does not go with groundwork of poppy paper, you can perhaps find some delicate tint that corresponds. In arranging your furniture I can only suggest that you put your fern near a window, using a white-embroidered linen cover on the table. In so small a room it is better to set most of the furniture against the walls. Under my fern pots I often use a mat or ray of Chinese make. They are woven, I think, of split bamboo.

Double Parlors in Terra Cotta.

S. J. E., Los Angeles, says: "I have double parlors, papered like inclosed sample, with figured ceiling, the effect is light terra cotta, the woodwork is stained redwood (cherry). The furniture in front parlor is a four-piece set, three chairs covered with shades of terra cotta and one with olive green. Also, olive-green portieres, which could be discarded. What would you advise for floor covering in front parlor? We had in mind a Brussels rug, Bohara pattern, in red or green. The rooms are now carpeted with Brussels carpet, with mode ground with pink and green figures. This will be retained in back parlor. What would you suggest for lounge cover in this room? The furniture is wicker and oak."

Why not use your olive-green portieres and carry out their suggestion by getting a Brussels rug in moss green, and laying a plain green border of terry? The terry, or filling, is said to wear well, but I cannot vouch for it from experience. It is certainly very artistic in effect. Cover your lounge in back parlor with plain, moss-green velour, using cushions of old rose (which tones with paper) and plain green silk. The rug in Bohara pattern would be pretty with this border of plain green.

A Bungalow Plan.

Mrs. J., Los Angeles, says: "In one of your articles describing the plan of a cottage under a square roof, I failed to make it square, as you will see by the sketch

below. This is drawn according to your description. There is also no mention made of the location of the kitchen or porch. I am much interested in the plan of having the rooms under a square roof, providing they can be arranged artistically and conveniently."

I fear that unintentionally I have mislead you somewhat. By a "square roof" I meant one square in outline without hips or gables or breaks of any kind. You perceive that you have drawn a long square. I am glad that I was able to give you so correct a description of this pretty house. You have caught the idea of the bathroom except that you have allotted it an equal space with the bedrooms. The bathroom I mentioned was about eight feet wide, while the bedrooms were each 12x14. The kitchen ran out in an ell back of dining-room, and connected with it by a small butler's pantry. Thus you see the house itself formed two sides of a small court and the back porch ran along in front of kitchen. A beautiful effect was obtained at the back of this little house by latticing in the other two sides of square formed by the house. This court was covered with a close-cut velvety turf, orange trees, bananas, and the immense leafed Japanese paper tree, grew within the small inclosure, while vines climbed up the lattice and formed a partial roof by interlacing overhead. Here were garden seats and a rustic tea table, and here the family spent many a pleasant hour of the afternoon or early morning.

Concerning Rag Carpets.

Mrs. L. A. H., Redlands: I am very sorry that I cannot be of service to you in regard to your rag carpet. I have not now the address of any weaver. I received a letter of complaint from some one to whom I sent an address. I had sent this weaver's address to dozens of people, who applied to me, and hearing that this woman needed work, I gladly turned all of these applications in her direction. Since the receipt of the letter of bitter complaint, I am naturally afraid to send any more work there. I have recently learned that there is a fine weaver in South Pasadena. Judging from the great number of applications that I receive weekly I should judge that it would pay these weavers to advertise their work in the daily papers.

■ Oak Dining-room in Green.

L. C. M., Pasadena, wishes a suggestion made for a

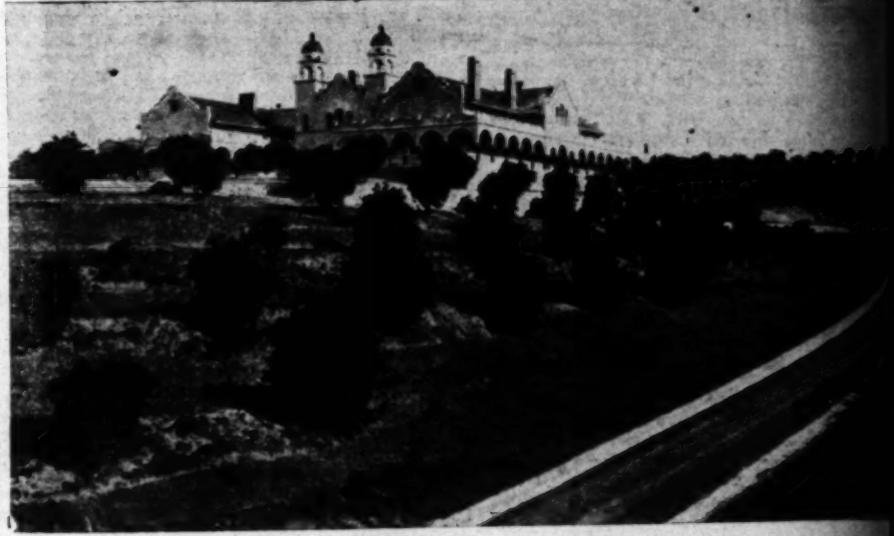
large tapestry painting, which hangs over mirror. It has a background of blue sky and trees, and is framed simply in a broad band of oak. Indian baskets take delightfully in green walls and many richly-toned old pieces of work are hung around the room. You may necessary to note the touches of scarlet and the sideboard, but it is the completeness of details which renders the room attractive.

Cretone Curtains.

V. S.: Line your cretene curtains with oiline in a delicate shade and this, as the light passes through them, will lend them a faint glow, as they have a white ground with pink highlights. These linings are inexpensive and will not be exposed to strong sunlight. As you have over your windows, you will be safe in material.

An Old-fashioned Mahogany Sofa.

If you wish to use your handsome old sofa, you cannot do better than to have it with a fine close-woven white matting. You use cushion's of any color on it. Leather ones with gold and silver foil in designs, would be handsome and would correspond with the sofa of your hall. On your mahogany hall table advise a large lamp mat also of leather. The pattern in purples on green leather, and touched with old silver, is a most beautiful design. A table cover for a hall or living-room is a Kiskillim rug. You can often find these in faded colors and of a thin, pliable texture, especially useful when one wishes, in a hurry, to make use of a plain table. My favorite flowers, I will admit, is a tall one of cut-glass, these expensive affairs, I like the simplest types, which have a twist in the stem and open in morning glory. They will hold half a dozen stems of roses beautifully. These pretty little roses can be bought for 10 cents. I have never been able to range flowers effectively in the so-called room decoration? This is the only way in which I like La Marque rose. A piece of wire netting should



NEW BURRAGE RESIDENCE, REDLANDS, CAL.

scheme in greens. This is for a dining-room which is to be finished and furnished in antique oak. Strangely enough, a dining-room with which I am very familiar is just this scheme. I will describe it exactly as it stands, and you can adapt the scheme to suit your own taste. The walls and ceiling are calcined over quite rough plaster, with a rather light shade of cold green. This color looks well with the oak finish of the wood-work. The floor is stained oak, very dark. The large rug which covers the center of the floor, is a Lowell velvet in dark, rich oriental coloring, with a good deal of white in the border. The tiling of fireplace is green, several shades darker than walls, all of the hardware is wrought-iron. A row of thin casement windows looking toward the west, is curtained with straight, full curtains, to sill, of white muslin, having square embroidered dots. Over these hang scarf curtains of heavy raw silk in a rather dark shade of green. These are made of an old Japanese spread which had faded through more than fifty years' of use in that country, to a most delicious, soft tone. The spread was ripped up and the straight broads slightly fringed at the ends, were thrown over the brass curtain rod. A large bay window at the south end of the dining-room has sash curtains of white muslin and long curtains hung in front of bay of the green raw silk. Chinese pots of flowering plants and ferns fill the window seat and show to special advantage between the drapery of cold green silk. Suspended from the center of this alcove is one of those strong, pliable Japanese jar-holders, woven of bamboo and grass. A clear glass fish bowl placed in it holds great branches of the climbing scarlet geranium. The buffet of antique oak, with French mirror, is curtained with green silk several shades darker than window curtains. The silver candleabra on this buffet, with scarlet candles and shades and two dark green cut-glass decanters, reproduce exactly the effect of the red geranium with its green leaves in window. Another note of scarlet is a brilliant Navajo blanket which curtains the doorway. The needful touch of dull blue in this room is supplied by a

the top of a glass bowl will support the flower stuck through its meshes. A grass basket and maidenhair ferns, both inside and out, looks suspended by very thin ropes of smilax from the over the center of the table. This sort of decoration is very airy and dainty and permits a flat which does not obstruct the view.

For portieres.

E. F., Los Angeles, writes: "My parlor is with a cold pastel green. I have portieres of some silk plush in this color to hang in the library (which is in darker green.) These are lined with silk the shade of library walls. Tell me of an artistic way to ornament them. Your suggestion embroidery, but I do not like the idea." I would suggest that you use a leather work on the plush. If you will have in a thoroughly artistic manner, your curtains be quite magnificent. You could, for instance, border near the bottom, of conventionalized patterns touched with silver and gold. These growing up, with a few sharp-pointed leaves, would be quite artistic. If you prefer another design, use disks and gold leather. You will tire of embroidery much more than of the leather work.

A Couch Cover.

"Mary," Pomona, wishes to know what to cover of a couch which she has in a room. She has, by my advice, hung yellow silk curtains at her windows, her carpet is brown, with yellow figures, and her walls plain yellow. I wonder if couch with velours or corduroy, in golden-yellow silk.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be pleased to answer any question concerning the plan of a house, or any particular point of interest. Answers will be given as frequently as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to the housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be answered. The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be pleased to answer any question concerning the plan of a house, or any particular point of interest. Answers will be given as frequently as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to the housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be answered.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Refused an Increase in Salary.

THE death in Camden of John Cunningham, who for a full half-century worked about the Camden station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and for the past twenty-five years drove a mule, attached to a baggage cart, up and down the station platforms, will recall to memory the fact that this same John Cunningham had the unique reputation of being the only employee of the great corporation known to have refused to accept an increase of salary. Few of those who laughed at the old Irishman for his eccentricity, however, knew that his refusal to receive more money for his faithful service had its foundation in a pathetic sense of delicacy and affectionate self-sacrifice, generally looked upon as unusual in men of his class.

John had a brother—some said he was a twin; at any rate, a man near his own age—and the quiet and unobtrusive affection of each for the other was extremely touching. They lived and worked together during the whole of their long lives, never being separated even for a day. When one of them secured employment many years ago with the old Camden and Amboy Railroad he managed in some way to get his brother work also, and side by side they toiled during the long years, at the same work and for the same pay.

One day Gen. Sewall, now United States Senator, who was then, as now, in charge of the Pennsylvania's New Jersey lines, found a chance to advance John a little, and directed that his monthly rate of pay be increased \$5. When John received his money on pay day and found the extra amount he thought there must be some mistake, and he went to the superintendent to set things right.

When told that there was no mistake, but that his pay had been increased, the old man turned the money over in his hands and asked whether "Pete" would receive more money also.

The superintendent replied in the negative, whereupon John quietly laid \$5 on the astonished official's desk, with the firm but respectful remark that "He'd not take more money until 'Pete' got it too." "Pete" never did get it, and never knew that John might have had it.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

A Hurdy Gurdy Miser Worth \$25,000.

THOMAS M'GRATH, a quaint West Side character, was found dead in his room on West Thirty-eighth street on Friday afternoon. In a tin box in his room the police found bankbooks representing accounts amounting to nearly \$25,000. They also found deeds for a house and lot in Fortieth street, near Fifth avenue; two lots near Greenwood Cemetery, and a deed of a plot in Calvary.

For twenty years Timothy McGrath, who was almost totally blind, has lived in squalid apartments, which he occupied at his death. There was at first a great deal of mystery about the old man. Every morning he would go out carrying in his arms a hurdy gurdy, and every night he would return and go to his room. Brown was the only man in the house he would permit to enter his room, and Brown it was who, during the last few months of his life, purchased at a neighboring grocery the absolute necessities of the old man's life.

McGrath was 58 years old. He was a well-known figure on the West Side, and he would station himself on some Eighth-avenue corner every day and grind out tunes on his hurdy gurdy and gather in the pennies which were freely given to the old blind man.—[New York Herald.]

The Biggest Man in the World.

A YOUNG French-Canadian giant at present in Ottawa is believed by his admirers to be the biggest man in the world. His name is Edward Beaupré.

He is 7 feet 8 inches tall. His weight is 362 pounds, and his feet are 17½ inches long. Around the arm close to the armpit, his measurement is 54 inches.

Beaupré is only 20. He is a native of the Northwest Territory of Canada. His father was a French-Canadian and his mother a halfbreed.

Up to the age of 3 the young giant was no bigger than an ordinary baby of that age. From that time he grew enormously, until at the age of 10 he was 6 feet tall.

He is in excellent health. All his brothers and sisters are of normal size.—[Quebec Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Biggest Watermelon.

HERE is the record-breaking watermelon of the United States. It was raised last season in Colorado, in the Rocky Ford region, on the farm of former State Senator Swenk. It is nearly five feet in length, three feet in circumference, and it weighs 356 pounds. The melon was the giant of a large patch grown for the market. The soil in the Rocky Ford Valley is naturally adapted to the prolific growth of the melon, and when aided by some special fertilizing agent its productivity is considerably increased, thereby yielding astonishing results.

One of the great occasions of the year in Rocky Ford is the annual watermelon day. This occurs in the height of the melon season, and is attended by hundreds of cultivators. After the prizes have been awarded the fruit is cut open and a general feast follows.—[Kansas City Star.]

His Heart Beats Move a Bullet.

ABULLETT in a living, pulsating human heart, rising and throbbing with each throb of that engine of life—a leaden defiance of the laws and traditions of surgery,

was seen when W. C. Fuchs, in his laboratory in the Shiller Building, turned the Röntgen rays upon the chest of C. B. Nelson of Cadillac, Mich.

Mr. Nelson has carried this unique souvenir of a murderous attack for more than four years. He expects to carry it many more years, for at the age of 35 he is strong as an ox and full of health and vigor. He endures life without the slightest inconvenience from the bullet in his heart, and visited the specialist in X-rays merely to learn whether the bullet had shifted its position. Nelson's case is remarkable in the annals of surgery. The shooting was as mysterious as the result is wonderful.

One evening in the summer of 1896 Nelson and Miss Marguerite Staples were sitting on the banks of a lagoon in Washington Park. Suddenly a negro thrust his head from a clump of bushes and fired a revolver at Mr. Nelson. Nelson fell to the ground, and the police came in answer to Miss Staples's screams. The negro, who was presumably insane, was never captured.

The surgeons at the Chicago Hospital found the bullet in the pericardium, where it had become imbedded in the muscles. They told Nelson he had one chance in a thousand to live and that an operation would mean a quicker death. Nelson took the chance. He said he would live and carry the bullet with him. To the wonder of the medical world his prophecy proved true. He clung to the thread of life a week. Then his grasp grew stronger, and after a month he was able to leave the hospital in excellent physical condition. He has been in good health ever since.

The examination showed that the position of the bullet has not changed in the slightest degree.—[Denver Republican.]

Thanks from the Government.

FEMININE desire "to see what would happen" caused Miss Cenzie May Scherer of Louisville to put her name and address into a bottle and toss it into mid-ocean last June. She lives at No. 131 Baxter avenue.

Now the young woman is the possessor of a letter from the hydrographic department of the United States navy, thanking her for assistance in the investigation of ocean currents.

The bottle was thrown from the steamship Hanover, bound for Bremen and seven days out from New York, June 22, 1900. Miss Scherer was with a party of friends and on the seventh day out several bottles of wine were opened. Miss Scherer helped empty one of the bottles, and then put her name and address and the date into the bottle, throwing it into the Atlantic. The assistance of scientific research was farthest from her mind. Bottle and ship quickly parted company, each making more or less rapid progress toward its fixed destination.

The ship arrived at Bremen June 29; the bottle was picked up near the coast of Southern France, December 31, 1900.

Miss Scherer completed her visit and returned to her home in Louisville. The bottle incident was recalled to mind recently by the receipt of the following letter:

"Madame: First—The Hydrographic Office acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the bottle paper thrown overboard by you June 22, 1900 (?) from the s.s. Hanover, position not stated. Was found December 31, 1900, in the vicinity of Plovan, department of Finisterre, France.

"Second—Your assistance in the work of investigating ocean currents is appreciated. Respectfully, C. C. Todd, Commander, U.S.N., Hydrographer."—[Louisville Times.]

Little of the Original Man Left.

GEORGE BURNS, a seventy-year-old Civil-War veteran, who wears a silver skull and is known as a marvel of surgery, is lying on a cot in ward 30 in Bellevue Hospital. The old man is just recovering from the latest of a series of accidents, which have left him with only a fraction of the anatomical outfit with which nature endowed him.

Hale and hearty and still able to follow his profession of marine engineering, surgeons say that Burns has been the victim of a remarkable list of injuries, and wonder that he has managed to survive them. According to records in different hospitals in this country, Burns has thus been dismembered:

Loss of the entire bony vault of skull, the top of the head being covered with a silver plate.

Five ribs gone from his left side, removed by surgeons.

Portion of right hip gone.

Both legs fractured in two places and both elbow joints missing.

Heart moved from its original position, owing to absence of ribs on left side.

Imbedded in breast bone a bullet, which cannot be removed owing to its presence near a main artery.

When the old man arose from his cot yesterday nobody would have suspected the defects in his anatomy. He is tall and ruddy, and wears a long white beard. He is blind in his left eye, although this latter fact cannot be detected by the casual observer.

Burns says he entered the navy in 1854.

"I went on the schoolship Hartford," added the old man. "Then I served on the Kearsarge and other vessels. I was chief engineer on one of the ships of Rear-Admiral Porter's Mississippi squadron, in 1864, during the Red River expedition."

"It was during that expedition that a piece of shell glanced off the guards and struck me, causing a compound fracture of the skull. I was sent to Washington

and from there to Philadelphia, where my skull was trephined in the University of Pennsylvania.

"I was seventeen months in hospital, and spent seven months on a rubber mattress before I recovered. I had previously been in several engagements, and at Shiloh I got a bullet in my chest."

Burns says he left the United States navy after serving about thirty years, and afterward became a member of two Arctic expeditions, one of which started out to search for the Jeannette.

"I was in a steamboat wreck off the Canadian shore on January 18, four years ago, when I was crushed in the machinery. Thirty-seven pieces of bone were taken from my body. I have been in good health, in spite of all, until about two years ago, when a slight parting occurred in two of the plates in my skull. I had several epileptic attacks."

"I went to the postoffice one day to get my mail, when I had another epileptic attack, and fell to the sidewalk. I didn't know anything more until I woke up in Bellevue and found that I'd fractured one of my knee caps."

Burns says that he expects to be out of the hospital and at work again in a couple of weeks.—[New York Correspondence Boston Globe.]

Breaks Bones When He Moves.

MANY as are the ills that man is heir to, new and rare afflictions are daily discovered. Of such probably none is so peculiar as that with which Adam Schratzki, a West Liberty-street baker, is afflicted, and from which he is now suffering a renewed attack.

In the last eight years Schratzki has had his legs and arms broken thirty-two times. This is not because Schratzki is by any means reckless or constantly confronted with dangers to life or limb, but because for a number of years he has been the victim of a strange visitation called in technical parlance, mollities ossium. If he is ever so careful and makes a slight misstep there is a sudden crack and his limb is broken. Should he suddenly jerk his arm, the same snap indicates that the member is broken, and for days and weeks he is obliged to keep his bed swathed in cotton and tied in splints until union of the fracture is attained. Perhaps he may step out of bed convalescent only to break the other limb. A young son seems to have inherited the affliction, as he has broken his arms and legs eight times in the same manner.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Seltzer Put Out Her Hair.

CIAGR lighter, a seltzer bottle, a girl with a head of blond hair, and a drug clerk, made matters lively in an Evanston drug store yesterday afternoon. Miss June Whitfield, a "co-ed" in the Northwestern University, went into Wicks' drug store on Davis street and leaned against the cigar case. Behind her was a gas-flame cigar lighter. Miss Whitfield wears a long coiffure, and this came in contact with the flame. William Hamilton, the drug clerk, says that he doesn't remember just what happened during the next sixty seconds, but a young man who was in the store at the time says that Hamilton is a hero.

When Miss Whitfield discovered that her hair was on fire she gave a scream, tore her hat from her head and started to run for the door. Hamilton ran from behind the counter, seized her, and tried to put out the blaze with his hands, but that was more painful than effective. Soon most of the luxuriant locks were ruined, and the clerk saw that something must be done to save the girl from being severely burned. He jumped upon the counter in front of the soda fountain and reached for a seltzer bottle. Running to the girl, he pressed the lever and turned the stream into the locks. The young woman screamed and ran, but Hamilton followed her and played the stream into the locks. The blaze was soon extinguished, but the clerk kept the nozzle of the bottle directed at the young woman's head. She continued screaming and dodging. First the stream would strike her in the eyes and then in the ear. When the bottle was drained Hamilton caught his breath and asked Miss Whitfield if she was badly burned.

The blond locks, which have excited the envy of all the young women in the Northwestern, were ruined, but beyond this the young woman was not hurt. She lamented the loss of her hair, however, and left the store crying.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Married By Megaphone.

DR. JOSEPH LUTZ and Belle Reed, society leaders of this place, were married here today by a preacher who used a megaphone at a safe distance to perform the ceremony, because the couple were just recovering from smallpox in quarantine.

The bridal pair appeared at the window, and the clergyman stood on the opposite side of the street, and shouted the ceremony through a megaphone.

Dr. Lutz is a dentist. His bride is the daughter of Judge H. H. Reed of this place. The wedding was to have taken place two weeks ago. Preparations had been made for the event, but the day before the wedding was to occur the bride developed smallpox, and it was postponed.

Two days later Dr. Lutz developed the disease. They were both afflicted with a mild form, and today were well enough to appear together before the window long enough to be married.

The whole transaction was arranged by telephone, the license being placed in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Meredith. Dr. Lutz offered the minister a \$20 bill, but he declined it until it should be fumigated.

The couple will go South after they get out of quarantine.—[Smith Center (Kan.) Dispatch Philadelphia North American.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

FICTION.

Virginia Colonization.

THAT epoch of American history which is associated with Raleigh's ill-fated colony at Roanoke is made the setting of this novel. The attempt at the solution of the mystery has engaged many pens. Whether the colony was adopted into the tribe of the Hatters Indians and became amalgamated with the sons of the forest, as conjectured by Lawson and others, or whether the colonists perished in a massacre by hostile savages is still a disputed question. The author of this novel attempts another explanation.

The writer says in the opening chapter, "It is not to yesterday, that we would take you now, but to a day before innumerable yesterdays, across the dead sea of Time, to a haven mutable, yet immortal. For the Elizabethan era is essentially of the quick, although its dead have lain entombed for centuries."

The characters of the tale are Marlowe, the poet, Capt. Vytal, the hero, Gov. White and his daughter, Mistress Eleanor Dare, wife of the dissolute husband, Ananias Dare.

Lord Essex had admired Eleanor, and Queen Elizabeth had therefore somewhat coerced the marriage, by the promise of favors to Eleanor's father. He had been pardoned for a political offence and was sent from the town to a foreign appointment, as Governor of Virginia.

Among the other persons of the story are Frazer, the villain, who claimed to be Arthur Dudley, and a number of Indians and minor characters.

A line of Marlowe's poetry heads the chapters of the novel. This poet was frequently engaged inditing rhymes to Eleanor. John Vytal also admired Eleanor in secret, and protected her in trying positions.

The heroine, throughout the book has an inconvenient amount of over-admiration, which she seems to have been unable to repel. Frazer caused her to be kidnapped. Eleanor's escape is one of the graphic pages of the story. The various characters pass through stirring adventures and exciting episodes which show the author's inventive skill. The book is not wanting in rhetorical effects, and it will be welcomed among the large proportion of those who read historical fiction.

[John Vytal. A Tale of the Lost Colony. By William Farquhar Payson. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.20.]

The Loom of the Dreamer.

The hero of this novel, Max Erling, lived in a New England factory town, and was known as a dreamer. His daughter Elsa was said to look like him, as she had the "same kind of see-nothing eyes." The persons of the story include a Mr. Blatchford, who owned the mill, where Max Erling was employed. He had been one of the lovers of Mary Erling in her young days, and when Max Erling became too engrossed with his dreams, covered his philanthropy to the family by saying that Max deserved overpay "on account of faithful service."

When Blatchford went to church, he bowed his head after Mary's singing, for, into the Puritan hymn, she sang the pride and glory of her past.

The New England villages are presented in a prosaic and sordid light, which hardly represents the general average. However, Dr. Burke, who used to preach the long sermons, is described as never having outgrown the days of youthful interest in his people.

"Days of scarlet fever listened to him from one pew, and days of wrestling and temptation from another, and days of mourning were there, for he knew the people better than they knew each other, and far better than they knew themselves." Only the old minister guessed the struggle in the soul of James Blatchford.

The character of Mary, the wife of Max, on account of her suspicious and puritanic cautions, is decidedly unattractive. Therefore it is pleasant to read of the times when the inventor takes his sympathetic Elsa away to the woods, apart from the world, for a holiday. The page in which Max Erling's wife had a visit from "our folks" is an entertaining picture. In view of this arrival all the children went through the process of having their locks shorn, and the haircutting process, and the importance of the necessity on account of the visit, is a clever description, for, says the author, "To be visited by your folks, for the time being you ceased to associate with other children. You wore stockings and shoes and hurried home from school to listen open-mouthed to stories about Nathan's hardships, and those of Eli, and discussions of John and Tobias's success out West, and David's tobacco crop. It was all mysterious and different and exalting. To drink from gilt-banded china every day, might well turn the steadiest head."

The tale has the not unusual theme of a man of dreams living in a narrow element of uncongeniality.

One of the epochs of the story is reached when on a winter night Max Erling went to buy the patent of an imperfect machine from a fellow-inventor, which his own conception had made more perfect.

Mary, his wife, with detestable suspicion, fearing he would cheat the other man, caused a telegram of warning to be sent in advance of her husband's arrival.

The death of James Blatchford left Mary an inheritance, and the inventor's wife could not understand why, after this good fortune, her husband should still keep on trying to perfect the machine, whose looms sung through his dreams, and told of the coming relief to labor.

The artist promised his wife that he would rest with the completion of his work. It was at this time that "a strange look came into his face," and the fingers relaxed their hold, and the dreamer ceased to dream.

The story is evidently written by one familiar with New England life, but the picture is on the whole un-

sympathetic. The courage of Max Erling, when he discovered the acute injustice inflicted on him by his wife's suspicion, and his philosophy in the face of adverse fortune, dignifies the narrative. There is predominance of child dialogue, but some of the chapters are not wanting in pathos and amusing fancy.

[A Pillar of Salt. By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company.]

Along the Arno River.

This idyl of Pisa introduces Matteo Rodori at his work bench; he is pictured with "long face and dreamy eyes, broad brow and shapely head, which evinced the artistic temperament, checked, and perhaps dominated, by the austerity of the thin-lipped, firmly-closed mouth." Matteo in his green apron worked in the white marbles of Carara. The sculptor's little daughter "Corrona," adored him, but hardly entered into his artistic life. The little maid dreamed on alone, with only her own innocent soul for comradeship. Among her troubles were the imperfect shapes around her in the marbles. Among her toys was the incomplete statue of a lion, where the head was defined, but the body and limbs but suggested." In the night the little maid went to the father's bed and told him how the little stone lion's eyes "ached to get out."

Matteo never spoke of "Corrona's" mother. The little ribboned and beaded tambourine, hanging on the wall in her room was a source of mystery to "Corrona," for, although she knew it must have been her mother's, she never saw her father look toward the mute reminder of some day of his long-ago.

There came a time when the little maid asked her



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

father questions and learned a sad secret, which changed her whole narrow world.

One of the touching pictures of the story is where the little maid of 9 takes the tambourine and goes to learn to sing and dance in secret, hoping to make her father happy with the song which only reminded him of lost joy.

The influence of the Sisters of Mercy on the unloved life of the little "Corrona," and the ways by which she came to her own, are all poetically portrayed. The book is a series of exquisite pictures and they are evolved from the soul of an artist. The frontispiece is a view of the world of little "Corrona." The book has a flexible cover of Pisan green and gold, and the publisher is to be congratulated on its perfect type and workmanship.

[Radari Sculptor. By Virginia E. Pennoyer. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. Price, 60 cents.]

A RENOWNED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's first contribution to fiction was "The Man Without a Country," which was published in the Atlantic Monthly. This story, since published in numerous editions, and translated into several languages, at once made him famous. An editorial writer in the New York Sun said "The story of 'The Man Without a Country' will be remembered as long as the American flag flies, and it will continue to do good to successive generations of young Americans. Its theme is vital, and consequently its influence is perennial."

Since writing "A Man Without a Country," Dr. Hale has published numerous works, essays, biographies, and stories. "Ten Times One is Ten," was a cause of the formation of Lend-a-Hand clubs, and Wadsworth clubs all over the country. "In His Name," "Philip Nolan's Friends," and "My Double, and How He Undid Me," are on the list of the works of Edward Everett Hale.

The new library edition of Little, Brown & Co. has been warmly welcomed, for the collection of Dr. Hale's

works have illustrated the breadth and scope of the author's literary attainment.

The portrait given in this issue has a special interest for the distinguished American author was born on April 5, 1822. In the coming birthday of Dr. Hale, he will receive the congratulations of friends of literature.

DRAMA.

Theatrical Production.

In his lengthy preface to this book, the author states that since he wrote his last, "Plays, Pleasant and Pleasant," he has been a critic of London theatre, and survived seven years of criticism of London scenes as many of current literature, but the fatigue of play-going brought on physical weakness, and the critic was ordered to the mountains. There in these three plays, the one a melodrama, the second a first play, "The Devil's Disciple," is introduced a preface on "Diabolonian Ethics," which is a kind of epilog, bibliography of books in which the devil has received pity from poets and painters. The play was produced in New York in 1837, by Mansfield, where the melodrama won a decided success. The theme of the play presents Richard Devereux, man of the title role, in a home where, weary of austere and unlovable types of the religion, for which he saw, he decided that he preferred to be a disciple of a power which he considered less blamed. This reprobate and outcast, who fled for the devil, came to be a guest in the house of a clergyman. There a warrant came for the arrest of this Rev. Mr. Anderson, who was called a roamer. He managed to put on the clergyman's coat, and the chains and shackles. In his whispered words well to Mrs. Anderson, he gave her the direction for saving her husband's life. At the hour of Richard's pectoral execution, a surprise was given the world by the appearance of Mr. Anderson, who came openly to the rescue of the man who would have died for him and made no sign. Mr. Anderson told Gen. Devereux that only in hours of trial does a man find his position. Richard had boasted himself the devil's son, but when the crucial test came, he proved his son to suffer and be faithful to the death, and he who thought himself a minister of the gospel of peace in the need came, found that he was destined to be a man of action.

The second play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," is an interesting presentation of historical and semi-poetic burlesques. Caesar is introduced as walking in the ranks of the army. Cleopatra is a maid of 16, afraid of the coming army, and, to complete her distress, lost her white cat in the shadow of the Sphinx, confides her sorrows to Caesar, who is portrayed with a sense of humor.

The finest description in the book is that of the wind-swept harps of Memnon play. Caesar claims:

"Hail, Sphinx! Salutation from Julius Caesar! I wandered in many lands, seeking the lost regions which my birth into this world exiled me, and the company of creatures such as I myself. I have found no man, no man kindred to me, none who in my day's deed, and think my night's thought, in this little world garden, Sphinx, my place is as in yours in this great desert; only I wander, and am still; I conquer, and you endure; I work and you watch and wait; I look up and am dimmed, look down and are darkened, look round and am dimmed, while your eyes never turn from looking out of the world—to the lost region—the home from which we have strayed. Sphinx, you and I, strangers of men, are no strangers to one another; but not been conscious of you, and of this place, since born? Home is a madman's dream; this is my home. These starry lamps of yours I have seen from Gaul, in Britain, in Spain, in Thessaly, signaling secrets to some eternal sentinel below, whom I never could find. And here at last is this silent image of the constant and immortal part of me, silent, full of thoughts, alone in this silver Sphinx, Sphinx, I have climbed mountains at your feet, hear in the distance the stealthy footfall of the children, O Sphinx, laughing in whispers. My way was the way of destiny, for I am he of whose parts are the symbol; part brute, part woman, and part nothing of man in me at all. Have I read you Sphinx?"

The third play of the series, "Capt. Brassbound's Version," introduces the west coast of Morocco, Free Church and the North African Mission, and peculiarities of English and American dialect.

The fact that Bernard Shaw is a man of great acumen and a versatile writer, has been proved in other books. Of the present drama, and the manner in which he seems to have little approval. Considering his own ability, he frankly states that he is not fond of his own work or the way that it is done, he believes that "new ideas make their own technic, as water makes its channel, and the technician without ideas is as useless as the canal without water."

The author has a habit of compulsory confession of whimsical character, in which he should be as reluctant to indulge, in deference to the severe good taste.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" is the best of the three. The colloquial glimpses of Caesar reveal the heart of the conqueror, instead of the Caesar of solemnity.

[Three Plays for Puritans. By Bernard Shaw.

The Third Volume of His Collected Plays. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York. Price, \$1.50.]

CRIMINAL LAW.

Detention and Illustration.

One of the most entertaining of books calls attention to the fact that "coincident personality to such a degree as to lead to a mistaken identity of persons is very much more probable than that the handwriting of two individuals should so closely approximate each other as to be mistaken one for the other, especially when subjected to a careful analytical study and comparison by a capable expert."

The writer describes how a page of handwriting is a test of character to the specialist, and is as much his sign to personality as the highly specialized sense track by which the bound follows the unseen quarry to its lair. As the scientist rebuilds forms of extinct animal life from the dry bones, as the botanist from leaf and flower tells the story of bloom, as the archeologist reads the page of cosmic life from the rocks, as the philologist finds the etymology and development of language in a word, this author, in a profoundly interesting work, has written that which cannot fail to be of important use in the detection of crime. Over fifty noted cases are explained and illustrated, making over seventy pages of gravings. Many of the cases are among the most celebrated in the world.

The writer states that it is a fact universally recognized by experts and those well informed respecting handwriting, that "a man never writes his signature twice exactly alike." Approximations may be very close, but never microscopically the same. While this is true of measurements and minutiae of detail, there are yet ever-present, coincident characteristics that positively identify one genuine signature with another. Letters and writing no more change characteristics with their measurements, than does a square, a circle, or a triangle. Signatures may differ widely in their general appearance, according to their size, purpose, the ink or pen with which they are written, physical or mental condition of the writer, whether written with haste or deliberation, but none of these circumstances can create a new handwriting any more than a change of garb or circumstances can make a new man. It is the same character of writing or man masquerading in a new role. And what is true of a signature is also largely true of any extended writing. One's signature usually differs from his general writing, from the fact that there is more thought and care exercised in the choice of types of letters and so combining them as to give the greatest facility in writing it; and frequently artistic effect is considered, and from the more frequent repetition of an autograph it is written more automatically than is body writing. It is usually more or less monogrammatic in its character, and comes ultimately to be more personified and to stand in a peculiar manner as the representation of its author. It palpitates, as it were, with his very life and character—it is his Alter Ego."

From the above selection the reader may perceive the fascination with which the author has imbued a theme which at first thought would be relegated exclusively to the annals of criminal evidence.

The student of humanity could find no more tragic pages than the narrative of expert witnesses, in these chapters, which tell the temptations of men, the frequency of forgery, the litigations which arise from disputed handwriting, and the judicial knowledge which is the result of expert investigation.

The writer calls attention to differences in autographs, and the work is illustrated with many examples.

Some chapters on inks and their compositions, are of chemical, as well as expert interest.

The book will be valued by students of graphology from the fact that it adduces evidence which corroborates the claim that handwriting, instead of being merely an art, is an exponent of individuality and an outburst of character.

The theme has been treated by a masterly mind, with a comprehensive grasp of the requirements of legal analysis. The work will prove invaluable in the detection of methods of forgery.

[Ames on Forgery. Its Detection and Illustration. By Daniel T. Ames. Ames-Rollinson Company, San Francisco and New York. Bound in law sheep, \$3; in cloth, \$2.50.]

EDUCATION.

Commercial Fitness.

The importance of preparation for fields of human activity is becoming more and more recognized, and one of the most notable phenomena is the awakening interest in the establishment of departments of commerce in American institutions of liberal culture. Courses of study similar to the Wharton School of Finance are now being offered by the Universities of California, Michigan and Wisconsin, the University of Chicago, New York University and Dartmouth College.

The quarterly of Columbia University states that that great institution has almost completed preparations for a school of commerce, and it is probable that institutions of liberal culture will more and more see the way to preparation for practical usefulness in various forms of business enterprise.

The business man holds a position of greater importance than fifty years ago, as international competition has assumed so vast a significance, and new industrial resources are to be opened up in the development of hitherto uncounted regions. The oriental development, the responsibility of men in charge of industrial centers, and the increasing functions of business men in government positions, call for wide practical knowledge, which the old college failed to supply. Schools of commerce would help to the quickening and alertness of intelligence, and with a modification of the present classic outline would insure wider success for the scholar. The curriculum of the University of California is said to be undergoing revision, with the object of making it more

practical, and fitting the sons of California to secure good business positions when they leave college.

The subject has received a studious sketch, promulgating commercial and scholarly ideals from the pen of Alvin S. Johnson, in the current Columbia University Quarterly. The writer calls attention to "the steady expansion of the growth of university study and the important fields which have been annexed to the domain of scientific investigation."

The growth of the technical school, the author states, has been slow in America, as compared with European nations, as the Yankee has trusted to his own wit, but international needs will call for wider preparation on the part of the present generation.

[Columbia University Quarterly. Vol. III, No. 2. Columbia University Press. Annual subscription, \$1.]

PHYSIOLOGY.

A Physician's Advice.

The author of this book is the associate editor of the *Lutheran Observer*. The writer has given directions to young men, and men of middle age, for the preservation of health. Dr. Stall calls attention to men who have gone into old age with physical power. The record of Gladstone is quoted. "All this comes," says the physician, "from an inspiring purpose in life, a resolute will and persistent determination which kept him devoted to his daily recreations and regular means of physical culture, to his trust in God, and his ability to sleep well. Over his mantelpiece in his bedroom there was emblazoned the text, which doubtless entered into his inner life and banished nervous exhaustion, made him calm and peaceful, and gave to restful sleep the hours which so many devote to anxiety and worry. The text runs, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' The work is filled with physiological information for the preservation of health, and especially at the time of middle life, when weakness and decrepitude follow careless living. The book is throughout devoted to the building up of healthful home life from the physiological standpoint.

[What a Man of 45 Ought to Know. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.]

JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Great Men.

The author of this book has written of Ben Franklin, Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Edison, Astor, Girard, Feabody, Hamilton, Peter Cooper, Jay Gould and Horace Mann, Garfield and Whitney, Commodore Vanderbilt and Stonewall Jackson. All these and others were poor and unfriended at the start, but they made themselves masters of their fate, and teach that a man's chances depend largely on will and perseverance. While many old-time chances are gone, with those that have disappeared have come the new ones a hundred strong. The heroes of this biography found their chances when least expected and each life speaks a word of courage, that boys of this time may learn to be far-sighted and alert.

The author has a spirited, enlivening style, which would win boyish interest. The ideas of life are fine and courageous, and the book, with its numerous portraits and illustrations, is a notable and inspiring gift to boyhood.

[Poor Boy's Chances. By John Habberton. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.]

STATISTICS.

General Information.

The "New Handy Manual and Atlas of the World" is a revised edition of a work of phenomenal success. The book contains general information from the election of 1900 to rules of admission to West Point, Annapolis and the vast civil service of the United States, conditions for enlistment, information concerning the new possessions, and notices of the forty-five States of the Union, and many other topics are enumerated.

[The New Conkling Handy Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price, 50 cents.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine for April contains John Fox's "The Southern Mountaineer," with a series of illustrations of primitive life. "Two Centers of Moorish Art," by Edwin Lord Weeks, is accompanied with the author's own illustrations. The interest is one of vivid prose. Fiction is represented by Robert Alston Stevenson, Sewell Ford, Walter A. Wyckoff, Arthur Colton, George Hibbard, E. W. Hornung and James B. Connolly. Ernest C. Peixotto, in a sketch illustrated with his own drawings, takes the reader from Paris to Toulouse, to the old city of "Cordes." "The Point of View" calls attention to the opinion of the eminent French critic, Ferdinand Brunetiere, on the contributions of women to literature. He declares that the influence of women is so great in his own country that without them the literature of France would never have been what it is. The current number contains most attractive contributions to numerous subjects of popular interest. The sketches are accompanied with colored illustrations. The magazine, as to cover design and general appearance, is artistic, and brings the unfailing supply of delightful entertainment.

The Columbia University Quarterly (Vol. III, No. 2) contains an important contribution on "Preparation for the Study of Medicine," which cannot fail to interest students of the profession on account of the present heterogeneity as to the prerequisites for admission to medical colleges, which is in an obvious state of undesirability. The student finds that he cannot be confined to text-books, as the living daily life of his specialty is not so limited, and in order to be a leader he should especially have a reading knowledge of the German. A working knowledge of English, French and German are particularly desirable. The medical litera-

ture of the day is saturated with Greek and Latin terms, so that a classical education is important for the proper preparation. The essentials of physics, chemistry and biology should be considered an important part of the preliminary course. The instructive article is written by Frederic S. Lee, one of the university faculty of medicine. One of the important contributions of the number is a biographical sketch by David B. Ogden on the "Late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Henry R. Beekman, A.B., LL.B., '65." The sketch is illustrated with a fine portrait of this great light of the legal profession, of whom it is said that "he was deeply imbued with sense of responsibility to God and man, and Duty was his guide—honor his reward."

The Smart Set for April contains a lengthy and inviting table of contents. This issue includes fiction by popular authors and the verse of familiar singers. Elizabeth Duer writes of "The Taming of Sylvia" for the initial novelette. Julian Gordon invites the reader "In Palace Gardens." The number pays tribute to the drama with two short plays, one of which is "Avant et Après," par Michel Provins, the other "The Dark Man at the Feast," by Francis M. Livingston.

The Easter number of the Book World announces a contribution on "The Life and Times of Richard Wagner," "The Literary Side of Our Presidents" and "Four Short Stories." Walden Fawcett writes of "American Tea Growers," and H. Allen Turner of "The Passion Play at Oberammergau."

"A Sailor's Log," by Robley D. Evans, is the initial contribution of the Saturday Evening Post (March 16.) In "The Flight of the Fast Mail," by Forrest Crissy, he relates instances of heroic devotion on the part of rail-way-mail clerks.

The "Proposed Naval Memorial Arch" is one of the interesting contributions of that important publication, the *Scientific American* (March 16,) which contains Charles F. Holder's sketch of "Solar Motors" and their value in such regions as the California desert.

The Dial (March 16,) a semi-monthly journal of literary criticism, discussion and information among its notable contributions has Mary E. Swinney's "Intermittent Idealism," and "One Idea of Tragedy," by Edward E. Hale. Wallace Rice writes of "The Church in the Philippines."

Cassell & Co., in the National Library Series, publish "Peter Schlemihl," by Adelbert Chamisso; "The Story Without an End," by Carrodi, and "Hymns to Night," by Novalis.

Newspaperdom announces the death of Isaac M. Gregory, editor of Judge since its establishment in 1885. Mr. Gregory was one of the school of humorists in which Bally, of the Danbury News, Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, and Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, were the earliest types. This number contains Melville E. Stone's address, recently delivered before the American Newspapers' Association.

The Literary Digest (March 16) calls attention to W. B. Zeats, who represents the Celtic cult of Irish poetry which has its headquarters in Dublin. Mr. Zeats has published a drama, "The Shadowy Waters," the motive being the earthly and mystical as contrasted in human life. The work is spoken of as "such stuff as dreams are made of," and to have an impalpable charm.

Among the sketches of decided interest in Harper's Bazaar (March 16) is an entertaining contribution by William Dean Howell's "Some More of George Eliot's Heroines." "The Health of a Singer" is an illustrated sketch by Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Among the announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons are new volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations"—"St. Louis," by Frederick Perry, and "William Pitt," by Walford D. Green.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce among recent publications, "Under the Redwoods," by Bret Harte.

"The Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett, is one of the new books from F. A. Stokes Company.

The fourth edition of "A Dictionary of American Authors," by Oscar Fay Adams, has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Myrtle Reed's "Love Letters of a Musician" are announced. The "Love Letters of Canova," Napoleon, Hugo, Bismarck, and also Le Galliene's "Love Letters of a King," are on the popular list.

The Riverside biographies of "Thomas Jefferson," "William Penn" and "Peter Cooper" are said to be works of merit and interest.

Rider Haggard has written an account of travel in the Holy Land, which is soon to be published.

The Macmillan Company announces among its latest new books on history, "American History Told by Contemporaries," by Prof. Albert B. Hart. The volume on "National Expansion" (1783-1845) is now ready. Alice Morse Earle has a new edition of "Stage Coach and Tavern Days."

Margaret Allston, the pen name of the author of "Her Boston Experiences," is dropped with the announcement of the publication of another novel by this clever young woman. She turns out to be Miss Anna Farquhar, whose first book, "The Professor's Daughter," was published by the McClures two years ago. Miss Farquhar's new story, published by L. C. Page & Co., is entitled "The Devil's Plow."

Alice Brown, the author of "Meadow Grass" and "Tiverton Tales," has written a romance of a New England girl which is one of the March publications of the Riverside Press. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also announce a novel by a Canadian writer, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," by Jean N. McLwraith.

Dr. Nanzen is about to publish another volume of the scientific record of his Arctic expedition. This volume contains the results of the astronomical observations.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that the April number of the Atlantic Monthly is increased to 160 pages. Henry Van Dyke contributes a poem, "Two Schools," and John Burroughs writes of "The Trailing Arbutus." The opening chapters of Miss Mary Johnston's "Audrey," are features of the May number.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

Artesian Wells Flow.

REPORTS from the San Jacinto region state that a large number of artesian wells which have not been near the level of the ground for some years are now flowing several inches above the top of the pipes.

Tombstone Silver Mines.

Twenty years ago Tombstone was the liveliest mining camp in the United States. For years after that date the big mills of the silver mines turned out bricks of white metal to the value of millions upon millions of dollars. Then, when the excavations had reached a depth of 600 feet or thereabouts, water was struck. A few years later the big hoisting works of the Grand Central were burned to the ground. Since then work in these mines has been practically abandoned. It is believed by many that there is a great storehouse of mineral wealth below the water level, but it has hitherto been impossible to get the various companies to agree in regard to a method of draining the mines.

A recent dispatch from Phoenix to The Times stated that E. B. Gage, president of the corporation controlling the Congress mine, and W. F. Staunton, superintendent of the same property, have been studying the conditions that would have to be met if the abandoned silver mines of the camp are ever worked again. Both were of the management of the Grand Central mines of Tombstone in their days of affluence. Gage is conducting the present work on his own responsibility, and has secured control of fully seventy-five claims, embracing practically all the mines that once made Tombstone famous. If the cost of repairing the mines is found to be within a practical limit, Gage will form a company of Ohio capitalists and proceed to open the old mines on the largest scale.

The reopening of these great mines would be a red letter day for Tombstone, which has been a sort of deserted village during the past ten years.

Silica Aluminum Paint.

A PAINT known as silica aluminum is now made in Los Angeles. This paint is made from a volcanic rock, composed (approximately) of the following ingredients:

Silica	52 per cent.
Aluminum	36 per cent.
Oxide of iron	5 per cent.
Water, etc.	7 per cent.

The advantages claimed for this substance, are among others the following, as set forth in a folder issued by the company. The rock will stand a crushing of 5000 pounds to the square inch. A piece of this rock, brought to a white heat and then plunged into cold water, is unaffected, no cracks or abrasions appearing when subjected to the microscope. The rock is not affected by acids or alkalies. An absolutely pure paint, manufactured with the best quality of linseed oil, which perfectly holds all minerals in solution. There is no settling or sediment in the can. This quality alone places the paint in a class by itself.

Assaying.

THE development of the mining industry in the Southwest has made the business of assaying ores in Los Angeles one of considerable importance. Wade & Wade, the well-known assayers of this city, have issued a second revised edition of their compendium of gold metallurgy, which also contains a digest of the United States mining laws, the laws relating to water rights and other information. The book is a neat volume of 140 pages.

A Valuable Metal.

A RICH strike of the valuable metal molybdenum is reported to have been made in the San Jacinto Mountains in Riverside county. The Riverside Independent says:

"The San Jacinto Mountains, which for years have been wooing the eager prospector for gold, have come to the fore with a metal far more precious than has yet been mined in any of its granite cañons. The new metal is known to the geologist as molybdenum, and a huge ledge of molybdenum-bearing quartz has just been struck by the owners of a mine who were developing their property for gold."

"As the shaft was put down the gold streak grew less and less apparent, and at a depth of thirteen feet, assayed at but \$9.51 per ton. When this depth was reached the miners noticed that the ore was flecked with a substance somewhat resembling silver, but which refused to act to the process used to assay that metal. This peculiarity lead County Treasurer Mitchell, who is one of the owners, to send several samples to Stanford University for analysis, with the result that the report was returned to the effect that the samples were molybdenum quartz, containing 41 per cent. sulphur and 59 per cent. molybdenum."

"The news of the find quickly spread among persons interested in the new mineral, and directly the miners

received an offer of \$6 per pound from San Francisco; and a London firm quickly sent a proposition to pay \$135 per ton for 55-per-cent ore, delivered at London. The ore can be shipped to London from San Pedro at the rate of \$10 per ton, so that the miners have no excessive transportation rates to worry them.

"Molybdenum is used for various purposes. In the manufacture of heavy siege guns, its presence has the effect of allowing the gun metal to expand without breaking when being fired. It is also used as a coating for wood, and boards having been treated with such a coating can be thrown into a fierce furnace without being burned. Of late molybdenum has been employed as a coating upon vessels, it having been found that such a coating keeps the vessel from becoming foul, and vessels have made long trips after receiving a dressing of this metal without showing the first signs of requiring docking. This fact alone means an enormous saving to ship owners."

Tulare County Orange Land.

THE section around Porterville, in Tulare county, is known to some Los Angeles people as one of the few sections north of the Tehachapi that can make legitimate claims to be orange-growing sections, on a commercial scale. Several years ago, at one of the citrus fairs held in Los Angeles, Porterville "astonished the natives" by carrying off the first prize for seedling oranges in competition with all the leading orange-growing sections of Southern California. The shipments of orange from the Porterville section during the past season amounted to 315 carloads. In an article contributed to the March Land of Sunshine, by C. A. Moody, a description of the Porterville region is given, from which the following statements relating to the orange-growing industry of that section are taken:

"Porterville is situated on the eastern edge of the San Joaquin Valley, just where it begins to rise into the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. To the north, south and west lies the nearly level floor of the great valley; a few minutes' drive to the east takes one among the outposts of the snowy range. Right here the Tule River emerges from its long but lively course among the mountains to a more deliberate progress through the plain.

"Quite apart from its picturesqueness, this position on the dividing line between sections of so widely different character has a special advantage, not only in the inevitable modification of climatic and atmospheric conditions, but in the increased variety of the industries which center there. This will be manifest as we proceed.

"Porterville is about two hundred and seventy-five miles from San Francisco by rail; some two hundred and fifteen miles from Los Angeles. Fresno is seventy miles away to the north, while Bakersfield, with her rich tributary oil fields, lies fifty-five miles to the south. A division of the Southern Pacific Railroad passes through the town, and the service, so far as local requirements go, is reasonably satisfactory.

"The citrus lands of the Porterville district lie for the most part either on the gentle slopes leading up to the foothills or in the protected valleys opening widely for miles back among the hills. The soil is generally of great depth, and of such fertility that even in the older orchards the use of fertilizers has been very slight. Nor has this been at the expense of the trees, as their strong growth and continuously profuse yield fully proves. The Tule River furnishes irrigating water to the land 'under the ditch,' which includes most of the orchards. But 'dry years' have been as profitable to Porterville as to other communities which were put to the inquiry as to whether water could not be obtained from beneath the surface of the ground to offset the scarcity on the surface. The result here has been not only the development of water to supply every present requirement, but the proof that over many square miles an inexhaustible body of water will be struck almost anywhere at a depth of from sixty to one hundred feet. This not only removes any possible danger of failure of the water supply, but widely extends the area adapted to citrus fruits and other crops requiring irrigation.

"One of the great advantages enjoyed by Porterville orange-growers is the early date at which the fruit matures, enabling the bulk of the crop to reach the market long before shipments begin to arrive in quantity from elsewhere. This season, for example, the first carload of oranges—sweet, well-colored and highly flavored—left Porterville October 30, while practically the entire crop had been shipped December 15. This early maturity is easily enough accounted for by the higher average summer temperature, the nights in particular being warmer than in other orange-growing sections.

"As to the quality of Porterville oranges and lemons, the long array of prizes taken at fairs and exhibitions for many successive years and in competition with fruit from every citrus-growing district in the State, form a sufficiently conclusive array of evidence.

"With all these points to encourage the raising of citrus fruits, it would be natural to expect that most of the suitable land would be already utilized for that purpose, and that what was left would be held for at least as high prices as rule elsewhere. The facts are quite otherwise. The total area of the citrus orchards in the territory strictly tributary to Porterville is not far from 1200 acres—certainly does not exceed 1400. How many thousands of acres every whit as well adapted for the purpose are now turned to vastly less profitable uses cannot, of course, be stated precisely, but the figure is certainly a large one."

"And these lands can be bought for only a fractional part of the price freely paid for similar property elsewhere. As good orange land as any in the State, under the ditch, and with full water right, can be had for

from \$75 to \$100 per acre. Land as good in every respect, but 'above the ditch,' may be had at still lower prices, even when near-by tests have demonstrated reasonable certainty of developing plenty of water at small cost."

Water Development.

FROM many sections of Southern California, news of important water developments, that result in bringing many thousands of acres of new land under cultivation for horticultural purposes, Pomona a new water corporation has been formed, which the Pomona Progress says:

"A number of owners of property in the Buena Park, Marmes and Martin tracts, together with some adjacent property, held a meeting in the Buena Park Fruit Exchange offices yesterday afternoon and agreed to form a corporation for the purpose of buying water, business which has heretofore been conducted privately. Articles of incorporation will be filed today. The enterprise represents 68.39 inches of water, which includes the large Richards ranch."

"The name of the corporation is the North Pomona Water Company and its place of business is Pomona. It will develop and control water flowing from the San and Evey cañons. The directors are: P. J. Bell, S. N. Androuss of Pomona, Edwin Squire and Charlton of Claremont, and Mrs. A. L. McNamee of Angeles."

The Covina Argus has the following in regard to work by a water company in that section:

"By the purchase Saturday of the Hoffman Holt interests in the Covina Water Company, Mr. Holt has practically secured control of the entire ownership nine-tenths of the stock."

"This change will undoubtedly be advantageous to users, as it takes the affairs out of the hands of resident stockholders, and places them in the hands of a man who is not only a resident, but also has property interests in the community."

"Mr. Coolman is a practical man and knows how to run a water company to be a success it must treat his customers fairly, and he proposes that there shall be no cause of complaint in this direction."

"This gentleman also intends to greatly improve the service, as he will run a large portion of the line through the reservoirs of the Covina Land and Irrigation Company, which are fitted with a filter which will supply under a much improved pressure. He owns personally a large interest in the well of the Holt Company, which pumped eighty inches of water with which he proposes to largely augment the supply of the domestic company."

"The board of the corporation, as newly constituted, consists of J. H. Coolman, C. E. Emis, T. A. Moore, J. R. Hodges, George Coolman, J. R. Elliott and E. Brooks. J. R. Hodges will act as secretary and treasurer, with a desk in the real estate office of Bell & Parker."

Out on the Colorado Desert, around Indio, the movement of water from wells continues. The San Joaquin Union says:

"A letter from O. C. Eberhart, dated at Indio, San Bernardino county, on the desert, incloses a picture of a well he is making his section of land valuable. He dug out there some months ago and secured a section about the time that the first artesian water was struck. He writes that his well is down 310 feet, with 300 feet of water, and that it flows a young river. The water is so soft as that from a mountain spring, and is clear as crystal."

"'Fig trees,' he writes, 'that I set out only two years ago, have come out in leaf and with from two to five figs on each little tree. Ranchers who put in their wells last fall, are cutting hay, averaging three tons to the acre. Five well-boring machines are in the field and all are busy. It took only seven hours to sink my well down.'

Beans.

THE stock of beans in Ventura county, for the first time in years, will be entirely exhausted by the crop of the coming season is up. The Oxford says:

"During the past ten days 7000 bags of beans have been shipped from the Southern Pacific Milling Company's warehouse by A. Levy, M. L. Wolf, Frednard and W. G. Wilde. This leaves but 3500 bags in the Oxnard warehouse and 10,000 in the entire county, which is the smallest amount of beans for this time left in the county for many years, and augurs well for this season's crop."

"The beans lately sold brought a record price. M. McLaughlin last week sold 1000 bags for a hundred."

THE SLOW ELEVATORS IN EUROPE.

[Philadelphia Record:] "While I was in Europe this summer," said a soap manufacturer, "I made a study of the elevators, or lifts, they have over there. These machines amused me a good deal. They don't move, and movement isn't smooth, but very jerky and slow. The elevator men are kindly treated, though passengers invariably thanking them on getting off, sometimes giving them a generous tip. However, the elevator man is neither thanked nor sorry to say. In Florence, when I reached the top, I had just put in a fine elevator at their hotel. The indicator, instead of being placed in the entrance at the entrance on the first floor, beside the button. When anyone rang the elevator man would say all right, but he would have to go down to the floor and look at the indicator before he knew where the ring came from. He lost a good time through that."

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Hydrating Water.

IN THE London Lancet, Drs. L. C. Parkes and S. H. Reid suggest a method of preventing water-borne enteric fever in armies in the field. They report that their experiments show that in the case of naturally-infected waters, sodium bisulphite in the proportion of one gramme to the pint is an effective antiseptic after fifteen minutes' contact, even for waters containing 50,000 bacilli to the cubic centimeter. They recommend its employment in the form of five-grain tabloids, three of these being used to sterilize one pint of water. A box containing three or four hundred of these tabloids can easily be carried by each soldier, and would suffice for a campaign of three weeks, as all contaminated water should remain in contact with the dissolved tabloids for at least fifteen minutes before being consumed. The tabloids may also be used as thirst lozenges when water is scarce.

Vaccination of School Children.

A RECENT dispatch from Chicago is of interest to those in this section who are opposed to vaccination. According to a decision rendered by Judge Dunn of the Circuit Court, the school authorities have no right to exclude from the public schools children who have not been vaccinated, unless it is shown that the disease is so prevalent that rigid precautions must be taken.

The decision was in mandamus proceedings brought by Joseph F. Tracy of Ravenwood, whose three children were barred from school because they had not been vaccinated. Arguments will now be heard on the question of whether or not emergency exists which renders absolutely necessary the exclusion of non-vaccinated children.

This decision apparently leaves the door open for interminable litigation.

Fruitarian Colony.

THE fruitarian theory of diet has gained many adherents in this country during the past year or two. One of the pioneers of this hygienic movement in the United States, Dr. Emmett Densmore, spends his summers in Long Beach, near which place he has extensive orchards.

As is generally known, the fruitarian theory of diet differs essentially from that of the vegetarians. The vegetarians make much of wholemeal bread, whereas the fruitarians avoid bread altogether, claiming that it stiffens the joints, hardens the arteries and brings on premature old age. They say that bread, instead of being the staff of life, is rather the "staff of death." The late Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, held to this idea. They eat no vegetables, except salads and tomatoes, and make their meals entirely of fruit and nuts, to which some of those who are not so strict occasionally add a little cream cheese, or something of that kind.

The San Francisco Chronicle recently published an article descriptive of a fruitarian colony of eleven people living on an eight-acre orchard near Fruitvale, in Alameda county. Following is a portion of this article:

"I've run the whole gamut of food fads," said Mr. Smith. "Then about five years ago I hit on this, and it didn't take long for me to realize that at last I was on the road healthward. My sister and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ross, gradually became converted to our ideas, and they and the children joined our table for good. Mrs. Gale adopted the fruitarian diet for her son's sake; he had always been in delicate health. Now we're able to measure muscle with a beef-eater, aren't we, Jim?"

"In answer Jim Gale swung a heavy sack of apples over his shoulder and started for the cellar door."

"Three years ago he could hardly lift his own feet," put in Mrs. Gale, a sweet, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks that defy her gray locks.

"Of a truth, though, neither of the men look like 'beef-eaters.' Their skin has that peculiar transparency common among babies, and their eyes are milder and clearer than the average woman's. Both men are above medium height, yet they would undoubtedly tip the scales under weight."

"However, there is not a little work to be done on a carefully-cultured eight-acre orchard, and these two men, except during the cherry-picking season, practically do all the labor. So what better proof that their diet furnishes them sufficient nourishment?"

"According to Prof. Jaffa, the dietary expert of the University of California, all diet laws must be adjusted to suit the needs of the individual. So the mere fact that two men do their work on a fruitarian diet might not prove much when the multitude is considered. But certainly Jim Gale and Mr. Smith are living rebuttals of the statement that it is absolutely impossible for any man to labor on a fruit and nut diet. Not only do they work on such nourishment, but evidently they thrive on it."

"We were all living in Chicago when we became fruitarians," explained Mr. Smith. "My wife and I had long cherished the hope of making our home in California. After we had adopted this manner of living, our desire grew stronger. California is the ideal place for the fruitarian to live—fruit is always in season, and there are so many varieties. My sister, Miss Smith, who lives with us, held out for some time against fruitarianism, but she was finally reconciled to it, and when she saw how it agreed with her, she became an enthusiast."

"At first we hesitated about making our two children confine themselves strictly to fruit and nuts. But grad-

ually we eliminated other articles from their diet, and found that they were much healthier on a pure fruitarian system. My boy is 10 years old, and the little girl 7, and for the last three years they have lived strictly according to fruitarian principles. During this time they have never had any of the fevers, colds and other childish ailments that afflict most youngsters."

"Mrs. Ross has only been a fruitarian since the death of her husband, a little over a year ago. She had long believed in it theoretically, but owing to her husband's strong objections had never been able to put it into practice. She and her children had the same experience with the fruit and nuts that we had. At first it was rather hard, but as soon as they grew accustomed to the change their health improved and they looked better than under the old diet."

"It was a year ago last New Year's eve that we all decided to cast our lots together in Fruitvale. An old friend of the family, who had owned this place, was visiting Chicago and as he was anxious to get rid of it we bought it for a very fair price. We are fruitarians, and communists as well."

"The spirit of communism not only rules the grown-ups in this queer little colony, but it is instilled in the children. They are taught the nice distinctions between 'mine' and 'thine,' but are encouraged to share their playthings with each other. All the children have their little 'chores' to do, each according to his age, and the punishment for neglect fits the crime."

"Miss Smith, who is a Vassar graduate, teaches them three hours a day, and, although they are of all ages and sizes, ranging from thirteen-year-old Edith Ross to little Claire Smith, just 'half-past seven,' she manages to put them through their mental paces very successfully. On pleasant days the schoolroom is under a spreading oak, where there are none of the discomforts of the usual bare, badly ventilated schoolroom."

"Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Gale share the housework. Under ordinary conditions two women would have their hands full keeping house and cooking for a family of eleven. But under a fruitarian régime the work is reduced to a minimum. They have none of the woes and worries of the conventional housekeeper."

"In fact, save for heating purposes, a stove plays practically no part in the culinary make-up of this household. Now and then it is used for roasting nuts or baking bananas and apples, but not even on Sundays or holidays is a hot bird or juicy roast tolerated in this fruitarian kitchen. Here is the menu of their Christmas dinner:

Apples and California walnuts.
Banana bread and pignolias.
Tomato salad.
Oranges and pecans.
Almonds and raisins.
Fruit ambrosia.

"Imagine sitting down to a Christmas dinner without any turkey, or plum pudding, or mince pie or the dozen other goodies that go to make the Christmas feast a red-letter one!"

"But this fruitarian banquet has its advantages, aside from its gastronomic virtues. The housekeepers in the fruitarian colony didn't have to spend weeks before the holidays chopping, seeding and what not—the thousand and one tasks that tire the conventional housekeeper to the verge of nervous prostration."

"These 'fruitarian' ladies escaped all this. Their Christmas dinner did not require more than an hour's preparation. And after the meal there was not the usual 'muss' to clean up. Moreover, no spoiled 'tummies' followed in the wake of this fruitarian feast. The children did not require the usual antidotes after the Christmas feast to brace them up for the New Year's dinner."

"These strict fruitarians eschew all vegetables, save lettuce and tomatoes, which they consume in large quantities when in season. Despite the fact that they have a fair-sized vegetable garden, no other vegetable ever finds its way to their own table—they are raised for the market."

"There is a chicken yard, with scores of well-tended chickens. But no fluffy little spring chicken is ever sacrificed for the broiler in this fruitarian farm. Not even the eggs are tolerated as food. Mrs. Smith, who looks after the chickens, raises them solely for their market value. The two sleek Jersey cows are kept for the same purpose—to furnish butter for the market, not their own menus."

"Naturally these people use large quantities of nuts, some of which they import. Walnuts, pecans, almonds, peanuts and chestnuts are the principal ones used. Besides the oil furnished the system by these nuts, sweet oil is used in abundance on salad. The adults consume about three large teacups of nuts a day and the children in proportion."

"Here are the menus for one day in this fruitarian colony—they serve as a fair sample of the daily meals:

BREAKFAST.

"Nut coffee.
Peanut paste,
Baked apples,
LUNCHEON.
Oranges.

Lettuce salad,
Bananas,
Walnuts,
Raisins,
Apples.

DINNER.

Lettuce and tomatoes,
Apple sauce,
Banana bread,
Pecans,
Almonds.

Baked chestnuts.

"As just stated, the quantity of nuts consumed at a meal amounts to a cupful for each person. No stated amount of fruit is consumed, though at this season of the year, for instance, the grown-ups eat about twelve apples, five bananas and five oranges. When the small berries are in season they make a grateful change."

"Naturally the cost of living is greatly reduced, owing

to the fact that the fruitarians raise most of their food themselves. Buying in bulk and importing the nuts as they do, the cost of the nuts amounts to about \$20 a month for the eleven people."

"Altogether this fruitarian colony is as happy and healthy a band of people as one could find. Their bright eyes and rosy complexions bespeak robust health. Their hair is particularly beautiful. And despite the vagaries in their diet, they are as perfectly poised mentally as physically."

Sick Headache.

SICK headache is a trouble from which many women suffer. In relation to this sickness it is interesting to note a theory advanced by a prominent physician that the distressing sensation of nausea has its seat in the brain, and not in the stomach. He claims that relief may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain, as he has proved by successful tests in the case of sick headache, bilious colic and cholera morbus, in which nausea is a distressing symptom. In cases of seasickness, relief has been frequently obtained by the application of a compress of cracked ice folded in a towel, or placed in an icebag at the base of the brain and across the occipital bone. Sick headache may be relieved in the same manner."

Morbid State of Mind.

AMORBID state of mind, if long continued, produces a like condition of body. One should shun a morbid state of mind as much as one does smallpox or any other contagious disease. *The People's Health Journal* says:

"Figuratively speaking, morbidly is a highly contagious disease, and a whole household may become infected by one morbid-minded individual. Such conditions of mind, which are often cultivated, do far more harm than epidemics of smallpox or yellow fever. While these diseases destroy the lives and homes of many people, the other, destroying mind and heart, affects the multitude."

Chloroform in Confinement.

IN ITS memoir of Queen Victoria, the British Medical Journal recalls an incident in her life that is full of interest for medical readers. In 1853, at the birth of her son, the late Duke of Albany, she submitted to be placed under the influence of chloroform. The Medical Journal says:

"This anesthetic was administered by Dr. John Snow, and was given in doses of fifteen minims, the Queen being kept under its influence during her accouchement for nearly an hour. This was at a time when chloroform, especially in obstetrical practice, was still regarded with the greatest suspicion, and even abhorrence. Eminent members of the profession denounced its use as not only dangerous, but unjustifiable, and some of them even went to the fanatical extreme of proclaiming that the use of an anesthetic in labor was defiance of the Almighty, who had pronounced upon all women the primal curse that they should bring forth their children in sorrow and pain. This battle raged here in Philadelphia as fiercely as in England, and reputations were, for the time being, nearly marred by it. Sir James Y. Simpson, who championed the advent of chloroform, used and advocated it especially in obstetrics, but it was made to suffer appursum for nearly all the accidents, from whatever cause, that can happen in child-bed. It was accused, for instance, of causing puerperal insanity, and several papers of references on the subject were contributed to medical literature. In a case happening near Philadelphia, in or about 1853, legal complications were barely averted, the doctor in the case having administered the new anesthetic, and the patient a few weeks later having gone insane and been taken to Kirkbride's. It is difficult for us to realize in the present day the unreason and prejudice displayed against this beneficial practice, and to fully appreciate the courage of Queen Victoria and her confidence in her physicians, as well as the confidence of her physicians in themselves, in thus resorting to the use of an almost unknown and apparently deadly vapor. It is needless to say that the example of the Queen was of the greatest influence in England, and presumably in the world at large. Chloroform had undoubtedly begun to be used before this date, but its use under such august and auspicious circumstances was the one thing needful to bring it into vogue."

Influence of the Imagination.

A NEW ORLEANS physician relates the following, which furnishes a further evidence which the mind has over the body:

"A nervous man recently called on me and asked: 'In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?' 'On the left side, exactly here,' I replied, indicating a spot a little above the hipbone. He went out, and the next afternoon I was summoned in hot haste to the St. Charles Hotel. I found the planter writhing in his bed, his forehead beaded with sweat and his whole appearance indicating intense suffering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis,' he groaned, 'and I am a dead man! I'll never survive an operation.' Where do you feel pain? I asked. 'Oh, right here,' he replied, putting his finger on the spot I had located at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had a knife in me there and was turning it around.' 'Well, then, it isn't appendicitis, at any rate,' I said, cheerfully, 'because that is the wrong side.' 'The wrong side?' he exclaimed, glaring at me indignantly. 'Why, you told me yourself it was on the left side.' 'Then I must have been abstracted,' I replied calmly. 'I should have said the right.' I prescribed something that would not hurt him, and learned afterward that he ate his dinner in the dining-room the same evening."

[Philadelphia Press:] (He:) Hear the echo! Doesn't it remind you of some ancient mythical nymph such as Virgil wrote of?

(She:) No; it reminds me of the modern society girl.

(He:) Indeed?

(She:) Yes; it returns one's call in such a perfunctory way.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THE SPARROW HAWK.

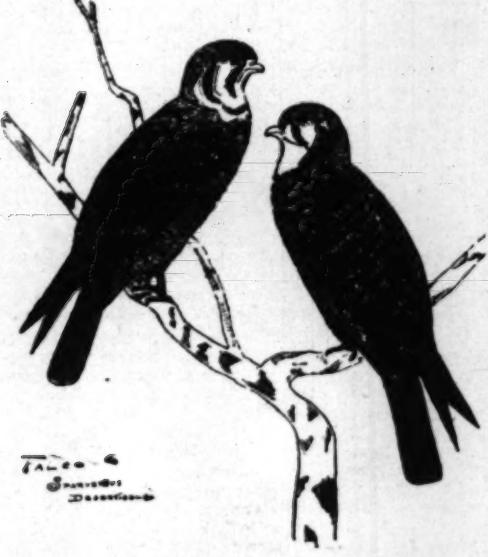
THE APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE BEST KNOWN OF OUR FALCON FAMILY.

By a Special Contributor.

PROBABLY most of us are not familiar with any of our rarer birds of prey, except through stories told of their daring and prowess in the chase of their food, but today I am going to write of a species which is probably the best known of all the hawks that frequent our coast at this season of the year.

One of the most interesting of the great bird groups is that which has been named the Raptors. This word comes to us, as do nearly all of our scientific terms, from the Latin, and means, literally, "those who snatch away," that is, pirates. And so they are. Graceful, muscular, powerful of wing and talon, they are the personification of death to the lesser wanderers of the air. They are found in all climates and at all altitudes, but are the most plentiful in tropical lands, where an abundance of small life offers an easily won living. Most of the hawks and eagles of the tropics, however, are of the buzzard type, rather than the falconine; that is, they feed upon game which they find already killed instead of pursuing and capturing living prey as do the true falcons. Of such as these "buzzard hawks" are our own red-tailed or hen hawk and the red-bellied, a western counterpart of the common eastern red-shouldered hawks.

The sparrow hawk is a true falcon in every sense of the word—in structure, color, markings, and habits—and to say that a bird is a falcon is to place him among



the aristocracy of the avian kingdom. There we find the famed merlin, the kestrie, the peregrine, and the beautiful red-footed falcons from the snow-covered steppes of Russia. In America this family is well represented from the duck hawk and prairie falcons down to the sparrow hawks, of which, in the United States, we have two species and, in Cuba, one. The avifauna of our Philippine possessions is not as yet well known, so that a thorough classification of the birds of those islands will probably result in the adding to our falcons of at least one or two new species, and to the buzzard hawks and eagles, of from four to a dozen varieties.

East of the Rocky Mountains is found the original sparrow hawk, but here on the west coast he is called the desert sparrow hawk, while lower down, in "Baja California," he is known to ornithologists as the St. Lucas sparrow hawk. He it is whom at this season of the year we see perched upon the topmost limb of some leafless tree, watching the air and the earth for passing insects and crawling mice, lizards or any other small vermin. He never does any harm, but is constantly on the lookout for man's insect enemies, so do not shoot him. If he comes to know you and you do not disturb him he will allow you to approach quite close enough to fix his markings and colors in your mind. He is one of the most beautiful of our small hawks and, in fact, very few of the large ones surpass him in dress.

You will notice the long wings and tail as well as the notched beak, all marks of the falconine birds. His whole appearance suggests the warrior—one who is accustomed to depend for sustenance upon his own skill. Watch him as he rises—though he is not so expert at this as his near relative, the pigeon hawk—up, up in the clear sky, until at last he hangs, fluttering but stationary, directly over his prey. Then he falls! Not "like a thunderbolt," as fell Tennyson's eagle, but like some vivid, living meteor. It seems as if he must surely dash himself to death, but no. A few feet from the earth, he turns gracefully upward, snatching his quarry as he turns, and rises once more to his perch in the leafless walnut, there to devour his victim piecemeal. But our feelings of sympathy are quickly dispelled when we note that it is a field mouse or perhaps a huge grasshopper that he holds in his strong little claws.

About the first of April we miss these familiar fellows from their winter hunting grounds, but if we follow

back into the hills we shall find them, just beginning housekeeping in some hollow limb or the deserted hole of one of the larger woodpeckers. Almost all the birds of prey remain paired year in and year out through life, unless death removes one of the pair, and these small falcons are no exception to this rule. Year after year, if undisturbed, they will be found in the same old tree, the female laying her five or six eggs some time before the middle of April. No attempt at nest building is made, the eggs resting upon the rotten wood in the bottom of the cavity. They are, like all falcon's eggs, so covered with rusty, reddish brown spots as to entirely cover up the ground color.

If captured when small the young can be tamed and will in time become quite tractable, but unless one is so situated as to have room for a flying cage for them, all tame hawks will sooner or later pine away and die.

HARRY H. DUNN.

APRIL FOOL PARTY.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE DAY OF JESTS.

By a Special Contributor.

A unique and very enjoyable entertainment now in vogue is an April-fool party. While this should properly take place on April 1, it is not inappropriate at any time during the month. The hostess is assisted by a young lady attired as Folly and a gentleman in the costume of a court jester. They are each provided with a silken bag that hangs by ribbon bands from the shoulder and is filled with tiny bells attached to pieces of bright-colored baby-ribbon.

As the guests arrive, each one receives a stick, wound with ribbon, which terminates at the top in a short loop, and when all are assembled, bags containing nuts and candy are distributed. Part of the contents of each bag are real and eatable, and part are counterfeit.

Throughout the evening the guests offer to each other the contents of their bags, and whoever accepts a counterfeit or refuses a real dainty is taken prisoner, conducted to Folly or the court jester, and receives a bell, which is fastened to the ribbon loop at the end of his or her stick. The person offering the nut or candy selects it from the bag, and the one to whom it is offered must make a decision with only such examination as is possible without touching it.

It is allowable also to lay conversational pitfalls for the unwary, and if these are successful, the victim receives an additional bell as a penalty. But in all such traps verbal accuracy must be preserved, for, in its essence, an April-fool frolic is a contest of wits, one striving to give a false impression, the other on the alert to detect and avoid such snares. Therefore, if it can be proved that the joker has stated what is false, the joke is outlawed. For example, the time-worn "How did you tear your coat?" might pass, but "You have torn your coat; how did you do it?" would be ruled out. Folly, the court jester, and the hostess form a court of appeal in all disputed questions.

When refreshments are served, oranges and bananas, stuffed with cotton, are found among the fruit, and sawdust cakes hiding in the cake basket, so that Folly and the jester must be constantly on the watch for those who make mistakes in choosing.

At the close of the evening, the lady and gentleman who have the fewest bells each receives a prize, and those who have the most sing a song, dance, or tell a story for the amusement of the company.

Score cards may be substituted for the ribbon-trimmed sticks, in which case caps and bells, cut from gilt or colored paper, serve as markers. A bell being given when a counterfeit is accepted, and a cap when a really good thing is refused.

For entertaining the guests at an April-fool party sleight-of-hand tricks are appropriate, or any game that permits of conversation and is absorbing enough to throw the company off their guard.

GEORGINE T. BATES.

BOB, THE BABOON.

MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

Being in a hurry to hide myself, I jumped into the open window without pausing to see what sort of a room I was getting into. I discovered at once that it was the parlor of the house, and a woman was sweeping and dusting. She did not run away when she caught sight of me, but raised the broom over her head and brought it down across my back with a whack. This frightened me for a moment, and instead of biting her, I ran out into the front hall. A boy about 12 years old stood in the open door, having a shiny stick in his hand. I started to dodge past him, but he up with the stick and shinned on my nose and cried out:

"Police! Police! Here is the escaped baboon!"

The whack across my back and the knock on my nose had confused me, and hardly knowing what I did I ran upstairs. That was a brave boy, for he followed me up and tried to hit me again. My idea was to get out by the roof, but when I got to the top floor I found the scuttle shut. Hearing people on the stairs, I dodged into a bathroom and shut the door. The door had a spring lock on it, and so I had made a prisoner of myself.

When I came to look out of the window I found it so high up that I dared not jump out, and there was no pipe by which I could descend. I soon saw that my ad-

ventures were ended, but I was not going to the Zoo without another fight. Listening at the door a policeman say:

"Now, then, we have got Bob locked up in here. How are we to get him out? I don't care to hit him, bite the end of my nose off and pull my whiskers out."

It was not until they had twenty policemen outside the house, and all the doors and windows closed, that I opened my door with a key. I was standing outside as the door flew open I flew out among the policemen. I had bitten three of them when a policeman threw over me, and I was tangled up in his arms helpless. When they took me downstairs I was tied, a strap around my jaws, and about all I could do was to winkle my eyes. Four policemen got into a wagon with me, and there was such a crowd that I could hardly get through. It was said that I was followed up over to Central Park and the police officers were delighted to think I had been captured.

"Ah, Bob, you rascal, but I am glad to see you and I shall take care that you don't get out again."

They turned all the people out of the room and carried me in and thrust me into my cage. The little chum was so tickled to see me that he began to cry and almost choked on a peanut. The hoots and whoops and yells from all the other monkeys it was not until night came and all the lights were locked that we had our little party. As the keeper had gone every monkey cried out:

"Story! Story! Everybody keep quiet and Bob tell us his wonderful adventures!"

I went to the front of my cage and, holding the bar with either hand, I told them all about my escape and gone through, and every minute I gave me applause. When I told them about carrying baby up the tree there was so much laughing that the keeper came back and put his hand on my door and called out:

"Now, then, if you monkeys don't stop this business, I'll be after some of you with a shotgun."

While all of them were sorry that I didn't stay at liberty and have further adventures, all were glad to welcome me back to my cage. I am sure glad to get back. I had seen a good deal of New York City and had had lots of fun, but I had found that the streets were no place for a baboon, and I have had hard work to get my three meals per day. I got out into the country, the farmers would have chased me with dogs and tried to kill me with shotguns. When I had told my story and answered a hundred questions, the ape rapped on the cage and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I move that Bob, be declared president of this monkey house over all of us."

And every monkey swung to and fro by his shout:

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah, for Bob, and may he live a hundred years old!" BOB, THE BABOON

EXPLORING A CAVE.

HOW TWO NEW MEXICO BOYS HUNTED TREASURE.

By a Special Contributor.

Hal Stevens and his cousin, Harvey, were ambitious. They were strong, healthy boys, in their tenth year, and had grown up among the mountains of New Mexico.

Two young prospectors had discovered an old mine about seven miles from the Stevens home and had sold their discovery to an eastern company for what seemed to the boys a fabulous amount.

"I tell you, Harve, if we try, we can surely find good ore in these hills, too," said Hal.

"I wish we could find a fortune," returned Hal. "My! I'd have the finest ranch in New Mexico, could only find a mine like the Davidson."

"I'd go to a military academy and become a States officer," announced Hal, giving voice to the ambition of his soul. "But, say, Harve, let's go to Divide, this morning, and explore that cave he liked pointed out to me one day last month."

"But I thought you said that Navajo Indians would not go there without a guide," cautioned Hal.

"So he did," said Hal. "But I'm not afraid of any old cave in these mountains."

"Neither am I," quickly returned Harvey, ready to let his cousin carry off alone the palm for the day.

"Let's go, then," said Hal.

"All right." In a few minutes they were on their ponies, rapidly away over the smooth road that led up the mountains.

After a brisk ride of two hours, Hal and Harvey descended into a deep, irregular gorge.

"There's the opening," cried Hal excitedly, to a narrow aperture half-hidden by some rocks that jutted upward before the face of some tall, whose tops towered far above and were in shadowy masses of white clouds.

Dismounting and leaving their ponies to graze on short herbage in the cañon, the boys ran forward, soon squeezing their bodies through the narrow opening.

Once within the entrance to the cave, they lit the torches which Hal had brought with him and immediately began exploring the interior.

The possibility of finding some secret

rose in their excited imaginations and urged them forward.

"No telling what we'll find in this old cave," said Hal, peering about him in the gloom of the damp passage.

"Maybe some old Indian pottery and turquoise ornaments," answered Harvey, close at Hal's elbow. "We can sell them for big money if we do."

Pushing their way through the outer passage, they reached an apartment where the cave widened and increased in height. The fitful flickering of the torch's light made the crystals of the rough walls scintillate with a marvelous brilliancy that was quite sufficient to make their ambitions a hundred-fold. Visions of golden nuggets, rainbow-hued opals, and garnets like ruby dew-drops floated before their minds and lured them on. Awe into silence by the wonderful sights of the secret cave, Hal and Harvey proceeded, scarcely daring to breathe for fear the entire thing might vanish like a scene of enchantment.

"Hello, Hal!" cried Harvey, suddenly. "Look! Here's another passage."

"So there is!" said Hal, pausing in the entrance and surveying the narrow walls a little suspiciously. "Come on, Harvey, it's all right."

So saying, the boys crept through the inner passage, which presently widened into a triangular-shaped vault, with wonderful crystals depending from the top in the most fantastic forms imaginable.

Here the boys groped among the uneven walls, searching in every niche for hidden treasures. But their patient quest went unrewarded.

Suddenly they found themselves in a wider passage than the one by which they had entered. They traversed its irregular way for some distance, until the passage made a sudden incline downward.

After they had proceeded downward for some distance, their feet began to sink into damp sand. This, however, gave them no uneasiness, and they kept fearlessly on, the sought-for golden treasure ever just ahead.

The bottom of the passage grew damper and suggested the idea of having been recently flooded. Presently it widened into two elongated chambers, with uneven rocky shelves along the walls. These rooms were larger than the ones first entered, and were darker and at a much lower level.

Hal and Harvey managed to feel their way among the shelving rocks, which felt wet and slippery to the touch.

"The ancient Spanish explorers might have hid their treasures among the ledges," observed Hal, throwing his light aloft.

"Yes, they might," replied Harvey. "Gee! What's that?"

Both listened to a dull, roaring sound that came from another passage just before them. They tried to pierce the darkness to learn the source of the singular sound. In another moment something dark rushed toward them over the floor of the cave, and before either of the boys could realize the peril of the situation they found themselves up to their knees in water!

Their first impulse was to hurry back to the passage,

shelf, afraid to stir. In spite of an effort to keep up the appearance of a brave spirit, both boys began to lose courage, and it was hard work to refrain from giving vent to feelings of despair.

Their opinion of hidden Spanish treasures had undergone a radical change, and both heartily wished they had never heard of such stuff.

It was a night of discomfort and nameless dread that the boys spent on that ledge above the subterranean stream. Neither dared go to sleep, for fear of tumbling off into the water below.

Toward morning the water began to sink steadily, and in two hours the stream had vanished as mysteriously as it had risen.

As soon as they dared, the boys ventured down from their ledge, and, finding the passage that led from the damp room, they crept along as fast as half-cramped, benumbed legs could carry them.

Before they could reach the entrance, however, Harvey sank to the floor in a condition of utter exhaustion. Hal fell to his knees and supported his cousin's head.

At that moment a shout came from outside, and Hal recognized his father's voice.

The boys' failing to return to their home had led Mr. Stevens to organize a searching party. The ponies grazing in the cañon had guided the searchers to the cave, and they were just in time to give the benumbed, exhausted young explorers some food and simple restoratives. These, coupled with healthy constitutions, enabled the boys to pull through without serious results, but neither of them now has much interest in stories of hidden Spanish treasure.

AD. H. GIBSON.

EASTER-EGG NOVELTIES.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AMUSING EGG ORNAMENTS FOR EASTER MORNING.

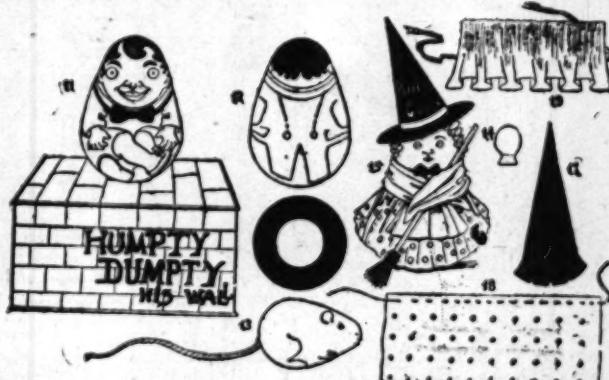
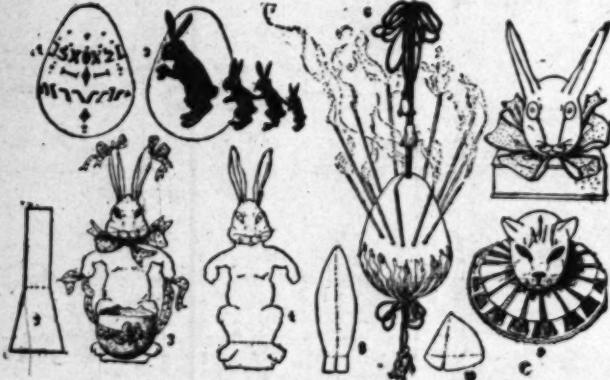
By a Special Contributor.

"Teach not a parent's mother to extract,
The embryo juices of an egg by suction.
That good old lady can the deed enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction."

It almost seems as though an article, written for American boys and girls on the subject of Easter eggs, would be open to the above criticism; but I believe it still possible to get up a few new ideas on this subject, and I shall endeavor to describe a few in the following article:

The stenciled egg, shown in figure one, is an odd pattern, giving somewhat the effect of old Egyptian characters. Fold a strip of brown paper several times; cut in this some small pattern, which, when the paper is unfolded, will repeat itself with variations, and use this as a stencil. If the egg is dyed orange and stenciled with black, the effect is really very decorative.

Figure two shows the method of ornamenting an egg by pasting upon it small rabbits cut from colored paper. A circle of rabbits which grows gradually smaller will surround the entire egg. Draw them in outline with a



climb the incline, and escape from the subterranean stream that had risen with such mysterious suddenness.

Taking hands, the boys made a swift rush through the water toward the passage leading up the incline. But terror and haste bewildered them, and they missed the right direction. Escape now appeared to be impossible. It was a moment of singular apprehension to both boys.

Down the passage back of them came the dull roar of the rising flood, sweeping toward them with sullen fury. With a gurgle of triumph the water deepened around them. They stood for a moment at a loss what to do. As a fresh undulation almost swept Harvey off his feet, he grasped Hal frantically by the shoulder. This sudden movement threw both boys with no gentle force against a projecting rock.

Coming in contact with the rock suggested a new avenue of escape. After a good deal of slipping and sliding, the boys managed to climb up the rough wall to a ledge or shelving part of the wall.

The water continued to rise, until, by reaching down over the edge, Hal could touch the surface of the flood with the tips of his fingers.

The roaring of the angry water was terrifying. To Hal and Harvey it seemed like an army of demons below them, gloating over their misadventure.

"There must have been a big cloudburst up the cañon," said Hal, accidentally guessing the truth, "and the water has poured into an opening of the cave."

"Well, it has us in an ugly fix, whatever it is," replied Harvey. "I wish we'd minded what Navajo Ike said and not come here alone."

Hal did not answer. He did not like to confess that he had been rash in entering the cave without a guide. He did wish, however, that he had told his parents where he and Harvey were going. He would have felt better about it, even if he never escaped from the cave.

The water did not rise any higher, but it gave no signs of subsiding.

Weary, chilled, and hungry, they lay on that rocky

lead pencil on the white side of the paper, and cut them out so that the paws of the smaller rabbits will remain attached.

Figure three is a match box. Cut from stiff paper the outline shown in figure four. The portion of this below the dotted line must be bent at right angles to the rest. Half an egg, which has been previously gilded, is fastened to the rabbit's feet with sealing wax or glue. A ribbon is scattered about the egg and then run to each paw of the rabbit. Other ribbons are added, as shown in the diagram. Figure five is a support which will help the rabbit to stand upright. The support above the dotted line is pasted to the rabbit; below the dotted line it is bent out from the back.

Figure six is a Chinese incense burner. This had better be made from a goose egg. Blow the egg and run cords and tassels through, as shown in the illustration. The holes for the incense sticks can be pricked with a darning needle or a pin.

Figure seven is a candy box. A large enough hole can be made in the bottom of the egg to empty it without making a hole in the top. If the box is made of cardboard the bow of ribbon, shown in the diagram, may be sewed in place. If the box is made of wood a little glue will fasten the ribbon to the lid. Cut the rabbit's ear, as shown in figure eight. The rabbit's head, when complete, is fastened to the ribbon with sealing wax. In the rabbit's head the small part of the egg will be uppermost; in the cat's head the large part of the egg will be uppermost.

Figure nine shows a penwiper. The under portion of this is made of felt or shammy. Figure ten shows the cat's ear; it is folded at the dotted line.

Figure eleven shows Humpty Dumpty and his wall. The wall is a cardboard candy box and Humpty Dumpty is a hard-boiled egg. His outline is traced on the egg with India ink. A drop of sealing wax will fasten him

firmly in place. Figure twelve shows a back view of the gentleman.

Figure thirteen is a mouse, or, if made from a goose egg, you may call it a rat. The tail, a short length of twine, is fastened on with the ever-useful sealing wax. The ear, figure fourteen, is made from a small piece of writing paper.

Figure fifteen, Mother Goose, demands a goose egg for her manufacture, if she is to be really imposing. The smallest part of the egg will be uppermost. The egg may be either blown or hard-boiled. The hair, figure nineteen, is put on like a cap. Figure sixteen is cut from a piece of stiff cardboard. The cornucopia, figure seventeen, is pushed through the opening in the center of figure sixteen, and the pieces separated by the cuts at the bottom of the cornucopia are pasted to the under side of figure seventeen. This completes the hat. The skirt for Mother Goose is made from tissue paper, figure eighteen. Her broom is a lead pencil, at the end of which some short broom straws have been tied. Her apron is made from either white tissue paper or cotton cloth. Her shawl is a small square of cloth held in place with paste. With sealing wax fasten a small dice of cardboard at the bottom of the egg, so that Mother Goose may stand upright, and the novelty is finished.

OPEN-AIR TELEPHONES NOW.

NO BOOTHES NOW; YOU JUST STAND ON THE SIDEWALK AND RING UP CENTRAL.

[New York Sun:] The nearest approach to wireless telegraphy in point of convenience of communication is the open-air telephone, for use in the public streets. When this has come into use you can jump off a street car at any corner, call up central, and talk with your pastor or your best girl—and have it all over in a second.

William Gray of Hartford, Ct., the inventor of the regulation booth telephone, has concocted the scheme, and fifty of the machines are now being put together by the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company. One will soon be put up for trial on one of the best street corners in New Haven. If the device proves as successful as its inventor imagines that it will, the introduction of the machines throughout the United States will depend only on the consent of the municipal authorities.

This outdoor telephone is of the height and shape of a police or fire-alarm box. The slender iron post that bears the box and the box itself have a white aluminum finish. The sides of the box bear the blue bell, the emblem of the telephone pay station.

The door can be unlocked by dropping a cent in the slot, and the coin can be recovered upon the opening of the door. Inside the box is the mechanical pay-station telephone, with the slots for dimes, nickels, etc., and on the inside of the door hangs a telephone directory.

The receiver is attached to the back by a short arm, and beside it hangs the transmitter. Connection with the central office is made in the usual way, and when

central gets the person wanted and the money is deposited conversation may proceed.

The door of the box is on beveled hinges, and shuts itself by gravitation after the telephone has been used.

It is apparent that such street stations will make telephoning so easy that there will be a general demand for their introduction. Of course, they cannot be put in without the consent of the local authorities, and they may be regarded as an obstruction in the street, although they will take up no more room than the fire-alarm or police-telegraph boxes.

It is suggested that the telephone call box may supplement both of these and make them no longer necessary, as it is intended to permit the police the use of the boxes free for messages to station-houses and even permit the free use of them to anybody who wants to communicate with the police.

THE ONLY WOMAN JAILER.

Mrs. Evelyn Smith of Greenwich, R. I., is probably the only woman jailer in the United States. She has held the position for a number of years, having been appointed at her husband's death to succeed him. When she is absent her daughter, Mrs. Burdick, handles the keys, and it is said that these women can control the most violent prisoner ever brought in, and yet have no violence or difficulty of any kind.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] Miss Ruth F. Mason, daughter of Senator Mason, proposes to join her father and brother in the law business. She will be graduated by the National University law department in June, and is making preparations to begin a general practice. Senator Mason says his daughter will make a good lawyer, and he approves her ambition to begin practice in this city.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

LUXURIOUS SUMMER CLOTHES.

REPREHENSIBLE YET ALLURING EXTRAVAGANCIAS IN CLOTHING CHILDREN THIS SEASON.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1901.—It is a joy to shop for children in this luxurious, artistic and inventive age, when every well-to-do child is refitted with new costumes from top to toe at least three times a year.

Little girls, arriving at the mature age of 10 or thereabouts, are the possessors of really elaborate wardrobes; sometimes including for the spring and summer season as many as thirty-five or forty toilets. A change of at least three frocks a day is allowed for the season when wash dresses are in order, and there now is a reprehensible fad on foot for dressing children in white and pastel-tinted piqué and linen that is richly embroidered and put together by hand. The finish and

boy, in the upper left-hand corner, wears one of the new summer melton coats in pale gray. A wide, ruffled collar of white-linen lawn turns over his coat's revers, and on his head is one of the English inventions, a Prince Edward of York reefer cap. This is a round sailor's reefer of light weight, navy-blue silk, covered with a buttoned on top of white piqué. With these new reefer caps a half-dozen covers of wash goods can be bought, and a clean one fastened on every morning, while its mate, worn the day preceding, passes to the washtub for renovation.

The little miss in the upper right-hand corner of the picture shows how fancifully and effectively the spring's printed challies can be used in a child's wardrobe; and lower down, to the left, is a charmingly-pretty pink Henrietta cloth employed, with tucked-silk lawn and white hand-embroidered lawn frills, in the make-up of a full-dress spring costume for a 7 year old. A white liberty-silk sash and a white-taffeta poke, with pink plumes, completes a toilet suitable for a little Easter bridesmaid. The petticoated boy, near this well-gowned

dresses that will be worn at the watering places in August.

With the skirt of this cut the milliner is prepared to act in accordance, and the wide, broad, waved brim is coming into its own again. A skirt of prodigious fullness it is, of course, of the question to wear a fan-like toque or a cake, the latter all made of tucked material, less flowers, with a knot of pink roses nodding over the left eye. Such well-exploited ways about to pass away, giving room to tinted hats, are entirely covered with single thicknesses of black silk muslin, and then decked with trails of hedge or button roses.

The pink rose that, by the way, reigned unopposed supremacy all winter, has suddenly become inexpressibly common. If a woman must wear colored flowers in her hat, pink lilacs are the best; these are made up in sprays and clusters, with instead of the ash-green foliage we long knew. The flower, however, that blooms with the most luxuriance in the spring hat is the blue rose, in sprays, or tufts, it smiles with almost a universality from every freshly-natied female, and the violet has withered up from neglect out of sight.

MARY

NINE NEW WAYS TO COOK EGGS

SOME EXCELLENT SUGGESTIONS FOR FAST ON EASTER.

By a Special Contributor.

Eggs and Potatoes.—Cover the bottom of a baking dish an inch deep with mashed potatoes, covering them well with salt, pepper and butter. Put the top, then with the back of a spoon, make a hole all over it. Set in a hot oven for ten minutes, then break a fresh egg in each of the holes. Sprinkle the egg surfaces lightly with salt and pepper, put a bit of butter on each, and return to the oven fifteen minutes longer if the eggs are hard. Five minutes cooks the white and sets the yolks. Serve piping hot. A variant is to mix the meat, especially cold-boiled ham, through the eggs and season the mixture with lemon juice or vinegar. Cold slaw goes well as a relish for this.

Baked Eggs.—Cut the crust from a stale loaf, slice the crumb rather less than an inch thick, the slices well on both sides, and line the bottom of a baking dish with them. Break three fresh eggs in them, sprinkle in salt and pepper, put in a bit of buttered bread, break more eggs, and add bread over the top. Take care not to break the yolks, and to lay the upper slices so lightly as to mash them. The bread ought to be an inch from the dish rim. Now pour over the bread a can of cream that have been mashed through a sieve, and add with salt, pepper, a little sugar, and a dash of onion juice. Cook for half an hour, in a slow oven. Serve with cress and cut lemon.

Eggs on Toast.—Cut the crust from a stale loaf, evenly, toast the slices, butter them lightly, and on a baking sheet. Break a fresh egg on each, and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, add a dash of red pepper, and bake in a very quick oven until hardness is preferred. Make a sauce of Spanish onion, sliced thin, in two ounces of butter when tender stirring into it a pint can of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add a dash of wine, and just before serving, the strained juice of a lemon.

Magic Eggs.—These make much fun at a party. Choose a dozen smooth, slightly potatoish and bigger than the fist. Wash them well, make a hole on the side opposite that which lies lower, hollow out, inside, a space just big enough to hold an egg. Salt and pepper the cavities, then break an egg in each, put on the potato lid, tie it in place, and cook until done. If any egg runs out, remove it carefully. Pass the potatoes, simply as potatoes, comes in the little people's amazement, an egg inside. Another way to make surprise eggs is to break the shells of a half dozen very carefully, them together at one edge, and not splitting them, then to whip three whites as light as possible, a pinch of salt and a very little powdered sugar, egg-shells, fit them together, tie them, and cook in a very slow oven. With care they will be entirely whole. The froth inside is always a delicious surprise.

An Egg Border.—Boil half a dozen eggs ten minutes, drop in cold water, peel, and keep warm. Make a thick border of good, well-seasoned, mashed ham around the edge of a platter, press the soft border, points up, and set in a hot oven for ten minutes. Fill the center with string string beans and buttered, or young carrots stewed in milk or Brussels sprouts, boiled very tender. Or it may be of cold meat, cut in dice, and heated with button mushrooms. Whatever it is, add a garnish the border outside with sprigs of parsley, serve very hot. This is a handsome, as well as a substantial, dish for luncheon or supper, and not to be considered for a Sunday tea.

Eggs with Olives.—Boil the eggs hard, and flatten the big end so they will stand, and in one cut a deep, narrow hole, just big enough to hold a baby olive. Put in the olive, stand the egg bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and pour over them dressing made with three tablespooonsfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, a little dry mustard and white pepper.

Fritters.—Beat three eggs very light with a



APRIL COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

Durability and beauty of these suits are incontestable, but they are justly very expensive and a cruel temptation to the American mother of moderate means who wishes her little ones to ruffle it with the most fashionable small folk of the neighborhood.

The majority of these aristocratic garments for children are made very long in the body and short and full in the skirt. A miss of 7, or an embryo statesman of 5, will, for example, wear in the morning a beautiful tan-colored linen suit, delicately garlanded along the edges of the wide collar, the cuffs and about the hem of the skirts with vivid blue-larkspur blossoms and green leaves. This sumptuously-simple frock is belted well below the hips with a tan-colored oceze-leather belt, fastened with a smartly-enamored silver-gilt buckle. In the afternoon this same child will go forth to drive, or play games on the lawn, in a pastel-rose linen, traced over with many lines of coral-red blossoms, and girdled very low down with a wire coral-taffeta sash that has fringed ends.

In the group of young folks that accompanies this text the value of the short, full skirt, and belt or sash below the hips, is convincingly accentuated. The small

girl, displays the glories of a hand-embroidered linen, and the fifteen-year-old girl wears a gown of cloth, in the two tones so very fashionable just now, tan and leaf green.

There have been wonderful pranks played in Paris lately with all the tailor-made traditions, consequent upon the strike of the tailors. The whole responsibility of dress thus cast upon the dressmakers, they have insisted at all costs upon the picturesque. They are now turning out wonderful coats, named after the great Mme. Loubet; coats with long Directoire skirts, bolero tops, and undersleeves that are fountains of lace.

Just a few women have so far been seen in the Marie Louise skirts, that are gathered full at the back and flow out in broad trains behind. With these go elbow sleeves, that support frills of tulle or chiffon or starched lace, that stand out as full and as stiffly as the neck ruffs of Tudor times. Though the majority of well-costumed womankind will continue on into the now fairly-launched season to display sheath skirts, the Marie Louise is inevitable, and is going to enter on its victorious campaign with the foulards and the evening

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soft, add butter the size of an egg, a pint of sifted flour, and a pint of rich milk. Mix smooth, then drop by spoonfuls into deep, boiling-hot lard, fry a light brown, skin out, lay in a hot dish and sprinkle with fine sugar. Keep the dish hot until the frying is done. Serve at once with more sugar, and good claret, the eaters making syrup thin or thick to please themselves.

Pancakes.—Make batter as for fritters, only using a double amount of milk. It must be thin enough to run easily. Have a hot griddle, well greased, and barely cover it. Sprinkle each pancake with sugar as it is taken off, roll it up, and lay it in a hot dish. Serve with a sauce of creamed butter and sugar beaten smooth in warm wine, either sherry or claret.

NOVELTIES FOR THE NECK.

PINEAPPLE SILK MUSLIN, HAVING JABOT STREAMERS, IS AN ARTISTIC COLLARETTE.

By a Special Contributor.

With the joyful putting off of heavy wraps and furs, we have returned to our allegiance to all manner of pretty, fluffy collarites. They are reditions of the boas we exploited last autumn, hung with chenille roses and fringed with tulle; but many of them are vastly improved and beautified over the models that reigned in the dead and gone season. For one thing the milliners have now taken up the manufacture of boas and ruffs, and sell really irresistible specimens to match the hat that one purchases. Some hats, in fact, are not sold unless its boa is purchased, too, and, if one is ambitious for a neck piece to display in company with one's Easter bonnet, the modiste will whip one up in a trice.

There are, with this open season, boas to suit the most conservative and the most eccentric women. There are collarites with ends that drop to one's toes, and bracelets with no end. Some of them fasten in front, some behind, and some at one side. One of the newest and prettiest is of pale mauve-pineapple pleated-silk muslin, edged with quillings of white tulle, made with long jabot streamers, in a series of over-deep-lapping flounces, and diversified with little flat blue-silk roses,

set on to the pineapple-pleated surface at artistic intervals.

Another enviable specimen is made in the form of two huge Tudor ruffs of tulle. The first is cream white, laid upon one of equally full Jacqueminot red tulle, and finished with double ropes of changeable red and white silk chenille. From Paris come evening boas made all of huge silk peonies. Silver cords hang nearly to the feet in front; and are weighted at the bottom with peonies, one of which has inner stiffened petals, that, at the wearer's need, can be transformed into a charming fan.

A goodly number of these neck ornaments are broadened out, in the center of the back and on the shoulders, to serve as small fancy capes when the wearer drives, or requires a bit of a wrap after dancing. Costly and beautiful ones are made in the form of separate stitched silk leaves, upon which fall frills of fine lace, and the streamers in front are long ends of accordion-pleated chiffon, covered with lace and held at intervals with ornamental circlets of brilliant paste. Intrinsically beautiful as are the ostrich-feather boas, they no longer retain their hold on feminine affections, unless the proud feathers are allied and intermingled with artificial flowers and lace. This is a degradation of their beauty, but, for the present, plumes are commonplace and hackneyed to a degree, and only the milliner who is more or less of a genius at combinations can make the woman accept the feathers under any guise.

A distinct sensation was created at one of the last balls of the winter season by the appearance of a notably well-dressed woman in a boa made wholly of exquisite silver-tissue roses; from this hung a dozen or more fine silver chains, that dangled nearly to her feet and shot white lights from the many vivid little rhinestones that were fastened at intervals of an inch or two in their links. Worn with a sumptuous black gown, this silver collar not only produced a marked effect, but set a fashion then and there for balls that are to follow in the Easter holidays.

COMIC EASTER CARDS.

It has been left to a Japanese artist to produce the comic Easter cards.

Comic valentines date back fifty years, and the sug-

gestively-amusing Christmas card is not unknown, but that the sacred festival of Easter could be successfully treated—if not in a spirit of satire, at least in lighter vein—it has remained for a foreign artist to discover.

The "cards" referred to are bits of ragged-edged leather (to which an "applied art" is now running so madly for decoration) in as many shapes and shapelessness as found in the snippings and scraps of a dressmaker's rag bag. Upon these are outlined caricatures—albeit with extreme delicacy—of popes and cardinals, surpliced priests and penitents, choir boys and choir masters, with heads of rabbits, butterflies, eggs, and other emblems associated with Easter. These outlines are artistically filled in with the smooth and glowing Japanese colors, and are undoubtedly works of art, the cleverness of which is best shown in the suggestive poise of the figures and the expression given to the grotesque faces.

A chrysanthemum, garbed in the scarlet robes of a cardinal, bends in mock solemnity over a butterfly gowned as a society belle, giving absolution. A rabbit clergyman, in white vestments, with a worldly twinkle in his rabbit eye, a knowing cock of the long ear, which expresses so much, pronounces a benediction over a congregation of slyly demure butterflies. Monks, in gorgeous robes, carrying aloft crosses of gold, have solemn faces, not without a covert expression, formed from a calla lily; attenuated figures of anxious hens, with egg-shaped faces, flutter distractingly about the hatching chicks; all sorts of comical combinations of symbols, emblematic of Easter hope and joy—almost a travesty upon the solemn spirit of the holy feast.

To the Christian to whom this day, commemorative of the risen Christ, is a sacred festival, these Easter souvenirs savor of irreverence, and yet they are sold at fabulously-high prices by the hundreds.

They are something new! And is not all the world rushing frantically after the new? Little heed is given to significance, use, desirability, if a thing only comes hot from the roller!

That a people recognizing Easter at all should be so little filled with the spirit of it as to send a friend a reminder of the day caricaturing, however lightly, the Christian holy day, is a sad commentary on the times.

I. B. W.

AN OLD PARIS LANDMARK.

THE MARKET OF THE TEMPLE BECOMES A THING OF THE PAST.

[*Pall Mall Gazette:*] The closing of the Market of the Temple, which will take place before this is in print, reminds one that with it another of the old landmarks of literary Paris will disappear. Ever since its foundation by Napoleon on the site of the historic fortress of the Templars, the place has been used for the sale of old clothes and second-hand fineries of which our own Petticoat lane would be ashamed. Here the rising genius who was bidden to the house of some patron or editor [N. B.—Publishers in France do not ask their victims to dine with them] used to repair for the hire of garments suitable to the occasion, generally getting into them behind a screen placed conveniently in the shop, and leaving his own workaday clothes behind him as security.

The price was not excessive, for £5 would command a complete evening rig out, but the result was not always satisfactory, and a writer, whose name I forget, used to tell with great delight how in his youth he had found to his horror the pair of black trousers he had thus obtained turning red and green in the midst of the ball whither he had conducted them. They had originally been of a brilliant plaid, but had been dyed by the hirer with some inefficient compound, on which an accidental baptism of lemonade had acted like Ithuriel's spear.

PART OF LONDON WALL FOUND.

[*London Telegraph:*] In the course of operations connected with the laying of the telephone tube through the city a seam of stonework, between thirty and forty feet in length, has been discovered running to a depth of about eight feet. There is no doubt about this being a section of the old London wall, which extended in a northerly direction along a street which still bears its name. The original Ald Gate must have stood not far from the spot where the discovery was made, and an equally curious find 255 years ago of coins belonging to the reigns of Trajan, Domitian and Valentinian settles the period of its primary erection. Perhaps the most interesting record in connection with the towers and barriers is that of a lease granting the whole of the house above the gate to Geoffrey Chaucer in 1374. There is no mention in it of either rent or any other consideration; the conclusion, therefore, is that it was a free residence attached to the office of the Controller of the Customs and subsidy of woods, skins and leather for the port of London, which functions the author of "The Canterbury Tales" fulfilled for eleven years, when he obtained permission to appoint a deputy, ostensibly to devote himself to another duty, that of the Controller of the Petty Customs. Most probably it was to give more time to his writing, and the city did not like it, for a twelvemonth later Chaucer was dismissed from both offices.



(1.) This is a pretty pale pastel-blue straw, dressed with ivory-white chiffon, black velvet and scarlet roses.

(2.) This pretty Easter hat is a suggestion of the immensely-popular Marie Antoinette shape. It is a pale-blue straw, dressed with black roses under the brim.

(3.) This pretty black mohair toque is decorated with pale-blue chiffon and rhinestone ornaments.

(4.) A creation in mignonette, green velvet and ivory-white satin, with white wings. Two brilliant buttons glitter on the front brim.



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A GRIZZLY ON ICE.

ACCORDING TO BILL ELLIS, HE WAS NOT A COLD PROPOSITION.

By a Special Contributor.

"MAYBE you've heard of the independence of a hawk on ice, but you ought to see a grizzly perform," observed Bill Ellis one evening, as he flapped a sheepherder's flapjack so high out of the frying pan that it caught on a limb—and was tough enough to stay there. "I was bad done up, too, by some tenderfeet, and that made me feel spotty. To tell the truth, I was as green as any of 'em, but, of course, I didn't know it."

"We went out, one day, from our minin' camp in the mountains, and found where a bear had gone into a cave to lay up for the winter. We thought it would be a fine thing to smoke him out, for we s'posed he would be mighty lazy after goin' into winter quarters. We had some spunky dogs with us that had tackled all sorts of varmints and would hitch onto anythin' that offered an anchorage. The hole was right by the shore of a little lake and under a ledge of rock, where it was easy makin' a fire in it, an' we waited outside for results.

"We were standin' only a few yards outside of the cave, with our weapons all ready, an' talkin' about bear bein' afraid of the sound of men's voices and the sight of their eyes, an' sick book talk, when all of a sudden there was a growl like a thunder cloud had busted, an' out come a big, wedge-shaped heap o' black, that split that crowd like a wedge o' lightnin'. He didn't try to hit or bite none of us, but dove right through our center, upsettin' half of us, while the other half upset 'emselves a gittin' out of the way. Durned if he didn't git clean down to the lake without any one firin' a shot. He must have been blinded or crazy from the smoke or fire, for he sailed out onto the ice, a-towin' two dogs with his rump, while twog or three more was a tryin' to get a hold on each side an' tumblin' over each other in the operation, without his stoppin' ever to make a wipe at 'em."

"Out onto the ice he floated, with the whole durned flotilla in tow. The snow was about two inches deep, an' so dry that it slid off the ice at the least touch, and over went the whole fleet, keel over stern post, the minute it struck the ice. The bear lit on his back, with a brace o' dogs hugged up in his bosom, an' the rest a sprawlin' over the ice in a circle round him, an' the whole outfit sweepin' a place about twenty foot wide bare of snow. He was a-slashin' round with his claws, tryin' to reach the dogs that was tangled up between his legs, but, like an ambitious mother-in-law, he was carvin' air too high. Before he knew it, they hed slipped out, the rest had caught their feet, an' one was anchored on each side, with two more well landed on a tall holt. They were goin' to hold the bear balanced on his back until we could rustle spunk enough to do somethin', for he had nothin' to lay to turn over.

"But it was somethin' like a mistake I made once about the old gent, when I was turned over his knee, while I was thinkin' about it, an' found he had lots of lay-to on hand. How the deuce the bear got over I don't know, but all to wonct he was back skyward again, with pups a-circuin' around in every direction, sweepin' the snow with their backs and kickin' at the sky with whirlin' legs, and yelpin' as if the bear had a tooth in each one of 'em.

"Then he made a break for the shore. Whether it was for solid ground or our meat we wasn't extra particular. An' we didn't laugh, neither, when the cuss went end over end about the time he got well under way. For he rolled, scrambled and slid, with the dogs a-howlin' an' yowlin' so close behind him that we couldn't shoot, an' fore we knew it he was out of sight under the bank. Maybe you think we stepped up to the edge so as to get a good shot. Not much. He scattered the serenity of the symposium—"

"How?"

"Oh, that's some of my college education that bobs up, once in a while, an' bothers me. I was there just long enough to get fired. I would a thought, just like you do, that the thing to do was to go to the edge of the bank and meet the bear with a hunk o' lead. But you must remember we had just seen him go down that slope, an' you haven't. So it suddenly struck us all in a heap that absence in bear huntin' is sometimes very interesting, and it was too cussed plain for comfort that that grizzly could handle his hoofs better on land than we could, while we could do better on the ice than he could. In handlin' bear, we don't use such long chains of logic as they do in tanglin' up a feller's brains in college, an', without waitin' for any sillygisms, we made a break on the sides, so as to reach the ice before his claws could make a breach in our britches. I had on a pair o' new boots, and forgot that I had all the mornin' been climbin' up hill on hands an' knees and slidin' down hill on the north side of my body. So, as soon as I struck the ice, I went boots over applecart almost as quick as the bear had, with the rifle goin' off an' then slidin' out of sight somewhere in the snow. While I was plowin' my neck full of snow, my early piosity come back, an' I was just a-beginnin' to pray that the bear might go to bed again, when there was the durniest kind of yelpin' from the curs. It kind a seemed as if the prayer was answered, as mine always are, for there was the bear a-tryin' to scramble up the bank to go to bed again. But the whole litter o' curs was a hangin' to his rear, an' it ain't very easy carryin' out a prayer in that way. All of a sudden he got his claws fast in some hard ground, and out he jumped, with a whirl, leavin' a lot o' hair a-floatin' on the breeze an' I don't know how many dog's teeth tangled up in it. But he went back on the

religious part of the business, an' instead of goin' to bed, struck out for the hills; when somebody's rifle took a hand. He give a roar an' come a tearin' back like a big freight engine with a snow plow in front comin' out of a mountain snow drift. The dogs scattered right an' left, an' wheeled round into his rear, so as to be out of the way of his teeth an' claws, an' down the bank he come with a hop, skip an' a jump, with the bullets from two rifles tossin' up the snow just in line with the top of his back.

"But he struck out for the other fellers, and the time he made was wonderful, slidin' an' rollin' half the time, with the dogs losin' their feet an' havin' to let go of him as fast as they could get a hold. My pardners made such good time across the lake that I didn't risk the chance of hittin' none of 'em by shootin' at the bear. I rather dropped into another prayer—"God speed the partin' guest," or somethin' of the sort, I had learned at college or Sunday-school. An' I kind o' felt like shootin' all the dogs, so the bear wouldn't have nothin' to hold him back, for it was really amusin' to see them fellers rustle, an' besides it didn't look fair to see a critter held back so when he was doin' his best in a new field.

"But in the mean time, I was pliyin' my boots for shore an' wonderin' whether the hole the bear had left wasn't just now the safest spot in the State, when I saw him rise up an' make a tremenous wipe at a dog that had got too familiar with his postscript. But he slipped an' fell backward, with a big flop, an' a long skrrrrr aaack-swash, an' went out o' sight in a big hole he busted in the ice. He scrambled on the ice with his forefeet in a jiffy, but when he put up his hind feet an' tried to lift himself out, the edge of the ice gave way, an' down he went—souze into the water agin. I saw we had him now, and yelled to the rest:

"Come back, fellers, we've got him!"

"But there was no 'come' to 'em, and they never turned to look back, but dove into the timber on the other side of the lake as if they didn't care whether the bear got me or not. Really I couldn't blame 'em, for we all had muzzle-loadin' rifles in them days an' had no business monkeyin' with grizzly nohow; an' all the old bear hunters had always said never to pull trigger on one unless you had a sure shot at the butt of his ear or small of his back.

"I happened to think of this, myself, as I was a-walkin' up to the bear to finish him, but thought of it a heap more when I found I had forgotten to load the cussed rifle after it went off in the snow. I meditated on it some more when I found my hands a-shiverin' so with the cold an' excitement that I could hardly get a load of powder into the end of it, an' my narves wasn't strengthened much by seein' the bear's hind foot stick, as if the ice was goin' to hold. An' the fact that it gave way an' let him down again, just as he made a big spring to get out, wasn't altogether as consol'in' as it might a been.

"Down he went, with the ice a-crackin' all round an' the dogs a-barkin' almost in his nose. But up he come, as smilin' as a politician, an' with one claw raked in one of the best dogs, that got his bill too near, and slipped on the ice when he went to dodge back. He went under, blowin' bubbles an' yeeps that scared the wits out of the other dogs, so that they began to scatter, like friends often do when you need 'em, an' I couldn't blame 'em, either. Talk about fixes! Any minute the ice might hold well enough for him to get out, an' them there'd be another race on the ice, with the chances all in favor of the bear, for he was just learnin' how to use his claws on it. An' if the cussed ice should happen to break too much when it was lettin' him down, an' let me into the same hole with him—eh?

"You may imagine how much this kind of thinkin' helped me load that rifle; but I finally got a bullet down and then began to smile to think how I was a-goin' to bag that bear alone an' have the laugh on the rest of the gang for skinnin' out at the important pint. So I got out a cap."

"Well, what are you waitin' so long about?" I said, as a long silence followed the word "cap."

"Why I wanted to give you time to take in the size of the fix. Didn't you ever shoot a muzzle-loader? Then you've missed the most excitin' part of life. The man that never stood with bare fingers, on a freemin' day, tryin' to get one of them footy little caps on the tube of a rifle, with a bear blowin' froth almost in his face an' smashin' a lot of ice right round his feet, with hands a-tremblin' so he can hardly get hold of the cap, let alone get it on, don't know nothin' about fun.

"Well, about the time I finally got that cap on an' walked up close enough to get a sure shot at the butt of the bear's ear, the dogs developed another wiggle. It was just too lovely to see how their spunk come back, when they seen I was goin' to shoot. They made a break for him, an' stood just out o' reach of his claws, with eyes a-flashin' an' teeth a-clatterin', and keepin' up the darndest yow-yow-yow you ever heard. That started up the bear's hind-leg action agin, and he went to churkin' water an' smashin' ice harder than ever, tryin' to get at the dogs. It begun to look as if I would have to shoot all the dogs before I could get a shot at the bear at all.

"Maybe you think I wasn't excited, too. A minute before, I was thinkin' how I would have the laugh on my pardners an' make 'em set up the drinks for skinnin' out an' leavin' me finish the job on the bear. An' now it begun to look as if I couldn't even get the trigger pulled, for I was a-shiverin' like a ship in the teeth of a hurricane, while the bear was a-wabblin' about so that there was a mighty small chance of gettin' a sure shot. An' I knew if I didn't, I never would get that rifle loaded again that day.

"I'd ought to saved all my prayers for that time, but I couldn't gather my religion together again, an' had to rely on gettin' closer to the bear instead of heaven. So I edged up among the dogs, until I got the end of the iron within ten foot of the bear's ear, an' just discovered the cussed ear was around on the side, instead of in front, where I wanted it for a safe shot. That give me a congestive chill in half a second, an' that was made cooler by the bear making an extra lunge that lifted him half out on the ice. With the weight of the dogs an' my own heft, an' the bear on top of the heap, the ice begun to crack, an' I was so darned muddled the

rife went off without hittin' anything. The whole business round me begun to go together just in time to see dogs an' bear mix up with the water, mixed up with the

"What did I do? Well, what the deuce I suppose you'd stayed an' fished 'em all out of the bear home on your back. So would I have had somethin' to say about it, an' when reasonin' right strong they never wait for your college sillygisms. As fast as the slippery boots would let 'em, them legs know an' they never turned around till we reached ridge that give a chance to look back. The dogs a-tryin' to climb out in different places, a bad mess of it, while the bear was a-lying on the edge of the ice, quietly, with his forepaws seem to care a cuss what become of the dogs.

"You don't know how bad I felt in that. I wouldn't let me go back an' finish that, wasn't the worst of it. It was the worst I ever had, an' the worst of it was just a-movin' I saw them fellers, that such a little while ago struck out for camp by way of China sea, a good show of gettin' there before dark, come back. They had known from the shot what somethin' was up, an' was a-comin' back. My legs didn't right off that would I say 'You bet it won't!' an' away we went as I got to the edge of the lake, where I made a whole business, they begun to shoot, and didn't have the bear finished without me, get there. I set up the drinks all right, leave that camp, for I hadn't confidence in my shootin' to kill any of 'em for laughing at me."

T. E. V.

CRITICISM OF OUR ALPHABET

[Chicago Tribune:] The high-class Chinese, through his interpreter, was giving the American visitor his impressions of the language.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how any one finds time to learn it. Take that singularly-awkward letter, for instance, the letter 'g'. What significance of that little curling projection at the end of it? I have never seen anybody write me. Then again, when the learner has got himself with that letter and can recognize it, he learns that it is only part of a word and enters into the composition of thousands of words, different pronunciations and sometimes pronounced at all, being entirely silent. Now, see one of our Chinese characters you know it is. It is a wonder to me that your people can card the cumbersome forms of your writing and learn our simpler and more-easily system."

The eminent American could only bow in humiliation and promise to bring the matter to the educational authorities of his native land.

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AN APRIL FOOL.

By a Special Contributor.

"GOOD morning, Miss Adams," said William Seamans, of the firm of "Gilbert, Seamans & Co., lumber dealers," as he entered the office one bright spring morning.

Dolly Adams, the book-keeper, looked up from her desk, eyeing him curiously, as she said: "Good morning, Mr. Seamans, and congratulations, also."

He turned around nervously. "So, you've caught onto me," he said. "I'd like to know what it means. All the way to the office people were congratulating me right and left, and beginning to know the name of the 'lucky one' as they phrased it."

"What did you tell them?" asked Dolly, reddening a little beneath his steady gaze. "Oh," with a laugh, "of course I said I didn't know, but I am sorry to say that, in the majority of cases, they doubted my word and accused me of being 'sly' and 'queer,' and now you open upon me. Have you any idea what it all means?"

"Why, Mr. Seamans," cried the astonished Dolly, "is it possible you don't know that all your friends have received an invitation to your wedding, which takes place tomorrow evening, though, strangely enough, the name of the prospective bride is not given?"

"The d-d-dickens!" gasped Mr. Seamans, as he sank into a chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, while he added: "Have you-er one of those-er details, Miss Adams?"

Silently Dolly put one of the invitations into his hand, watching him as he read it and noting the gradual brightening of his face, until, as he finished, he exclaimed: "Humph! I fancy I have the key to this precious document. I wagered a diamond ring apiece with my nieces, Jennie and Sue, that they couldn't 'fool us' upon April 1, and they boasted they would not only 'fool us,' but the whole town also."

"It was only yesterday that Sue asked me if she might have an April fool party, and I consented, not dreaming I was the victim she proposed to sacrifice."

"But she may find an April fool she hasn't expected."

"Dolly, will you help me teach these silly girls a lesson?" Before Dolly could reply, there came an imperative call for Mr. Seamans from the mill, and he hastened away, leaving Dolly to wonder how she was expected to help checkmate his fun-loving nieces.

All that day packages, great and small, were arriving at the office, evidently sent by friends, who considered the invitation a bona-fide one, and Dolly was kept busy at the telephone answering inquiries.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Seamans again appeared, looking tired and vexed.

"By George!" he exclaimed, dropping into the chair beside Dolly. "I can't stand this much longer."

"Somebody's getting fooled if I am not. Things begin to look serious, and the whole town will be down on Sue and Jennie."

"Why, there are no less than six Morris chairs and two sideboards in the back office, to say nothing of chintz and bric-a-brac, sufficient to stock an ordinary store. What shall I do?" and he looked appealingly at Dolly.

"Do?" repeated she, laughingly. "I'm sure I don't know, unless you take the hint and make it a real marriage."

"A capital idea," he replied, "but who would marry an old man of 40?"

"How can you say that?" cried Dolly, impulsively. "Forty isn't old. I'm sure no one would object to your age," and then she blushed furiously at her boldness.

He looked at her keenly, and what he read in her face must have satisfied him, for, taking her unresisting hand in his, he whispered: "Dolly, will you help me punish Sue and Jennie as they deserve?"

"I—I—don't understand you," faltered Dolly. "I am sure you do," he said, earnestly. "You must know I have loved you all these weeks you have worked so patiently to care for your mother."

"But she shall be my care in the future if you will only say 'Yes.'"

Dolly gave a little gasp of astonishment. "Will you, Dolly?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, softly, turning toward him a face like a rose.

The morning of April 1 dawned warm and pleasant. The Seamans were astir early, and under the girls' skillful fingers, the house soon put on its gala dress, and was made sweet with flowers and ferns.

Six o'clock, the invitations said, was the hour appointed for the ceremony, and long before that time every guest had arrived, and there was many a whispered surmise as to who the bride might be, but all

agreed that it was a good thing for William, to put some steady hand over those "flighty nieces."

Meanwhile the nieces themselves were beginning to fear they had gone too far, and almost dreaded the moment when they must confess the hoax and trust to the good time they meant to give their guests to earn their forgiveness.

They were still wondering just how it was best to be done, when, as the clock chimed 6, the door opened, and the Rev. Mr. Fish entered, followed by Mr. Seamans, looking proud and happy, with pretty, blushing Dolly leaning upon his arm.

Very quietly they took their places in the center of the room, where a few solemn words soon made them man and wife.

Throughout the ceremony Sue and Jennie stood staring at the couple in bewildered astonishment, and only came to themselves when they saw the guests crowding around to congratulate the newly-wedded pair, when they rallied enough to make an awkward attempt to follow their example.

"Never mind, girls," said Mr. Seamans, with a twinkle in his eye, as he took a hand of each. "You've done me a good turn, if you didn't mean it, and have well earned your rings, even if you are—a pair of 'April fools.'"

ETHEL S. SLEEPER.

WHERE IT TAKES A MAN.

Any one can be a soldier, when there's nothing else to do
But wear a brilliant uniform and line up for review.
Any one can grasp a musket and march proudly down the street,
When admiring crowds are present, and the music's loud and sweet;
But when the trumpet sounds for war, and drum and screaming fife
Betoken grim forebodings of the coming deadly strife,
When, amid the cannon's roaring, you can see the foe in sight,
It takes a man to stand in line and face the coming fight.

When the sun is shining brightly on a cloudless summer day,
And the waves are idly lapping in a calm and peaceful way,
When the breezes softly ripple and the sails are held in check,
Any one can be a sailor and parade the quarterdeck;
But when the storm-king mutters and the angry billows roll,
And the sails are madly flapping, striking terror to the soul,
And when the vessel tosses and the seas run mountain high,
It takes a man to guide the ship and wind and waves defy.

You can live a life of pleasure if the birds sing all the day,
And the skies are blue above you, melting all the clouds away.
When all is bright and cheerful, and you have no doubts or fears,
You can sing a song of gladness; smiles will take the place of tears;
But when sorrows overtake you, and you bear a heavy load,
And obstructions rise before you as you tread the rocky road;
When dearest friends desert you in your keenest hour of pain,
It takes a man to overcome and struggle on again.

Any one can follow blindly in the sweeping, surging throng,
Pressing on without a leader, rushing aimlessly along.
It is easy to go forward if the rest are going, too;
You can do with zealous ardor what you see the others do.
But to leave the crowds behind you, and to dare to stand alone,
And to face the taunts of others, and the truth and right to own,
Standing firmly, though unaided, save by God's almighty hand,
Takes a man of righteous honor 'gainst the foe to make a stand.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

[*Kansas City Star:*] One must not expect too much of Europe for a time. Her markets are overstocked with prunes.

THEN HE HURRIED UP.

He was too modest to be a successful lover, and he had let forty years of his life go by without ever coming to an emotional point.

He was in love with a fair being of suitable age, but he would not tell her so, and, though she knew it, she could not very well give him a hint on the situation.

She was willing, because she had arrived at that time of life when a woman is not nearly so hard to please as she might have been at some other time, but he was stupid, and went away without a word.

He was gone a long, long time, and when he came back he found her still ready.

"I have come back after many years," he said to her, as he took her hand in greeting.

She had learned something in the years since she had seen him last.

"Well, for goodness sake, Henry," she exclaimed fervidly, "why don't you take them? I'm 35 now. How many more years do you want?"

Then a great light shone upon him, and he did not wait for any more.—[London Tit-Bits.]



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

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New York—Eduard Marquardt, 24th st. and Park ave.
New York—A. Schlesinger, 175 Park ave.
New York—Richard Wulff, 20th st. and Eighth ave.
New York—H. J. Sonke, 175 Park ave.
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New York—Theo. Hollermann, 60 Amsterdam ave.
New York—Henry Hoffman, 204 West Blvd.
New York—Wm. Bock, 677 Columbus ave.
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New York—Edward Miller, 444 Fourth ave.
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New York—Christie, 311 Fourteenth ave. and Park ave., corner 74th.
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New York—D. Bloderman, Broadway, corner 55th.
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Brooklyn, N. Y.—Peter Meyer, Bedford ave. and Division.
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LOOMIS'S RECALL.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.
WASHINGTON, March 30.—The State Department has recalled Minister Frank Loomis from Caracas to Washington for the purpose of consultation. The interests of the governments of the United States and the government of Venezuela have become more acute lately and it is desired that the two governments make an adjustment themselves with regard to the situation in Venezuela through more direct means than the scanty cable communications.

As far as can be learned, the last protest of our government to the Venezuelan government respecting the treatment of Consul Bain has not met with satisfaction. The American and asphalt controversy is still open. It is not believed that a formal official complaint has been lodged against Mr. Loomis, save in the case of the brief statement in the American cable controversy, but however that may be, the Minister has the full approval of the government for everything he has done, and the public information, and there is no reason to believe that he will not return to Venezuela from his conference with the Secretary of State.

MINISTER'S BAD HEALTH.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Private advice which have reached Washington today indicate that Mr. Loomis's health has not been robust when he returned to Venezuela from the United States last year. The intimation conveys that a change of climate might benefit his health, and the American political conditions in Venezuela his wishes and inclinations will be served by a transfer to some other post. It is also said that Mr. Loomis will lose nothing in dignity, for he has the hearty support of the State Department, and the only difficulty in doing so is to find some other United States Minister of commerce willing to trade with him.

GEN. YOUNG'S COMMAND.
ONE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—It is not definitely known just when Maj.-Gen. Young, who arrived in San Francisco yesterday from the Philippines, will succeed Gen. Shafter as commander of the Dept. of California. Maj.-Gen. Young may come to Washington before he assumes command of the department. Owing to the return of volunteers from the Philippines and the

2

to reach him, and no action will be taken toward removing him until after he has had an opportunity to reply to the charges made by Mr. Griggs. It will take till about June for a reply to reach Washington.

PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS.
ST. LOUIS FAIR COMMISSION.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.
WASHINGTON, March 30.—Late this afternoon the President made the following appointments:

To be delegated to the Congress of America: Cyrus Northrop of Minnesota, H. G. Davis of West Virginia, William I. Buchanan of Iowa, Charles M. Pepper of the District of Columbia, and Volney W. Foster of Illinois.

To be members of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission: John M. Thurston of Nebraska, Thomas H. Carter of Montana, William Lindsay of Kentucky, G. W. McBride of Oregon, F. A. Davis of Connecticut, John M. Allen of Mississippi, Martin H. Gillett of New York, John E. Miller of Indiana, and Philip D. Scott of Arkansas.

MINISTER LOOMIS
CALLED HOME.

RELATIONS WITH VENEZUELA ARE
BADLY STRAINED.

ASPHALT TROUBLE AND IMPRISONMENT
OF CONSULAR AGENT BAIR HAVE CAUSED
A WIDE BREACH BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND
CAARACAS GOVERNMENT.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
WASHINGTON, March 30.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Francis B. Loomis, United States Minister at Caracas, who has been bitten and attacked in the Venezuelan press on account of his looking out for American interests in the Pitch Lake controversy and other matters in which the United States is concerned, has been ordered home by telegraph. It is expected that he will leave on the first available steamer. According to the statement that Mr. Loomis has been directed to report to Washington for consultation, no authoritative information was given out at the State Department today.

There is no doubt, however, that the relations between Venezuela and this country are becoming strained, and the situation is likely to continue, if only temporarily, taken in connection with the understood intention of Señor Pulido, Venezuelan chargé d'affaires at Washington, to leave here soon for Caracas, indicates a serious condition.

IT IS UPON RELIABLE AUTHORITY THAT
THIS GOVERNMENT IS VERY MUCH DISAP
POINTED IN ITS ATTITUDE TOWARD THE
AMERICAN FEDERAL AUTHORITIES GENERALLY, AND
PRESIDENT CASTRO PARTICULARLY. THEIR
CONDUCT IN THE RECENT TROUBLES IN THE
ASPHALT REGION, AND IN CASES OF ALLEGED
PETTY PERSECUTION OF AMERICANS RESID
ING IN VENEZUELA, IS REGARDED AS UN
FRIENDLY. THEY HAVE, IT IS EXPLAINED,
SHOWN NO APPRECIATION TO MEET THE
UNITED STATES HALF WAY IN THE SETTLEMENT
OF THE PENDING DISPUTES, BUT THEY HAVE
ASSUMED AN ATTITUDE OF DEFENSE.

THE RAIZ CASE.

One recent case that caused this go
vernment to chafe is that of Ignacio H.
Bain, a Danish subject, who represents the United States as consular agent at Caracas, Venezuela. He was arrested according to the State Department, for refusing to make a forced loan to the Venezuelan authorities, and put in jail until the money was paid. Instructions making rather a stiff demand for an explanation were sent to Mr. Loomis, but up to this time he has apparently received no response from the government at Caracas, as he has not informed the State Department on the subject. Since the instructions were sent press reports have said Mr. Bain was arrested the second time, but no confirmation has been received.

OPPONENTS LEADING SOCIETY.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
NEW YORK, March 30.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Maurice Barrymore may regain his reason by complete rest and care. This is all that will save him, say the attending physicians. Maurice Barrymore, a actress, managed

himself, a stage manager, playwright and the greatest of actors in turn. He shouted out orders to imaginary scene shifters. Then his having took another turn. Egotism was their characteristic.

"Dick Mansfield is act, but he can't a

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He was finally quieted by drugs.

CABLE TO
AUSTRALIA.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
TAKES FIRST PRACTICAL STEPS.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
VICTORIA (B.C.), March 30.—[Exclusive Dispatch.]—The first practical steps in the construction of the Pacific cable have been taken. The Canadian government steamer Quadra has gone up the west coast of Vancouver Island to survey for a site for the landing of the cable which is to connect British Columbia with the Australian colonies. Aboard the steamer are H. S. Pearce, engineer of the cable company that has contracted to build the cable within a year for £1,750,000; J. Wilson, superintendent of C.P.R. photographic; Capt. Gaudin, agent of marine and fisheries, and a local photographer who has gone to take views of the site selected for the government. At the site chosen on Vancouver Island the coast cable station will be erected and the necessary buildings erected at once. A repair steamer is also to be stationed there, the plan involving one being stationed on the Vancouver Island coast and the other on the Queensland coast.

The work of laying the cable is to be commenced without delay from here and from Queensland, and is to be laid via Fanning, Norfolk Islands, and New Zealand, the longest stretches under the ocean being between here and Fanning Island, a distance of 3500 miles, and from Fanning to the Norfolk Islands, a distance of 1700 miles.

GEN. YOUNG'S COMMAND.

ONE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—It is not definitely known just when Maj.-Gen. Young, who arrived in San Francisco yesterday from the Philippines, will succeed Gen. Shafter as commander of the Dept. of California. Maj.-Gen. Young may come to Washington before he assumes command of the department. Owing to the return of volunteers from the Philippines and the

sending of other troops to replace them, the command of the Department of California becomes one of the most important in the United States.

ARMY REORGANIZATION.

ENLISTMENTS TO BE LIMITED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—As a result of the capture of Aguinaldo and a belief among officials that a speedy and complete collapse of the insurrection in the Philippines was now, the strength of the army and its authority, based upon the recent army reorganization act may not be enlisted. The question is being canvassed by the President and the authorities, but no decision will be reached until the conditions in the Philippines are obtained. If the conditions turn out as the officials believe they will, there will be no need for a new army of 100,000 men. To prominent Senators with whom the President talked to day, he said the strength of the new army must be 100,000 men, necessary to meet those conditions. Not a man would be enlisted whose services were not required to cope with the emergency. The army will provide for an army with a minimum force of 65,000 men, and a maximum strength of 100,000 men. With these limitations, the new army will be less than half the size of the old family paper that probably had not been disturbed since the conclusion of the American war of independence.

Lord Grey's great grandfather was a commander of British troops in America at that time, and Andre served in his staff, and this accounts for the strong attachment of the present peer to the cause of the present peer. The diary is apparently the original, but in order to make sure that it is not a copy, Lord Grey is sending over to the United States to secure samples of Andre's handwriting, none of which can be obtained here.

The diary is a story of the campaign,

day by day, during the years 1776-1778.

It is written in ink, and is accompanied by maps, apparently drawn by Andre himself with a skill that would make him the equal of any military hydrographer of today.

The diary ceases too early to throw

new light upon the motives which

he had in leaving France.

He has learned many valuable

lessons, moreover, which has taught him much more to gain through the friendship of France than through an alliance with her northern neighbors.

This truth has been emphasized recently by further restrictions upon the power of the admiralty of special commercial privileges that had been granted to her by Austria and Germany.

It is commonly urged that the Pope is sufficiently influential to prevent any alliance between Italy and France, and that he would be a political event of great importance, some effects of

which are sufficiently obvious as to be unnecessary to mention. Its effect upon the Mediterranean situation would be of the greatest significance to England, the bearing of the proposed combination upon the naval power of the world would be more important than its military effect.

The tacit understanding now existing between Great Britain and Germany would almost inevitably develop into an avowed alliance and the balance of power will be definitely hung between the two powers.

England, however, will be compelled to maintain with great difficulty a balance between Great Britain, Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other. It is an open secret that negotiations have been proceeding actively between Paris and Rome, but whether a definite agreement has been reached cannot be known for some time to come.

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CHANNEL COAST SHIPPER.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

LONDON, March 30.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Sunday will, in a few weeks, be the scene of one of the most important assemblies in modern history—the Congress on Tuberculosis. The assembly will be held in the Imperial Light Horse Hall, London, on April 1st, and the chairman of the special committee on tuberculosis, Dr. Herbert G. Knobell, will be present.

The article refers to the influence of

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BUSIN FINANCIAL AND OFFICE OF Los Angeles

FINANCIAL
SPECIALIST IN
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IN THE
SPRINGS
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FOR THE
NEW
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COMMER

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FIRST BLOW AT AUTOCRACY.
ANARCHIST KROPOTKIN HOPEFUL
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.

NEW YORK. — March 29.—Prince Peter A. Kropotkin, the famous Russ
ian anarchist, was in this city at
the Gerard Hotel last night.

The first effective blow has been
struck in Russia by Prince Kropotkin in discussing the affairs of his country. It has been

struck within the past fortnight. The
ministers of state have notified the
Czar that a law he promulgated could
not be enforced. This is the first time
that he has ever done it. It marks the
first step in the progress which will

eventually make of Russia a federal
government, such as is that of the
United States.

"This law of the Emperor was the
cause of the recent student uprisings
in St. Petersburg and the terrible
outbreak of an incident at the Uni
versity of Kiev. A student had become
unpleasantly involved in some
accident there, and the other students
held meetings to decide what should
be done. The Czar, however, had no
knowledge of the affair, and his conduct
the Republican party has assumed full responsibility. The
empire is the overthrow of President
Moffat and the defeat of the Repub
lican party."

The next speaker was George C.
Mercier of Philadelphia, who was fol
lowed by Sefor Sixto Lopez, Aguilano
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meeting in Fanueil Hall tonight.

POSITION MISUNDERSTOOD.

The position of the United States in
reference to the prisoner seems to have
been misunderstood in some quarters,
and there was an impression that our
officers were ready to make terms with
Aguinaldo in order to secure his services
for the pacification of the islands.

Col. Charles R. Godman presided and
upon the platform beside the prisoners
were Edwin H. Boutwell, George Wilson,
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WE ARE NOW... CONNECTING GAS RANGES FREE...

EASY PICKING AT TANFORAN.

Advance Guard Wins Spring Handicap.

Favorites Won All the Events.

Bennings and Little Rock Results—Oxford Defeats Cambridge.

RANGES Sold at absolute cost — on the installation plan if preferred.

GAS Is the cheapest of all fuels.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING CO.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.] SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—The Spring Handicap, the feature of the racing at Tanforan today, resulted in an victory for Advance Guard, the favorite, with Mounsey in the saddle. It was interfered with by Vesuvian, who was second, and Oxford, third. Advance Guard won the race, and Cambridge struggled gamely, but lost her hard-earned lead by increasing falling signals in her last turn, while Oxford never lost an inch on the geometry of the course.

In the last 200 yards, Oxford began to show signs of trouble, and was relentlessly overhauled Cambridge, who rowed strong to the finish. Nevertheless, deep-draughted chars arose as the finish neared, each turn, while Oxford never lost an inch on the geometry of the course.

The Oxford bow lapped the Cambridge stern for a time, and the race hung in the balance. Oxford, however, gained ground by increasing falling signals in her last turn, and Cambridge saluted Oxford as they ceased rowing.

As far as the American spectators, came to see the race, the winning crew rowed to their landing place and carried in their own oars and boat, instead of being themselves carried, as would happen in the case of an American crew.

The time at the main points of the course were: Camelot, 1 min., 1 sec.; 2 m., 2 sec.; Hammersmith, 2 m., 3 sec.; 3 m., 4 sec.; Decatur, 3 m., 5 sec.; Barnes' Bridge, 3 m., 6 sec.; and Cambridge, 3 m., 7 sec.

WAR HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DAY.

The Transvaal left its mark on the crews of the rival bluethroat this year.

Several who might have rowed in the historic race were fighting in South Africa, and two of them were shot.

Two recent university oarsmen, McLean and Trevor Jones, died within a few days.

One mile, selling: Sir Kingston, 100 (O'Connor); 2 to 1, won; Milford, 100 (McLean); 3 to 1, won; Alton, 100 (Jones); 4 to 1, third; time, 1:43½.

Walkersham, Lomond, Morningside, Will and Silver Garter, also ran.

Camelot, 1 min., 1 sec.; 2 m., 2 sec.; 3 m., 3 sec.; 4 to 1, second; time, 1:43½.

Hammersmith, 1 min., 1 sec.; 2 m., 2 sec.; 3 m., 3 sec.; 4 to 1, second; time, 1:43½.

Edgarado, Haviland and Forster, 1 min., 1 sec.; 2 m., 2 sec.; 3 m., 3 sec.; 4 to 1, second; time, 1:43½.

The Spring handicap, mile and a half, value \$425: Advance Guard, 122 (Mounsey) 5 to 1, won; Star Chamber, 122 (Turner) 4 to 1, third; time, 1:43½.

My Gryph and Gauntlet also ran.

Mile and a sixteenth, purse: Rossmore, 122 (Turner) 4 to 1, won; Alton, 100 (Mounce) 5 to 1, third; time, 1:43½.

Tame Irishman, Prejudice, Joe Ripley and Norford also ran.

WINNERS AT BENNINGTON.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.] WASHINGTON, March 30.—Results of Bennington:

Four furlooms: The Rhymer, won, 100 (Daly) 5 to 1, won; MacGyde, 92 (Bullock) 6 to 1, second; time, 1:43½.

Five and a half furlooms: Petrel, won; Roxbury second; Petrel, 100 (Daly) 5 to 1, second; time, 1:43½.

Six furlooms: Potomac, Sadie S. won, Cox second, Scurvy, third; time, 1:43½.

Seven furlooms: Charley won; The Rogue second; Courtney third; time, 1:43½.

Handicap, mile and fifty yards: First Whelp, Ailsa second; Sydney Lucy third; time, 1:51 4-5.

LITTLE ROCK CARD.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.] OAKLAND, March 30.—A baseball field day game at Berkeley this afternoon, Roy Service, junior coach, broke the Coast record for a mile run by 34 seconds. His time was 4:32 4-5. The record was formerly held by Fredrickson, 4:36. Service set the J. E. Elliott gold medal for breaking the record.

Ten picked men will leave here on May 4 to uphold the colors of the University of California in Washington and Oregon. They will contest with the Oregon University men on May 5, and return to Washington University on May 6.

Two hundred thousand dollars were raised by the students for the trip.

ROY SERVICE'S FAST TIME.

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The work was in charge of Col. G. S. Atkinson, major general of the Third Regiment, assisted by Col. J. G. Scarborough, Maj. Irig, and Capt. Guthridge and Stansbury. There are thirty-five other members, and the colonel officers were: Lt. Col. W. J. Kingswell, captain; L. W. Bright, first lieutenant; F. J. Scott, second lieutenant; W. C. Brughorn, third lieutenant; Charles Bonney, second sergeant; W. D. Flannigan, third sergeant; G. M. Bookout, fourth sergeant.

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The visitors from adjoining towns were: Lieut.-Col. Aikins, Maj. Stebbins and Capt. Gruevill, Riverside; Capt. Whitmore and Lieut. Cook, San Diego; Capt. Rutherford, Maj. Mercer, Pasadena, and ex-Capt. Lewis, Dayton, O.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 31
OMA LINDA OPENED
TO MANY VISITORS
HEALTH RESORT IN SAN
BERNARDINO COUNTY.

ANTI-TRUST TRUST HEAD.

Wilshire Accused as a Unique Mogul.

Is He the King of All the Billboards?

Alleged Attempt at Coercion by One of His Men Brings it Out.

A CHICAGO LADY'S RECOVERY.

How Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh of all Internal Organs After Doctors Fail.



Mrs. President Byron of Chicago.

Mrs. C. L. Byron, of 542 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is president of the Chicago German Woman's Club. She has the following to say of Pe-ru-na, the great catarrh remedy, which relieved her of a serious case of catarrh of the bladder:

The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio:
"I was cured of a very severe case of bladder trouble which the doctors did not know how to reach. I had severe headache and dragging pains with it, but before the second bottle was used I felt much relieved and after having used the fifth bottle life looked different to me. This was nearly a year ago, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble. I cannot praise Peruna too highly!"—Mrs. C. L. Byron

Cured of Kidney Catarrh.

Mr. Charles Lindsay, of South Wayne, Wis., who is 63 years of age, writes Dr. Hartman as follows:

"I have been troubled for fifteen years with catarrh of the digestive organs and kidneys. I have tried every remedy recommended for my trouble but could not find anything that would relieve me of my terrible suffering until I was advised to take Peruna. I have taken six bottles of Peruna and thanks to Dr. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio, I am now completely free of all my trouble."

"I highly recommend Peruna to all and every one suffering with catarrh in any form."—Charles Lindsay.

Cystitis is One Form of Chronic Catarrh.

Cystitis is catarrh of the bladder. It would be difficult to describe the distinguishing symptoms of which this disease occasions. We shall not attempt to do so for many reasons.

People who have had any experience with this disease, know without any words of ours, the agony which it brings.

It is a disease which is generally known as a male disease. Catarrh of the internal organs, known as systemic catarrh, occurs in both sexes.

Peruna is also a reliable remedy for all forms of catarrh disease.

Thousands of families rely upon Peruna to protect the family against the inevitable attacks of coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and other catarrhal diseases of the winter.

If you are suffering from prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and we will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

ONCE MORE A HAPPY WOMAN.

Completely Cured of Catarrh by Peruna.

Miss Ida Murray writes from 2827 Polk St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"Every fall and winter of late years I had a severe cough and cold which physicians have been unable to cure. This last winter at the advice of a friend I decided to try Peruna. Both my friends and family had used Peruna with good results."

"I was more than pleased with what the medicine did for me, and keep it always in the house. I also had chronic catarrh of the head, which made the slightest cold so much worse. Peruna relieved me of my catarrh after four patients' faithfulness to Peruna, and my general health is greatly improved. I always speak a good word for Peruna."

"IDA MURRAY."

Miss Annie Gien, President of the General H. W. Larcom Council, the 27th Ladies of the G. A. R., writes the following letter from Edgewater, Ill.:

831 Rosemont Avenue, The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.; Gentlemen:—"I have suffered for nearly two years from chronic catarrh of the nose and bearing down pains which do not go away. The Wilshire trust will be able to run things, remain to be seen. It will probably be the subject of an investigation by Police Justice Austin, and the defendants must be entangled, if not embarrassed."

The former license fee for bill posting and painting advertising signs was \$25 per month. On the 4th inst. the Council suddenly raised it to \$300 per year.

The First Watch Made.

Sing Sewing Machine Office.

Phone green 377. No. 477 South Broadway.

CALLALA Indian Remedy for grip and asthma. 50c package. At all druggists.

LATERLY styles wall paper. Walter, 67 S. Spring.

OPAQUE shades, No. Walter, 67 S. Spring.

SATISFACTORY VEGETABLES

Keep the household in smooth working order—please the cook, hostess and consumer alike. Ours invariably give satisfaction. More people are learning this fact every day. Are you among the number? Grown as only vegetables can be grown.

Tel. 550. Ship Everywhere. LUDWIG & MATTHEWS, Mott Market.

Largest Stock
Lowest Prices

Old Blankets
and Shawls.

INDIAN
BASKETS.

Indian
Relics.

MEXICAN
GOODS.

Campbell's Curio Store

325 South Spring.

MORPHINE

And Other Drug Addictions.

Probably Two Million People in This Country Use Drugs.

Recently a leading physician of Connecticut, in a paper read before the Medical Society, made the statement that there are nearly one million persons in the United States who are addicted to the use of morphine, opium and kindred drugs. One of the leading daily papers in the United States prints a column stating that over twenty thousand adult users of various drugs in some form.

The physicians of the St. James Society, No. 100 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, make a statement to a certain extent—namely, that they are slowly reducing the percentage.

This remarkable institution, which has a branch office in the Bandini building, on Twenty-eighth street, Los Angeles, at the present time, is occupied by the entire floor of Nos. 1101 and 1102 of the same building, and is a noted place for stenographers and typewriters.

The members consist of records even incorporated in this society, which patient from day to day, and they can take care of their cases as well as twenty-five physicians in private practice under the medical director's supervision, who treat the different symptoms of these various diseases.

The members are allowed to use the services of the St. James Society, which is the only place where absolute privacy, which is of great value, can be obtained.

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BUSIN

FINANCIAL AND
OFFICE OF
LOS ANGELES

FINANCIAL

SPECULATIVE'S
FACTUAL fact in th
appears to be that t
investment securities
say, the American
still tend toward und
the demand for co
the springs outlets do not appear
now the new acc
alteration of values
and demand. Bu
anticipation probably
lands.

COMMER

HOG STOCKING.
Price Current says
decided shrinkage is
hogs, the number k
during the past we
\$6,000, compared wi
ceeding week, 400,000
which was \$10,000
years ago. The tot
handled since March
\$6,000 during the
a good deal, the red
quality of the hogs
the same as last wee
good. The price of
strong. The average
hogs at the close be
100 pounds high
and nearly 75 cents i
age.

The provision ma
more activity the p
upward trend of pr
Mess pork clearing 11.
25 cents per 100 pounds
37 cents per
a week ago for
The export clearance
and the market correspondin
falling off in the re
sulting in higher pri
influence in the mar
prices. Mess pork
the highest point of t
ith sides only fract
highest point.

DRIED FRUITS I
dental Times is aut
James Ross is aut
China found in the
price being 1 cent a
fruit 7½ cents per i
some time ago. At i
activity has been
the growers who
now good figures w
now dispose of their

GENERAL BUSI
WOMEN EMPLOY
Sobolkin is the bus
house in St. Louis, 1
of 115 persons, and
woman among th
service on the sub
service.

A young lady can
and asked for work.
a younger brother,
her 7-year-old son
and gave him en
enough to support h
her.

I do not want
the memory of the wo
work. I am not. I a
them. I may be wr
I am right. The
girls, the sons, the
sons and brothers.
There are young me
and washing dishes
vide the family inter
it is my duty to
sons should be
sorted at home. Tr
the work of a housekeeper
makes housekeepers
town are not a
the girls, the sons, the
restrictions. They l
of the world without
world and its men
never dreamt for
enough for the gentle
So I never employ
if every business
nothing but men who
they could not
right to do it, a
dition to do it. I
rich that way. The
paid enough to ent
people them. Their mo
not compelled to wor
work.

There is not an en
is a place to go to
start a sensible youn
month. It is worth
newspaper is wor
pay him \$75 or \$100
will. I can put it
in his place for \$40
would not do it. If
stroy his field of us
man cannot have a
much of a provider e
I have no critic
business men who
can give. This is
Neither have I any
upon houses which i
less than they can c
For the first time in
ally, though. I do w
people enjoy getting

GENERAL TEACHERS' MEETING.

OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN
AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.REMARKABLE WORK TO BE SEEN
AT BOARD ROOMS.

Hundreds of Handsome Booklets and
Fancy Work by Little Tots That Will
Do Credit at the Great Show—Draw
ing Makes Fine Display.

The most remarkable exhibit of
school children's work ever seen in
Los Angeles is probably as fine as
any shown anywhere. It is now on
display over the several rooms of the
Board of Education, in the Laughlin
building. It is composed of achievements
of pupils from the kindergarten
to the eighth grade, prepared for the
California education exhibit at the
Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo,
N. Y.

There is such a wilderness of it, and
all of such a high grade of excellence
that it is not possible to give an ade
quate idea of its scope and beauty,
but every parent in the city should see
it.

The little tots of the kindergarten
are represented by a large number of
pieces, which show originality and
dexterity. There are many charts cov
ered with flowers, birds, animals, etc.,
cut from paper, mounted on cards
and colored, also some representations
of "Mary and the Little Lamb,"
done in the same way, all the work
having been done by the hands of
the little ones. One chart contains
Constipation, Fainity Circulation and the kindred disease, that
comes with years, can obtain relief quickly and surely by consulting
Dr. Meyers & Co. Remember, there is no charge for consultation either
at our office or by mail. Our Free Book describing your ailments sent free.

Among the work of the A1 and B1
grades is a remarkable display of
raphia work. Basket mats, frames,
and trimmings, especially in
woven from dried grass. This work is
done by pupils 6 and 7 years old, and
it is marvelous.

Given up to the higher grades the
work becomes artistic. It is, for the
most part, represented in booklets,
that cover a vast number of subjects.
They are on paper 8 by 11 inches, and
show wide variety of artistic treatment.
Some are covered with yucca,
some with leather, some with card
board; tied with ribbons and cord and
decorated in every title. Some are
decorated in pen drawing, water color,
oil or burn work. In many instances
it is almost impossible to believe that this is
the work of children. It is the more
remarkable because there are hundreds
of booklets, some containing a
hundred or more pages, and represent
the work of hours of pupils.

There are many bearing the title
"Los Angeles City." Inside, not
every leaf contains a photograph, or
sketch, or drawing, or picture in the city,
and is accompanied by a description,
each pupil receiving credit for his part
of the work. Many of these are hand
some works of art.

There are other titles as follows:
"Southern California," "California
Cactus," "About Indians," "A Califor
nia Lily," "California Wild Flowers,"
"Mosses of Our Neighbors," "Child
Physiology," "Music," "Language,"
and an almost endless number of oth
ers.

The drawings made by the pupils are
all assembled in a room at the Spring
street school, and will be mounted in
portfolio about 14 by 28 inches in size.
The work is excellent, the fine and
every effort will be made to preserve it
in prime condition, and for this reason
it has been kept alone until it can be
moved to its permanent home.

Prof. Frank J. Brown, ex-State Su
perintendent of Washington, viewed
the entire display yesterday, and said
it was the finest he had ever seen, and
that he had never seen anything like it.

On Tuesday, the exhibit will be re
moved to the Chamber of Commerce to
be packed for shipment to Buffalo.

GENERAL TEACHERS' MEETING.

Enthusiastic Gathering of City Teach
ers at the High School Building Yes
terday—Talk on Inspiration.

A general teachers' meeting was held
yesterday in the High School building. Most of the programme was filled by
the regular teachers. The lectures by Mr. McLeod on color work and by Mrs.
Bradfield on embroidery by the city to main
tain the quarantine. Two stars during
the day and two during the night.

Prof. Frank J. Brown, ex-State Su
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ers are to be congratulated upon the
success attained in all the work, not forgetting
that the pupils who did the good work are
entitled to full recognition. There
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OVER THE NEW ACCU-
MULATION OF VALUES.
THE DEMAND FOR THE
INDUSTRIAL PROBABLY
MAKES THE GROWTH.

COMMER

BOG STICKING.
Price Curves says
Sundays' shrinking is
the number k
During the past we
\$26,000 compared w/
ending week, 400,000
spending w/
\$30,000. The tot
banded since March
showing a redu
the same as last we
good. The price of
strong, the average
is \$20 per ton, or
100 pounds higher
and nearly 75 cents l
age.

The provision man
activity the p
trend of pr
Mons ports closes 11
cents per ton
than a week ago
for the export clearance
al, although below
average in the re
sulting in higher pri
ence. Moreover, the highest point of
cates only fract
highest point.

DRIED FRUITS
Times is an aut
James Ross purca
Chilean fruit at 1 cent a
some time ago. At
activity in the apple
of the market. The good figures w
new dispose of their

GENERAL BUSI
WONT EMPLOY
Sobolik is the bus
in St. Louis, 1
or 125 persons, and
woman among th
review on the sub
sses:

A young lady can
and asked for work.
a younger brother
her to send the brot
and I gave him a
through to support h
for.

I do not want easy
the world. I am not. I
I may be wrong.
I am right. There
girls working in St
and brothers. There
are young men and
washing dishes with
the family income.
There are no mothers
and fathers. The moth
mothers should be
nected at home. Ti
downtown every
the housekeepers
town are not a
in houses.
instructions. They i
world without
and its intense
never interested
the greatest
So I never employ
If every business
nothing but men, an
woman, we are
young men wou
enough money to ens
the girls and
probably so
discharging some
and putting women
places. But we w
not do it. It is
right that way. The
paid enough to en
provides for them.
Their mother
not compelled to wor

There is not an en
is probably the
most capable young
It is worth
stereographer is wor
him—\$25 or \$30
work, and he is in
place for \$20
would not do it. If
drop his field of us
line of his position
and have a chanc
of a provider.

I have no critic
business men who
are not good. We
Mother have I say
houses which i
less than they can
on. We are not
city, though. If we
people enjoy getting

CITRUS-fruit
Shipments of c
Southern California
to date, 12,000
carloads were le

LOCAL PRODU

LOS ANGELES
Daily products in
quotations current at
time and for May 1
are at present at
prices at present.

Receipts
demand good. The
for Easter Sunday
perhaps people in
holding back for the

Provisions are un
beans are slow, but
potatoes are weak.

Receipts of Peas, C
are up, but those of
machines rather slack.

Oranges continue
at eastern centers
territory in co
and up to \$1.0
high as \$2.

Lives poultry still a
Very little game co
the high in
was \$1.00
stock here on ice
closed up.

EGGS
Eggs
which will
be less
All other

Cream of Current Literature--A Page of Good Reading From Late Magazine

LAINE'S LETTERS

AUTOMOBILES TODAY.
(Edward Emerson, Jr., in Ainslee's.)
"The first step toward a cheap vehicle must be that of standard or interchangeable bodies, with wheels, tires, axles, springs, gears and other parts of uniform design. Electric automobiles, so far as I know, are not yet provided with interchangeable batteries, so that old batteries can be thrown out and newly-charged batteries substituted without long waits, as is now the case. To accomplish this result, manufacturers will either have to agree upon a standard battery or the manufacturer of one car battery must be called up to produce some quick-charging means."

"Apart from the present slow system of charging electric batteries and the rapid deterioration of most batteries, the American electric automobile is of value surpassing all other automobiles in many points. First of all, it is the easiest to manage. It starts at a touch without having to wait for the generation of steam or for carburetion. It has no noisy and uncomfortable motion. It is the rapid deterioration of the storage batteries that is the chief difficulty in the use of electric vehicles. No skill is required to run it. On the other hand, it is not so safe. There is the undue weight and bulkiness of the batteries, which in itself is bound to interfere with grace and dexterity in driving. The speed is confined to narrow limits. The motive power is measured by the capacity of the storage batteries. Charging stations are scattered about, so that practice unless she were very thoroughly equipped. These higher courses lasted for ten years, and during that time she was exposed to the elements coming from the "privileged class," not because she had earned it, but purely by her own merit. She must be the house is worthy of his distinction. Everybody who reads newspapers and magazines and books, knows something about Mr. Riles. He is a police reporter for the Standard, and has given permission to call themselves (after due examination) "women physicians."

(ST. NICHOLAS)

AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

Tutor Jenks, writing of "A Modern Magician" (Robert Houdin), has this to say of the April St. Nicholas: "He had one of the famous stick of one of Houdin's predecessors. This was the 'Automaton Chess-player' that had once set all Europe to guessing. Houdin explained this trick. The figure of Turk, apparently too small to hold a man inside, and it played chess successfully against the best players in the world--being rarely beaten. But the whole contrivance was a mere deception. The chess was a dummy, and the motive power was measured by the capacity of the storage batteries. Charging stations are scattered about, so that practice unless she were very thoroughly equipped. These higher courses lasted for ten years, and during that time she was exposed to the elements coming from the 'privileged class,' not because she had earned it, but purely by her own merit. She must be the house is worthy of his distinction. Everybody who reads newspapers and magazines and books, knows something about Mr. Riles. He is a police reporter for the Standard, and has given permission to call themselves (after due examination) "women physicians."

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(MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE)

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

(Johnathan Brightman, in Modern Culture Magazine for April; Ralph Waldo Emerson at 20 started out to the world--his world. The strong

attraction Great Britain had for him was one Thomas Carlyle, whose contributions to the Edinburgh Review had strongly stirred his soul. The name of Carlyle however, was not well known, but he was the original of "Rebecca of Ivanhoe," the character being drawn from the word picture of the New York police force. He was not a police reporter for lack of opportunity, but he did not because that is the work that is most congenial to him, and fits with his life, his interests, his health, and personal improvement of the poor of New York. He is a Dame. The King of Denmark, confirmed in his belief that he was sum-
moned to the court of the Emperor, would pack pieces of them in his cellar. Col. Colwell, this writer, has his sum-
mons, and in the American history of civilization included orders, he would

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BUSIN

FINANCIAL AND
OFFICE OF
Los Angeles

FINANCIAL

SPECULATIVE **SP**
damental fact in the
market to be that the
investment securities
still tend upward un-
der the demand. Builts
outstanding stock prices
seem to not appear
over the new accu-
mulation of values.
able demand for the
speculative probably
blends.

COMME

HOG STICKING. Price Commissioner says
Swine, the number k
during the past week
\$25,000 compared with
\$20,000 in the previous
week. The total
handed since March
\$25,000 during the re-
spective years. The
value of the hogs was
the same as last year.
The price of
strong, the average
hogs being
over 100 pounds higher
and nearly 75 cents
a pound.

The provision makes
more activity the p-
upward trend of pr-
Moss pork cleaner \$1.
25 cents per lb., up
2½ cents per lb.
than a week ago for
The export clearance
and, although the week
falling off in the re-
sulting in higher pri-
ence. Moss pork
the highest point of
this side only fract-
highest point.

DRIED FRUITS I
dried Times is out
"James Ross as purchase
Chase, the town
price being 1 cent a
some time ago. At
now the price of
the growers who
when good figures w
now dispose of their

GENERAL BUSI
WONT EMPLOY
The head
house in St. Louis. I
or 115 persons, and
a woman among th
on the sub-
serve.

A young lady can
and asked for work.
in a younger brother
her to the house and
gave him enough
to support h
for.

I do not want any
the services of the two
work. I am not. I
them. I may be wr
I am right. These
girls working at St
There are young me
and washing dishes
with the clothes. They
should be
and boys. The moth
stems should be
at home. They
of a household
make housekeepers
town are not a
service to them a
restrictions. They l
of the world without
and its services
are intended for
rough for the gentle
So I never employ
if every business
nothing but work
woman. St. Louis wo
girl and women co
The young men wou
enough money to ent
and take care
I could probably se
discharging some o
and putting women
paid him \$100 a week
it would be right to do it. I
rich that way. The
paid enough to be
providers for people
them. Their mothe
not compelled to wor
There is not an
who can start the
start a capable young
month. He is worth
stenographer is wort
paid him \$100 a week
I could put it in his place for \$40
would not do it. If
destroyed field of use
him. His mother
he cannot have s
much of a provider e
I have no critic
household men and
girls. That is
Neither have I any
upon houses which i
that they are not
That too, though t
ally, though, I do w
people getting

CITRUS-fruit
Shippers of citrus
Southern California
carloads of oranges
The total for the se-
1910, to date, is 12,237
carloads were lo-

LOCAL PRODU

LOS ANGELES
Dairy products quo-
tations current for
and for many m
Eggs are firm at
Monday. Receipts
demand good. The
for Easter Sunday
perhaps people in
holding back for the
Provisions are unc
Beans are slow, b
Choice potatoes are
weak.

Receipts of Peas, r
eggs are free, of str
matos rather slack.
Oranges continue
at eastern centers.
The market in L.A.
are caught at \$1.40
Job as high as \$2.
Live poultry still a
very little game
fish, which will
very little fish has
stocks here on ice
cleaned up.

Eggs, Eggs
Butter, Eggs
receipts for Easter
Sunday are not
which will be
more less.

All ship
ments in

THE CITY IN BRIEF.**AT THE THEATERS.**

BURBANK—Rip Van Winkle.
ORPHEUM—Vauville.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.**Peanut Go Up.**

The explosion of a gasoline roaster
had just started at Sixth and Hill
streets last night blew up the roaster
and made a flashy little blaze
that called out the fire department.

Trussey Recreated.

Thomas Dwyer, the trusty who es-
caped from the City Jail yesterday
was captured yesterday in New York
by the officers there. He will be held
to await the arrival of an officer from
Los Angeles, who will bring him from
Pioneers' Meeting.

BOG STICKING. The Pioneers of Los Angeles county
will meet in Caledonia Hall, No. 114½
South Spring street, Tuesday evening
at 8 o'clock. A good literary and
musical program has been ar-
ranged. All the society's meetings are
open to the public.

Stepped on Glass.

Paul Whitehead, a fifteen-year-old boy
residing at No. 113½ Jackson street
was severely injured yesterday evening
for a bloody cut on his right foot.
While turning the corner at Turner and Vignes streets he
stepped on a piece of glass which
made a deep gash in his great toe and
in the ball of his foot.

Appreciates Our Schools.

The fame of the schools of Los Angeles has spread far and wide,
and from foreign lands take advantage
of them. Senora Raquel M. de
Serrano of Sonora, one of the wealth-
iest women in all Mexico, is now here
with her two sons, who attend the
schools. She is the owner of vast
cattle ranches. While in Los Angeles
Senora Serrano is the guest of Mrs.
Mabel de Coronel, No. 701 Central
Avenue.

Bike Board of Trade.

A Cycle Board of Trade has been
formed by the Los Angeles bicycle
dealers. The stated purpose being to
maintain a common level of quality
and repair and sundries. Practically all
the dealers are in the combine. The
officers and directors are: President,
W. H. Mitchell; secretary, Harry Burke;
treasurer, Phil Lyons; W. H. Hooge; W.
K. Cowan, W. G. Williams, A. B.
Young, A. R. Meinel.

Vigilant Society.

A break thief raided several rooms
in the Knox lodging-houses, No. 314
West Fourth street, Friday after-
noon, but did not get much for his
trouble. The stolen goods included
a coat, a purse containing a Canadian
60-cent piece, and from Julia Foot's
room a lady's gold watch chain and
fob. The value of the former money.
Anderson Macoy of Pasadena reports
that on Thursday a thief entered his
house and stole an overcoat and two
pairs of pantaloons.

Receives a Box.

Rev. George E. Keithley, pastor of
the Presbyterian Church, has been
handed a box by Mr. and Mrs.
Reuben B. Root, of 112½ South Spring
street, the stated members of the church.
The box contains \$100.

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